SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

A MAGAZINE OF HUMAN INTEREST, MODERN FICTION, AND IMPARTIAL INTERPRETATION

VOL. XCV, NO. 5 1887 FORTY-EIGHTH YEAR 1934 MAY 1934

A list of authors and their contributions for

MAY, 1934

C. Hartley Grattan—Why America Will Go to War 321

Lothrop Stoddard—How to Keep Out of the Next War 327

James Boyd—The Dark Shore—A Novel—Part I 332

Ben Ray Redman—Obscenity and Censorship 341

Langston Hughes—The Blues I'm Playing—A Story 345

V. F. Calverton—The American Revolutionary Tradition 352

Thomas Wolfe—The Sun and the Rain—A Story 358

Gerard Robichaud—The Fourth Season—A Poem 360

Straws in the Wind:

Anonymous—I Drank My Way to Psychiatry 361

Louise Maunsell Field—Eliminating Parents 363

Life in the United States:

Waino Nyland—Western Mining Town 365

William Lyon Phelps—As I Like It 370

Books for Your Library *Book Reviews* 2

Behind the Scenes *Biographical Notes* 10

We Give You—the Hotels 22

COVER DESIGN AND DECORATIONS BY EDWARD SHENTON

In the June SCRIBNER'S

The Dark Shore

A Novel of the '80's

By James Boyd

author of "Drums," "Marching On," and "Long Hunt."

The second part of this four-part serial takes the reader into the midst of the story of a group of people living in the America that was.

The Collapse of Pacificism
by Paul Hutchinson

Are Nurses Human?
by Catherine Kearney

A Schoolbook Publisher Speaks
by P. A. Knowlton

Capitalism Without Capitalists
by Max Nomad

Heyday in a Vanished World
John L. Sullivan Meets the Prince and Fights in France
by Stephen Bonsal

Newspaper man extraordinary, Mr. Bonsal recalls two great stories which "broke" in the same week, Sullivan's battle with Charley Mitchell and the Emperor William's funeral in Berlin. The first article appears this month.

SHORT STORIES

Before Going Down
by Nancy Hale

The Old Dragon
by Barbara Webster

"As I Like It" by William Lyon Phelps, "Life in the United States," and other departments

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS...PUBLISHERS

597 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK · 23 BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, W. C. 1

CHARLES SCRIBNER, *President*

EDWARD T. S. LORD, WHITNEY DARROW, MAXWELL E. PERKINS, *Vice-Presidents* GEORGE R. D. SCHIEFFELIN, *Treasurer* JOHN HALL WHEELOCK, *Secretary*

News-stand and Subscription Rates
Scribner's Magazine: Published Monthly. 35 cents (Canada, 40 cents); $4.00 a year; Canada, $4.60 a year; Foreign, $5.00 a year.

Copyrighted in 1934 in United States, Canada, and Great Britain by Charles Scribner's Sons. Printed in New York. All rights reserved.

No article in this issue may be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without express permission from the editors.

Entered as Second-Class Matter December 2, 1886, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

Scribner's Magazine is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One year after the publication of his memorable biography, *Marie Antoinette*, Stefan Zweig returns to fiction with an omnibus volume of thirteen novelettes and stories, most of them not hitherto available in English. Fred T. Marsh, writing in the *Herald Tribune*, says "... his finest book thus far to have been translated into English."
$3.00

STEFAN ZWEIG'S KALEIDOSCOPE

This novel of a modern family in Germany today is sweeping America. It has become the book which every intelligent man and woman must read. "This is Feuchtwanger at his best ... a great novel about a terrible hour."—*Lewis Browne.* "I predict that this book will be read long after the documents against Hitler have yellowed in the files of libraries. ..."—*Horace Gregory, Herald Tribune.* 406 pp. $2.50.

THE OPPERMANNS
by Lion Feuchtwanger

Continued presence on best seller lists proves the power of this girl's story of her life in a mining town. $2.50

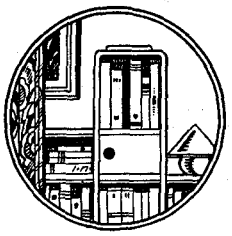
I WENT TO PIT COLLEGE
by Lauren Gilfillan

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

His first book in six years sails merrily into (and, by the time this appears, probably out of) its sixth printing $2.75

WHILE ROME BURNS

THE VIKING PRESS, N. Y.



Books for your Library

UNIQUE AND IMPORTANT

Rebel America. By Lillian Symes and Travers Clement. Harpers. $3.

Something of America, strange, fantastic, romantic, rebel America, lives in this book that cannot be found in more accurate, more exhaustive, and more profound studies of the American theme. *Rebel America* is unique among histories of American radicalism, for it combines intelligent social observation with a subtle appreciation of the subjective psychological factors involved in the radical equation. It is one of the few books on American labor that succeeds in making facts read as interestingly and as excitingly as fiction. The only other book which deserves comparison with it in that respect is Louis Adamic's *Dynamite. Dynamite* is more dramatic but at the same time less sound in its analysis of the American labor scene; by selecting only the high spots of American labor rebellion, Adamic produced a picture that was regrettably romantic in its overtones as well as its undertones. The authors of *Rebel America,* on the other hand, never fall into that fallacy. If anything, as a result of their unbending realism, the book loses something of the passion that might have endowed it with greater challenge.

The great weakness of the book resides in its failure to deal in an adequate way with the fundamental forces and factors that determined the nature of the revolts and rebellions it depicts. The economic forces at work in shaping the America—or Americas—of the divers periods covered by the narrative are never subjected to analysis. The class character of the various conflicts described is seldom given sufficient emphasis. Moreover, the authors fail to point out that radicalism derives its substance not from verbal orthodoxy but from realization in action. The American Revolutionary War and Civil War, as Lenin stressed long ago, were revolutionary events, and the Paines, Freneaus, Jeffersons, Wendell Phillipses, and William Lloyd Garrisons associated with them were more important revolutionaries, in terms of what was revolutionary in those days, than the romantic utopians who hoped to remake all society in their own image, or the sectarian radicals who swore by European platitudes that had no application at that time to American economic development.

Nijinsky

Céline

Rebel America suffers thus from the defects of its own virtues. Arresting, compelling, and gripping as is the story it tells, it is forced to sacrifice the more significant virtue of theoretical analysis in order to achieve the less significant virtue of dramatic intensity. Nevertheless, it says so much that should be said, and says it so well, that no one interested in the history of American radicalism can afford to neglect the soundness of its warnings and prophecies.

V. F. Calverton.

TWO IMPORTANT NOVELS FROM FRANCE

The two books reviewed below from the original French editions bear the following titles and publishers in their American editions:

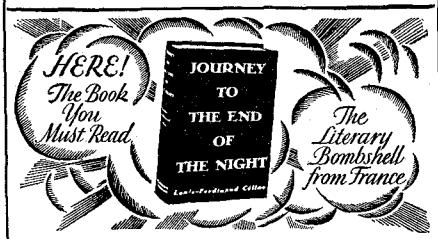
Journey to the End of the Night. By Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Little, Brown. $2.50.

Man's Fate. By André Malraux. Smith and Haas. $2.50.

The former has just appeared and the latter is scheduled for publication June

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Little, Brown & Co. Recommend:



JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT

By
Louis-Ferdinand Céline

Not in years has a book created such a sensation in France, where it has sold more than 200,000 copies. It has been labelled "an insult to the reader" and hailed as "the literary discovery of the year."

This story of an under dog, of all under dogs, of the millions who go through life without raising their eyes, will be one of the most talked-of books of 1934. $2.50

Sylvia Thompson's
BREAKFAST IN BED
The author of "The Hounds of Spring" and "Unfinished Symphony" shows one eventful day in the lives of a group of Londoners. An Atlantic Novel. $2.50

P. G. Wodehouse's
THANK YOU, JEEVES!
Did you ever think of Jeeves leaving? Well, HE did! Here is Wodehouse at his funniest in the first full-length novel about Jeeves. $2.00

Ready on May 11th

Ann Bridge's
THE GINGER GRIFFIN
The author of "Peking Picnic", the Atlantic $10,000 Prize Novel, tells the story of Amber Harrison, who came to China to forget, and learned that her shattered romance was only one chapter from the Book of Life. $2.50

E. Phillips Oppenheim's **THE MAN WITHOUT NERVES**
This mystery-thriller by "The King of Story-Tellers" will arouse your suspicions early but will nevertheless tease you nearly to the finish before you see the solution. $2.00

Eric Hatch's
ROAD SHOW
"Plunger" Gaines and Colonel Carraway escape from a sanitarium. Their adventures with a travelling underwear emporium and a caravan make side-splitting reading. $2.00

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

Books for your Library

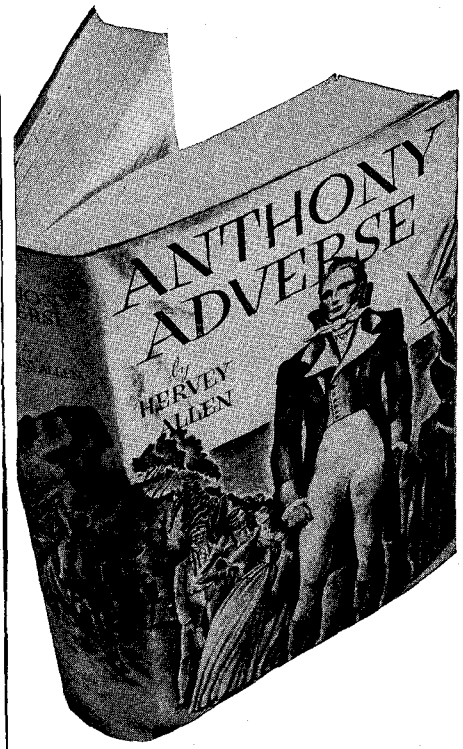
18. In French they are Voyage au Bout de la Nuit *and* La Condition Humaine.

Malraux's book was awarded the Goncourt Prize last year. Céline's narrowly missed the award the year before—owing, it is loudly whispered, to sinister machinations. The book which did not obtain the prize is a much greater literary work than the one which did. But both soar like doves of promise above the dull deluge of "psychological" and "triangular" novels—quaint old-world stuff to the English-speaking reader—which forms the bulk of contemporary French fiction. Both, it is significant, deal not with the emotions of a hero or heroine, but with large panoramas of the commotions of human masses under the stress of social forces. Both are cries of revolt. The fact that vital artistic power should today be found in association with radical views only is natural. The true artist must be intelligent.

Voyage au Bout de la Nuit is a Dantesque pilgrimage through the inferno of a society in dissolution, the lurid glow from which is reflected in the cynical disillusion of the pilgrim. Céline, whose real name is Doctor Louis Destouches, has done much work in the medical sections of the League of Nations. The connection with that institution may account for the hopelessness of his outlook. He has calculated from extensive data that it takes on an average four years to kill an unemployed. The result is submitted as a modest contribution to the solution of the problem.

The voyage begins with some refreshingly different, but none the less realistic, war scenes. The old general with an irritable bladder, who can't abide the sight of soldiers, has been recognized as Marshal Joffre. The interlude in Africa under French bureaucratic imperialism could with advantage have been omitted. It is followed by a remarkably sympathetic and understanding American interlude. The writer has, one gathers, more respect for America than for France. The book closes appropriately in a lunatic asylum. The style has a marvellous lilting tempo which sweeps the reader along through pathos and bathos and culminates in a finale of wild Walpurgis-night music.

Unlike Céline, Malraux is a communist, and therefore an optimist. His



A WORLD CLASSIC IN OUR TIME...

PUBLISHED ten months ago, this great historical novel has become a phenomenal best seller leading simultaneously in England and America... Other editions are soon to appear in **France, Holland, Denmark, Germany, Sweden,** and **Italy.**

Anthony Adverse took four years to write. It is a huge, robust novel about the greatest romantic adventurer in all fiction. In its 1200 stirring pages... five novels in one... over a million readers have shared the extraordinary lives of a host of fascinating men and women.

Here is the Napoleonic era done in terms of money, trade and power... a cavalcade of great historical scenes and figures... the Rothschilds, Lafitte the Pirate, the notorious Ouvrard Conspiracy, The Louisiana Purchase, Jefferson, Talleyrand, Benjamin Franklin, Aaron Burr, Bonaparte, slave trading in Africa, smuggling millions in Spanish silver... desperate encounters, long voyages, the deep abiding truths of philosophy, romance... 1200 pages, $3.00

"A book for the ages... brilliant and exciting." —Boston Transcript.

"The best-loved book of our time." —New York Times.

"Extraordinary achievement." —London Times.

"Bestows a quiet, deep satisfaction on the reader." —Irish Times.

ANTHONY ADVERSE
by Hervey Allen
FARRAR & RINEHART

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

★ We not only recommend this book—we GUARANTEE* IT

A GAY FAMILY

by *Ethel Boileau*

● This delightful book has now become one of the most popular novels of the present season.

As one of the readers of this book expressed it, "A Gay Family appeals to those of us who enjoy a well written and unusually entertaining story about nice people. It is definitely a book for nice people who have breeding and character and culture.

"It is a book which will delight those of us who want to get away from ourselves, from our families, and from the humdrum of everyday life.

"It is so full of romance, so gay, so wholesome, so refreshing—perhaps that is the secret of its fascination.

"It's a grand story for any reader in sick bed, deck chair, pullman seat or chaise longue." It's the life you'd like to live.

*THE GUARANTEE

If you don't enjoy it, return it to your bookseller; he, in turn, has the privilege of returning it to us.

Now in its 10th Printing

DUTTON $2

We Buy Stories!

$100 FOR EACH! We pay $100.00 each for good short, short stories. Must be under 1,500 words. Pay immediately on acceptance. Rejected stories returned in ten days. *Please enclose stamped addressed envelope for return of your script.* Love, romance, adventure, mystery or detective, and action types preferred. No taboos. The *story* counts. Send scripts to Editor, **Edwards Publishing Co., 1206 Jackson St., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

PRIVATELY PRINTED

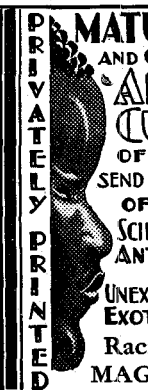
MATURE READERS AND COLLECTORS OF AMATORY CURIOSA OF ALL RACES

SEND FOR FREE CATALOGUE OF BOOKS ON SCIENTIFIC SEXUALIA ANTHROPOLOGICAL ESOTERICA UNEXPURGATED CLASSICS EXOTICALLY ILLUSTRATED

Racial Arts of Love

MAGICA SEXUALIS

LIMITED EDITIONS



All FALSTAFF anthropological books on the ***Love Relations of Mankind*** *are enthralling, highly informative documents by authorities of international repute. That is why the FALSTAFF list of permanent subscribers reads like a "Who's Who" of*

America's Sophisticated Intellectual Aristocracy

FALSTAFF PRESS

Dept. 7-SD, 230 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Please send me free illustrated catalogs of Amatory Curiosa.

Name.....*Age*

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Books for your Library

theme is the Chinese revolution and counter-revolution. The deliberately chaotic treatment is distinctly reminiscent of William Faulkner. The story reaches its climax in the horrors of repression and vengeance after the Shanghai rising. The historical effect is somewhat marred by the French dress of the international motley of characters. But the analysis of interplaying motives is so objective and masterly that it has enabled critics to ignore the communistic point of view of the author.

I have not seen the English versions, and I sympathize with the translators' difficulties, especially in the case of Malraux's book. Professor Haakon Chevalier can be counted upon to accomplish the tour de force as skilfully as is possible.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT.

DIABOLICAL TALENT

NIJINSKY. By Romola Nijinsky. Simon and Schuster. $3.75.

Rather than anything that happened in Paris and New York during the decadent decade of the 1920's, the artistic apotheosis of the pre-communist world was the Imperial Russian Ballet. Wearing astrakhan collars and a cosmopolitanism since unmatched, inscrutable Tartar and brooding Muscovite spawned, in the hothouses of the Imperial School and the Mariinsky Theatre, an orchidaceous necromancy that was pure creation.

Of all the genius watered by grand ducal jewels and revels, none, certainly, exceeded the physical feats and unhuman innuendos which composed the diabolical talent of Vaslov Nijinsky. It is the life of this great male dancer, now a schizoid in a Swiss asylum, which his wife lays bare in a biography that preserves the frenetic glamour of life and culture of the times.

Bred out of several generations of dancers, Vaslov Nijinsky had a glandular anomaly and a foot structure which the X-ray revealed to be more nearly like a bird's than a man's.

(Continued on page 19)

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

By Lloyd C. Douglas

* Third best-selling book of fiction in the United States throughout 1933 . . . A na-
* tional best-seller for more than 20 con-
secutive months . . . Thirty-fourth print-
* ing . . . $2.50

WILLETT, CLARK & COMPANY
Chicago and New York

A Tale of the Gold Rush

THE WIND BLOWS WEST

a new story of Colorado in the fifties, by the popular writer

CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

$2.00

THOMAS Y. CROWELL CO., NEW YORK

Now Over 125,000 Sold

LIFE *Begins At* FORTY

By WALTER B. PITKIN

WHITTLESEY HOUSE, McGraw Hill Bldg.
New York City $1.50 at bookstores

From Press & Pen

MATHILDE WEIL: LITERARY AGENT
Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department.
THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC.
570 Lexington Avenue, NEW YORK.

WRITERS!
We place books, stage-plays, radio-plays, motion picture material, etc., on commission basis. *No reading, criticism, revision, copyrighting, or publishing to sell to you.* Five clients had books published last year. Submit work direct for reading without obligation, enclosing return postage.
AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF AUTHORS, INC.,
Dept. S-33, 78 East Madison Street,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

REGULAR INCOME!
Anywhere, taking snapshots for magazines and newspapers at $5.00 each. Complete 20 Lesson Course prepaid $1.00. List other famous dollar courses FREE. Satisfaction guaranteed.
ASSOCIATED MANAGEMENT,
1700 X Sansom St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"MONTANA IN ROTOGRAVURE"
Brings you world's largest wheat ranch, Alder gold, "Robber's Roost," Last Chance; depths Butte mines to heights of Yellowstone and Glacier's grandeurs; agriculture, industry, recreation, buckaroos, 72 pages, 8 x 10; postpaid 50c. Distributors wanted.
GREENFIELD ADVERTISING AGENCY,
BUTTE, MONT.

THERE IS NOT A SCIENTIST ON EARTH
For proof, address
R. GRIFFITH,
67 East 128th Street, NEW YORK.

"ART OF DISTILLERY IN 1500"
Canterbury Tales—Durer—Old Maps—Unusual quaint original etchings—50c. up. Request illustrated folder.
G. R. PARVIS,
KING'S PARK, N. Y.

FRENCH BOOKS, OVER 1,000 TITLES
at 50c. Maurois, Morand, Colette, etc., catalogue.
SCHOENHOF'S,
387 Washington St., BOSTON

BOOK SERVICE
Any book—first editions, rare, or current—for the child or grown-up. Also fine personal stationery and engraving. Visitors and correspondence invited.
THE SCRIBNER BOOK STORE,
597 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK CITY.

AUTOGRAPHED BOOKS
At last a center of Autographed Books by all Authors. We specialize in signed presentation copies of all modern writers, English and American. Send us your wants.
SIGNED EDITIONS CLUB,
S-15 Park Row, NEW YORK.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW SPRING LEADERS FROM MACMILLAN

Noted Critics Describe Stuart Chase's Latest Book!

Interesting . . . Exciting!

"It touches upon so many vital problems that no thoughtful person can fail to find it good reading."—N. Y. EVE. POST

Dramatic . . . Eloquent!

"A skillful digest of all the hard thinking and research of recent years."
—N. Y. EVE. SUN

A Merry-Go-Round of Ideas!

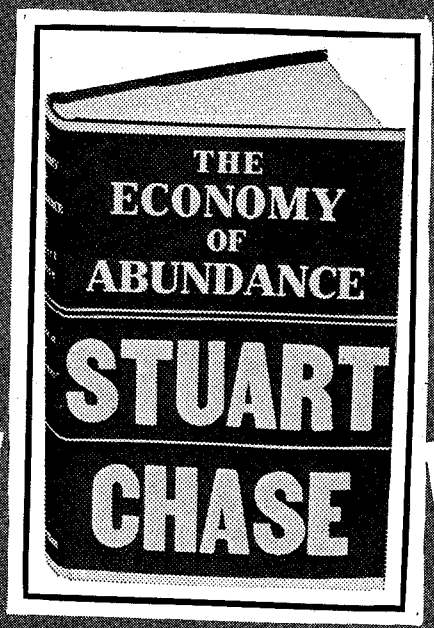
"He dramatizes economics as no other writer has been able to do."
—N. Y. TIMES

A Stirring Invitation

"Re-examines, refines and generalizes the idea of his A NEW DEAL."
—N. Y. HERALD TRIB.

Competent

"He presents a program of eighteen cardinal points, competently discussed and analyzed"
—N.Y. AMERICAN



A Gift for Brass Tackism

"Of all our economists, Stuart Chase writes most simply, talks most effectively the language of the man in the street."
—CHICAGO EVE. POST

$2.50

Fills Me With Gratitude

"No man has done more to arouse America to the futility of the Capitalist system."
—SAT. REV. OF LIT.

A Profound Awareness!

"Everything he writes is alive with a profound awareness."
—THE NATION

Swift, Efficient Power-Age Prose

"It may frighten, infuriate or gladden you . . . but it's good reading."
—NEW YORKER

A Clarity Seldom Equalled

"He puts into words the ideas we flounderers felt but couldn't express."
—CHICAGO DAILY NEWS.

Revolutionary

"There can be no doubt that this is a revolutionary book!"
—PHILA. RECORD

MORRIS HILLQUIT
Loose Leaves From a Busy Life

An autobiography which is the *inside* history of American Socialism for the past forty years. $2.50

NORMAN THOMAS
The Choice Before Us

America's most noted and respected radical leader forecasts the next decade in disturbing, yet thrilling terms. $2.50

LEWIS BROWNE
How Odd of God

The author of "This Believing World" and "Stranger Than Fiction" exemplifies again his lucidity, wit and courage in this "Introduction to The Jews." $2.50

The Macmillan Co.
60 Fifth Avenue, New York City

E. ALEXANDER POWELL
The Long Roll on the Rhine

An *impartial* analysis and estimate of the New Germany by a veteran reporter, based on first-hand material $2.50

Sir WILFRED GRENFELL
The Romance of Labrador

The vast, colorful pageant of the great Northern territory, set down by the man who, above all others, *knows* it. $4.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Scribner Books

The Life of Cardinal Mercier

by **John A. Gade**

"A rounded portrait in which the war years take only their proper place. . . . At every point in the book Mercier the man, in all his manifestations, is painted full length, in the war chapters no less than the others."
—*Charles Willis Thompson in The New York Sun. Illustrated.* $2.75

Jesus the Unknown

by **Dimitri Merejkowski**

"One cannot apply to a book of vision the ordinary canons of criticism; it is above history and scholarship—it is at once an inspiration and an act of worship. All lovers of Christ will read it as a kind of radiant liturgy."—*Joseph Fort Newton in The Philadelphia Ledger.* $2.75

William Penn

by **C. E. Vulliamy**

"A biography at once human, plausible, and reliable. . . . An even-tempered appraisal of William Penn, the broken idealist, and as such it is an excellent biography."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.* $3.00

Oxford Apostles

A Character Study of the Oxford Movement

by **Geoffrey Faber**

A searching and brilliant biographical study of John Newman, Hurrell Froude, Pusey, and the other founders of the Oxford Movement. Essentially it is a life of Newman and a superb analysis of his puzzling character. $5.00

at all bookstores

Here are four hundred pages of facts about the gold and silver rush in Nevada that make the wildest fiction look like a pink tea

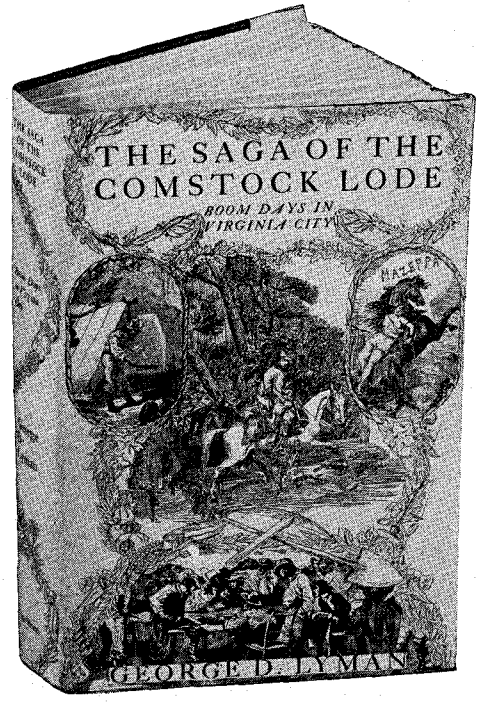
The Saga of the Comstock Lode

Boom Days in Virginia City

by

George D. Lyman

author of "John Marsh, Pioneer"



For excitement, adventure, romance, humor, drama—all of it Americana that is as authentic as it is incredible—there is nothing to equal this roaring narrative of the Bonanza city that spawned more millionaires than any town in history. As a contribution to the history of the West it is of the greatest importance; as an adventure in reading it is unsurpassed.

The Saga of the Comstock Lode

25 illustrations from photographs and old prints. $3.50

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Hay Dieting

Menus and Receipts for All Occasions

by **Josephine Boyer** and **Katherine Cowdin**

In which two followers of the Hay Diet put the famous ideas of Dr. William Howard Hay into practice so that those who are interested in preserving their health—and figures—may eat anything from a sandwich to a banquet and still adhere to the Hay dicta. 375 pages, hundreds of receipts. $3.00

A Girl Before the Mast

by **Betty Jacobsen**

The exciting, amusing, and authentic adventures of a young Brooklyn girl who shipped as apprentice on the Finnish barque *Parma* and worked her way around Cape Horn in the 1933 grain race from Australia to Falmouth. *Profusely illustrated from photographs.* $2.00

The Rise of Industrialism (1733-1851)

A History of Everyday Things in England

by **Marjorie** and **C. H. B. Quennell**

"A contrast of two modes of life, the ancient simple method that the nineteenth century took over and the modern industrialism well under way by the middle of the century. The contrast is bound to be brilliant, striking; the authors match it with a striking, brilliant book."—*May Lamberton Becker in The New York Herald Tribune. Illustrated by the authors.* $2.50

The Adventures of Davy Crockett

Mostly by Himself

Illustrated by Captain John W. Thomason

"Here is genuine Americana adorned with pictures that perfectly blend in with the text."—*Saturday Review of Literature. 71 drawings. 3 color pages.* $2.50

at all bookstores

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Scribner Books

Cinnamon Seed

by

Hamilton Basso

"As entertaining, as complete, and as lively a picture of life in Louisiana today as could be desired." — *The Philadelphia Inquirer.* $2.25

Such Is My Beloved

by **Morley Callaghan**

"A compelling theme . . . unfolded with complete naturalness, and with a poetry and power and unfailing charity. . . . Mr. Callaghan's finest effort in fiction."—*Toronto Saturday Night.* $2.00

About Levy

by **Arthur Calder-Marshall**

"A brilliant experiment in the technique of fiction. . . . It is done with bold skill. . . . Cut and facetted like a diamond." —*Christopher Morley.* $2.00

Among the Lost People

by

Conrad Aiken

Twelve short stories by one of the best-known American writers in this exacting field. Notable among them are "Mr. Arcularis" and "Silent Snow, Secret Snow." $2.25

Tutt for Tutt

by

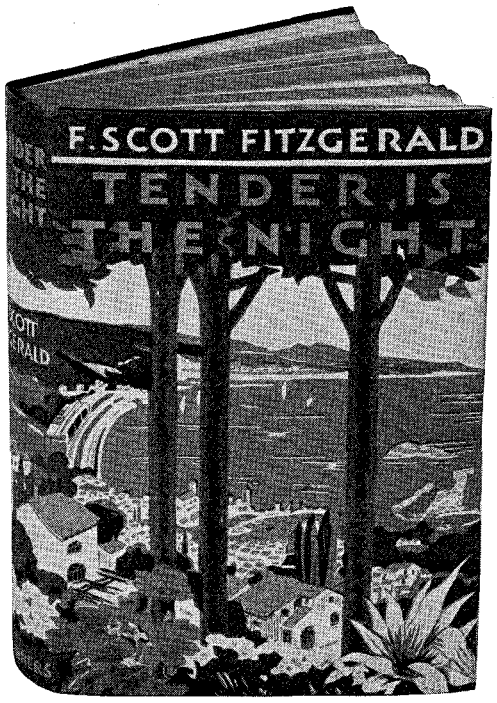
Arthur Train

More tales about the elongated lawyer whose shrewd philosophy and quiet humor have made him a favorite with all those who read for good entertainment. $2.00

at all bookstores

The new novel by the author of "The Great Gatsby" and "This Side of Paradise"

F. Scott Fitzgerald



Tender Is the Night

"F. Scott Fitzgerald's superb new novel is the story of a young neurologist whose promising career of service to humanity, in the advancement of knowledge, and of satisfaction and fame for himself is wrecked by his marriage to a wealthy girl whose physical and mental inheritance is a matter for whispers."—*Burton Rascoe.*

$2.50

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK

Brazilian Adventure

by

Peter Fleming

"Witty satire. . . . True adventure . . . rowdy comedy, and all of it is first-class entertainment."—*Gilbert Seldes. A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection.* $2.75

Crowded Hours

Reminiscences of

Alice Roosevelt Longworth

"A unique book by a woman who is unique. . . . A book that will hold its own when more pretentious and fully documented tomes have been relegated to dusty library shelves." —*The Boston Transcript.* $3.00

Ralegh

by

Irvin Anthony

Sir Walter Ralegh, the Old World in which he shone as courtier, soldier, and scholar; and the New World that he helped to explore and conquer are the subjects of this authoritative, realistic, and completely readable biography and glowing picture of life in the times of Queen Elizabeth and James the First. $3.25

The Dawn of Conscience

by **James H. Breasted**

"A masterly piece of work. Forty years of research crammed within the covers of this book. A new, constructive contribution revealing man in a new light."—*Chicago Daily News.* $3.00

The Crows

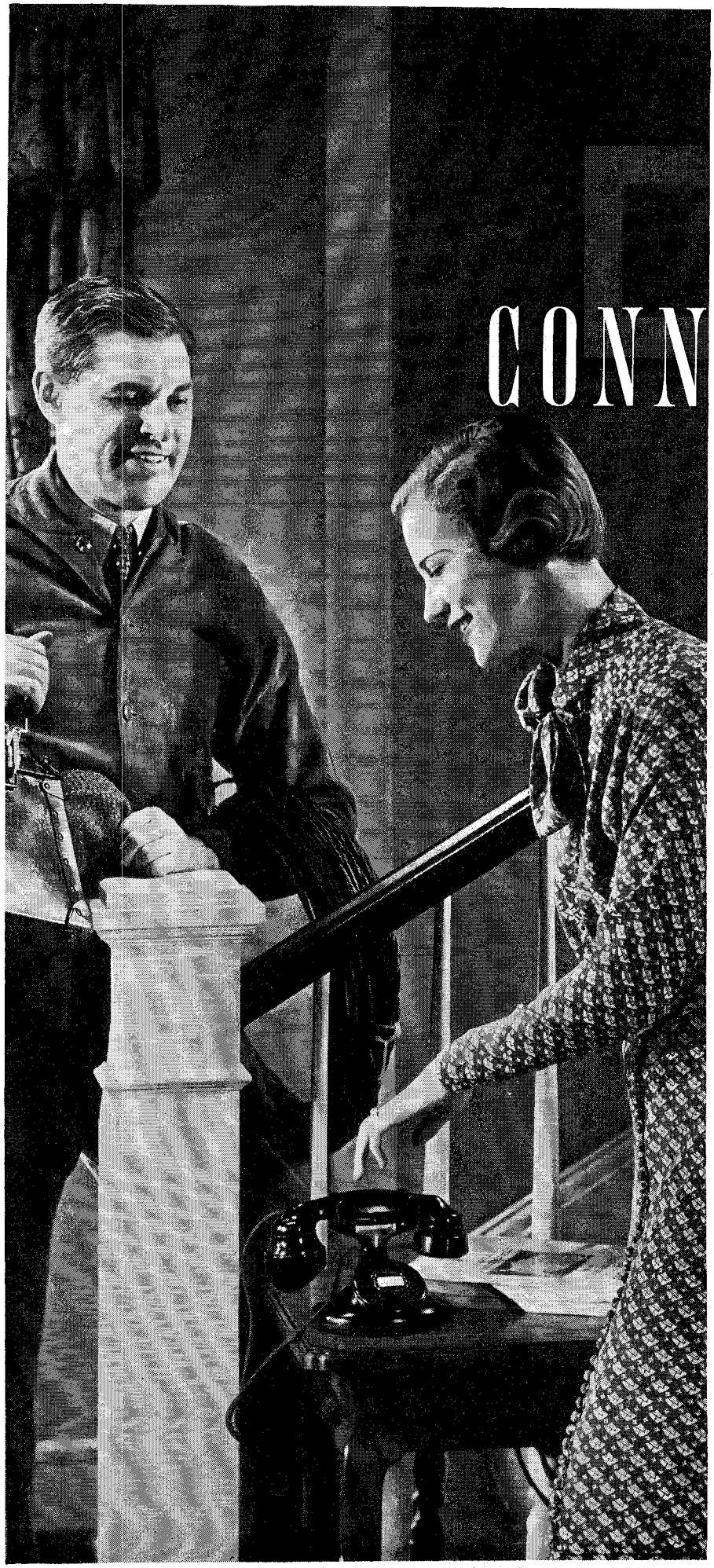
by

David McCord

The first collection of verses by a young American poet whose highly praised work has appeared in leading magazines. $2.50

at all bookstores

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"YOU'RE CONNECTED!"

SMILING, the installer takes his leave. He's been courteous, careful, quick. He seemed to know just where the telephone should go. Just how to place it so that nothing should be marred. And now — "You're connected!"

A few days ago, having a telephone in this house was only an idea. A husband talked it over with his wife. They decided to go ahead. Now the telephone is a reality — tangible, delightful, vitally important to the family that lives here. Tonight Mother can visit with her friends, talk to relatives miles away, call the doctor should he be needed.

A new neighbor has been linked with the millions of other telephone equipped homes that make America one neighborhood. Another household has discovered the security and convenience brought by the Bell System's unified service of communication.

• • •

Those who already have telephone service can save many steps each day — through the house, up and down stairs — by having extensions placed in those rooms which are most frequently used. Greater convenience, greater privacy, at small extra cost. Installations are quickly made. Just call the Business Office of your Bell Telephone Company.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

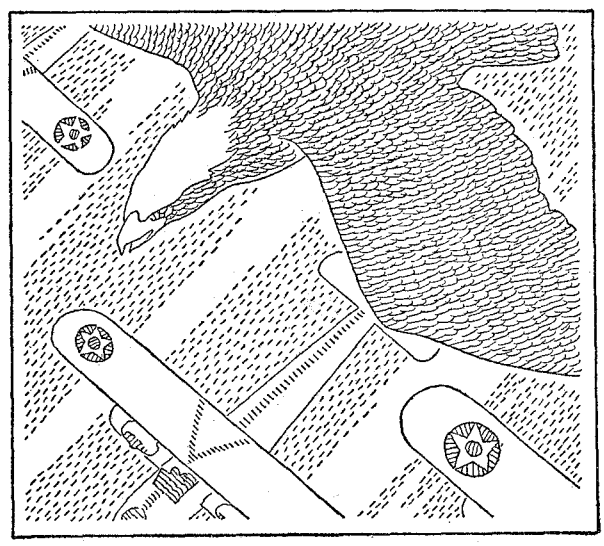
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XCV MAY, 1934 NO. 5

Why America Will Go to War

By C. Hartley Grattan

Mr. Grattan here and Lothrop Stoddard in the next article analyze the moment meaning of the world situation. Mr. Grattan gives us no choice but war. In which of the potential war areas, Europe or Asia, will we be using our long-range, treaty-capacity navy, and how soon?



THE inevitability of war in two theatres, the Orient and Europe, is conceded by nine observers out of ten. Will the United States become involved? How soon? And for what "good" as contrasted with "real" reasons? Few writers are willing to lay it down as dogma that the United States will participate in the next war, even in the light of the fact that we entered the last World War after standing aside for thirty-two months.

Undoubtedly the bulk of our people desire neutrality. If it were a case of agreement among prophets that the United States will not *immediately* engage in the wars, no one with an understanding of the issues involved will presume to doubt the conclusion. But when this correct diagnosis of the probable first reaction is extended to cover our course for the entire duration of either or both of these serious conflicts, the only conclusion possible is that political writers are drawing their forecasts deliberately to flatter the desire of the majority of the people. For if it is inevitable that there be wars of any considerable duration and magnitude in the Orient and Europe, then it is also inevitable that the United States will participate in either or both of them!

Moreover the period of possible neutrality cannot be measured with reference to that of the last war. It seems altogether likely that we shall remain neutral ten to twelve months, a calculation justified by the increase in the tempo of events in the nineteen-thirties as compared to the nineteen-tens and the vastly more intimate relation of the United States to the rest of the world.

When we accept the participation of the United States as an inevitability, the picture to be drawn of the world moving toward war gains in horror and immediacy and reality. The coming wars cease to be dreadful shows at which we will sit as fascinated spectators. They become tragic dramas in which we are actually prospective participants. We need, therefore, to be entirely realistic in discussing the probable circumstances of our entrances. Let us set the stage.

First, Europe. It is now plain to all hands that the Treaty of Versailles did not mark the end of an epoch in European history but rather was a way-station on the road to final catastrophe. Far from ending for all time the conflicts inherent in nationalistic capitalism, it both multiplied the number of nationalistic states and opened the era when the nationalistic spirit would function in its most exasperated form. The problem of Europe has been revealed as not so much political, requiring the erection of new national political structures, and certainly not a matter of merely releasing racial and cultural minorities from political bondage. Rather it is economic. It is the functioning of the economic order on which the politics and culture of Europe are based that has brought the "problem" once more to a head. If the politics of the situation seems to fill the newspapers, it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should be remembered that it is through politics that economics still finds its chiefest voice.

The intricate structure of alliances in Europe in 1914 is paralleled in the Europe of 1934. The French must bear the burden of the blame for the existence of this situation, for they were the first and until lately the most successful in this dangerous work. Not only have the French consistently and persistently used the League of Nations to preserve the arrangements under the Treaty of Versailles and the treaties immediately related, but they have also sought further to guarantee the status quo by a far-reaching system of alliances. Under French leadership those nations have enlisted which find it to their interest to oppose revision of the treaties on whatever grounds, even though at the same time they strangle themselves and bilk their allies in the economic sphere. Poland, Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Jugo-Slavia have followed French leadership for some years now.

Opposed to this continental group we have had, on the one hand, Germany, which with all the territory lopped off and all the other deprivations imposed remained the largest and most powerful of the defeated nations, and, on the other hand, Italy, a strongly disaffected member of the erstwhile Entente. As has been her custom in the past, England has played a complex game of not letting any one nation or group of nations achieve so strong a position as to become dangerous to herself. In practice this has meant that she has tacitly supported the hegemony of France on the continent of Europe. The French system has been challenged. This has brought Europe to its present critical situation. The fact that the alliances of the various national states are in an almost constant process of rearrangement brings war nearer and nearer every day while superficially delaying its outbreak.

Once again the key to Europe is the Balkans. But it is an enlarged Balkans extending into the heart of Europe, for it is there that the rival imperialisms find their European field for expression. A glance at the map of Europe shows us that there is a concentration of small national states in this area, all of them overwhelmingly peasant in economic base (Czechoslovakia is the only one with any considerable industrial development) and all prime fields of capitalistic exploitation. Belgrade in Jugo-Slavia is the one true boom town of post-war Europe, its only rival, Gdynia in Poland, being rather a strategic development than a product of a legitimate boom; it was deliberately constructed to damage Danzig and thrives on the redirected Polish trade. At the bottom of the Belgrade boom (and also dominant in financing Gdynia) is French capital. It is also the base of the mushroom growth of industrialism in Jugo-Slavia and for that reason the country is more like a slum colony than an independent nation. Jugo-Slavia is merely typical of the process and not a unique example.

Pari passu with the financial penetration of the Balkans by French capital and diplomacy has come the intensified nationalism of the region. Basically peasant and exporting countries they rely upon primary agricultural products for a living. For this reason they have, in the post-war world, been at economic war with one another for a favored place in the European market. As the market shrank, they naturally sought to protect the home market through tariffs, prohibitions and restrictions on imports, etc., to raise domestic agricultural prices as compensation for the fall in the open market prices and to encourage the development of industries which would absorb the surplus population, thus further inducing the penetration of the countries by foreign capital. The result has been mutual hostility which has been progressively exacerbated as the world slump has continued.

The over-lord of this seething area has been France, not only economically but politically, because Czechoslovakia, Jugo-Slavia, and Roumania agree with her in insisting that no modifications be made in the territorial arrangements under the Treaty of Versailles and subsidiary treaties. The mutual non-aggression pact guaranteeing frontiers signed by Roumania, Jugo-Slavia, and Czechoslovakia, the so-called Little Entente, has recently underlined the fact that this is the dominant political purpose of these Balkan states. While they tend to fight one another economically by the logic of their economies, they have mutual territorial interests as against Bulgaria, Hungary, Austria, and Italy. After the pact had been signed Nicholas Titulescu of Roumania said, "The revision of the treaties means war."

For some years the only rival of the French Balkan policy has been Italy, the disaffected member of the original Entente. Italy was the only victor state actively discontented with her share of the spoils. Under Mussolini she has pursued a policy which supports those Balkan states favoring treaty revision, a logical area for her expansion, and which has brought her into conflict with France and the French allies. After a variety of unsuccessful experiments at dominating Albania, Italy finally succeeded in winning control by economic penetration, standing off Jugo-Slavia and Greece. She has been close to Austria and Hungary, friendly with Bulgaria, cold to Czechoslovakia and Roumania and on the outs with Jugo-Slavia because of their conflicting Adriatic aspirations. In the recent Austrian flare-up her hand was clearly revealed, for there she appeared as obviously seeking to use Austria as a pawn in her game of splitting up the French system of alliances.

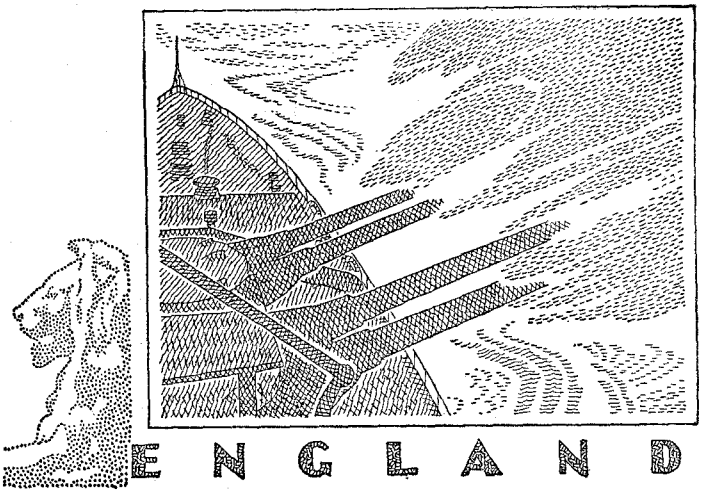
Unfortunately, another discontented state, also like Italy standing for revision of the Treaty of Versailles, had a hand in the crisis: Germany. Hitler recently freed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

himself from any immediate menace by Poland by the vague non-aggression pact, an arrangement which weakened France by forcing her chief anti-German ally to pull in its horns. Since Hitler's rise to power it has been generally argued that he was a menace to Russia, but in my opinion he will try for a settlement in Europe first and the Polish arrangement is a step in that direction. It is likely that he will fish ardently in the troubled Balkan waters for months to come and his European activities may indeed produce a crisis leading to war. This is more logical than to argue that he will deliberately provoke a war with Russia. The Soviet Union, it may be taken for granted, will not initiate a war on any European nation and it is therefore sensible to conclude that a round of war among the Western nations will precede any attack, separate or concerted, on Russia.

The second crisis Hitler produced (the first arose out of his assumption of office) came, of course, in Austria where he was opposed by both France and Italy. Italy at this writing seems in the way of winning. She plans to strengthen her ties with Austria and Hungary and theirs with one another. As might be expected, the economic hostilities making complete co-operation difficult among the three nations are a stumbling block to Italian economic success in this undertaking. And the political opposition of Germany, France, and the Little Entente is outspoken, Titulescu of Roumania predicting "catastrophic results." In any event the Italian "solution" will weaken the French system of alliances considerably unless Italy and France come to an "accommodation."

As the prestige and power of France decline, the interest of Great Britain in continental affairs will become more feverish and will find expression in outspoken demands for increased armament expenditures. A race in armaments is an imminent probability. Britain is willing that Germany rearm on land to attain "equality" and a fair balance with heavily armed France but she is suspicious of all German proposals for rearming on the sea and in the air. If some agreement about German arms is not immediately reached, Germany will proceed openly with her armament program and precipitate the race now latent. The logic of Great Britain's position requires her to support France to preserve the balance on the Continent. A weak France encourages Germany; a victorious Germany with a prostrate France menaces Britain; and she will tolerate neither. Her interests seem clearly to fall in with those of France when the ultimate consequences of doing otherwise are considered. Nevertheless she may mislead the world as to her exact intentions as she did in 1914.



The European arrangement which is prospective when the full effects of the Austrian crisis are apparent so closely approaches that of 1914 as to be a bit uncanny. The essential difference is the greater power of Italy, a power which is, as yet, governed in accordance with "sacred egoism" and not certainly available to either France or Germany. If out of the 1914 set-up American participation eventually emerged, what guarantee have we that it won't emerge out of that taking shape in 1934? Briefly, there is no guarantee.

How did we get involved the last time? By a pro-Ally and anti-German neutrality dictated by the intellectual and emotional currents in existence which were confirmed by propaganda and reconfirmed by the circumstance that the Allied blockade of Germany turned the money and goods of the United States almost exclusively into Allied channels. In replying to the blockade Germany was brought into collision with us by resorting to the submarine, a new and untried but exceedingly deadly weapon which came within an ace of accomplishing its objective, defeating England on the seas and hence altogether. By an exceedingly intricate but entirely logical development, our protests against the German submarine inspired by trade interests and glozed by humanitarianism, led the British to put the screws on tighter in their blockade until Germany, having reached the point of desperation, made an all-or-nothing throw of the dice and lost the gamble. The United States entered the war.* What is to prevent a repetition of this performance?

In general outline nothing stands in the way of a fairly exact repetition, but in detail several new factors have entered since 1919 which must be considered. For

*This story is told in detail in the author's *Why We Fought* (1929).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one thing a vast amount of American money flowed into Germany up to 1929. While there is at present a disposition to consider most of it lost, it still represents a considerable equity in Germany's industrial structure and is a restraint on anti-Germanism in financial circles which did not exist in the last war. But the small advantage Germany might gain because American capitalists would want our government to go slow is somewhat cancelled by the very considerable anti-Hitler sentiment in the general population.

On the other hand, there is some hostility to Great Britain and France as defaulting nations with respect to the debts of the last war, extending to their exclusion from the American bond market by governmental action, thereby destroying the possibility of immediate cash borrowing and credit extensions—the latter of course the more important. In my opinion these are strictly momentary disadvantages and advantages. Some of them may be cancelled before war breaks out: the French and British may arrange some accommodation to care for the war debts; and whatever odium Hitler may have brought Germany may be balanced off by the rise of autocratic government in either or both France and England.

Moreover, even if nothing is done about the war debts, the exclusion of the powers from the American money and credit markets will not be long sustained. The way is still open for the warring governments to use their accumulated funds, withheld from American investors and the American government, to approach us in our guise of merchants rather than bankers and offer to trade as cash customers. American merchants are not apt to refuse. The resolution giving the President the power to lay an embargo on the export of munitions is so worded as to make it extremely unlikely that it will be invoked against major powers. Moreover, once the immediate reserves are exhausted, resort can be had to internal financing at which the Germans made such a marvellous record in the last war. But it is exceedingly likely that before that pitch of necessity brings on exhaustion, the trend of events will rescue the Franco-British group from its difficulties. They will be given access to the credit of the American government as in 1917.

As remarked earlier, the period of our neutrality will be shorter this time. If we remain neutral a year it will be remarkable indeed. And since the exhausting of accumulated money and supplies took about a year in the last war when there was less understanding of the exacting demands of modern war, the provisions now being made must guarantee unassisted warfare for an equal length of time. For example, it is reported that France is about to launch a huge campaign to accumulate oil reserves, obviously that she may keep her air fleet supplied and her mechanized land army as well. America will be on the scene as a participant long before absolute financial and material exhaustion overtakes the nations.

But why will we come on the scene? The point has been made that we became involved last time because of the method Germany took to reply to the blockade. A similar blockade will certainly be erected this time by the dominant sea power, Great Britain, since the universal opinion is that it was a marvellously efficient and effective weapon before. The blockaded powers will be obliged to reply to it and since our vessels will be on the high seas in greater numbers than last time, because of the increases in the American merchant marine, we will inevitably be brought into collision with the blockaded and blockading groups. The issue will be that old mare's nest, Freedom of the Seas; and we will be strongly inclined to apply it most severely against the blockaded nations which will have to resort to destruction of ships and cargoes to effectuate their purpose of embarrassing their enemies. We will, therefore, be carried into war for the "good" reason of Freedom of the Seas; we will be asked to vindicate our national "honor" once again as Woodrow Wilson asked us in 1917; and the consequence will be one more war in defense of trade and hence profits.

The whole situation will be infinitely complicated by the usual maze of propaganda and counter-propaganda, censored news and inflamed prejudices and prepossessions, until a clear perception of the meaning of the war is lost—as almost every one including President Wilson himself lost it in the last war—and we will be carried into it on high waves of emotion which will sink the frail ship of pacificism which now has such a lovely spread of sail in this country of ours. . . .

Let us now turn to the Orient. Japan and the Soviet Union confront one another on a long front, both claiming peaceful intentions but both obviously engaged in preparations for eventual war. Practically the whole world, I think, is convinced that the two nations will fight in the fairly immediate future; there is talk of war in the late spring of 1934.

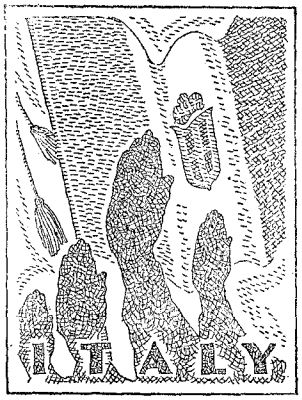
What is the quarrel about? Briefly, who shall dominate the Far East. On Japan's side it has long been a case of expand or die, and she has been in the process of expanding for some years past, either through conquest of new territory or by the penetration of new areas by emigrant nationals. The classic example of the pressure of population on the means of subsistence, her industrialization, with very inadequate roots in the national resources, has failed to expand at a pace sufficient to take care of the normal increase of her people. She needs territory for three reasons: (1) as an area of settlement for surplus population, (2) as a source of raw materials, and (3) as a possible market for goods.

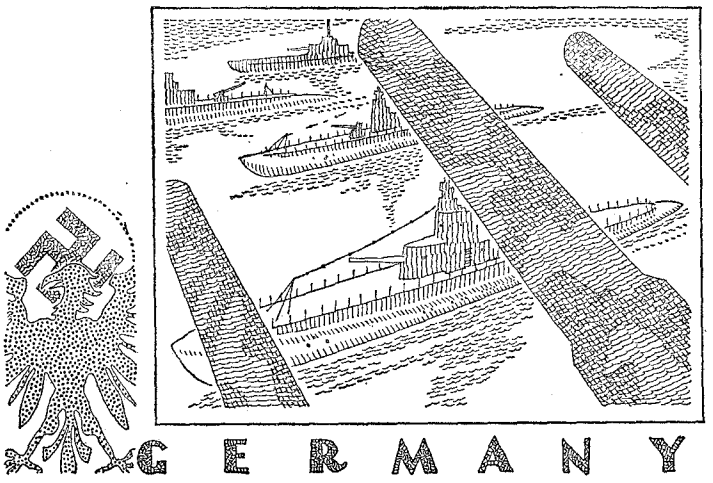
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These are the classic imperialistic motivations and if one of them is absent in Manchuria (it is not a very attractive place for Japanese settlers), the other two are plainly present. Added to this normal, so to speak, pressure toward war is the existence of a highly militaristic clique in control of the army and navy, and for the last few years, of the government. It is these men who are directing the actual labors of expansion and under their leadership the Oriental world expects the worst of Japan. In opposing her the Russians can make it appear that they are the spokesmen of the oppressed people of Asia—a potent position for enlisting Chinese sympathy and support.

If Japan had a stable economy she would be a far more dangerous nation than she actually is. The fact is, however, that the present government has not only to direct imperialistic adventures abroad but also keep down a social explosion at home. The industrial workers are in appalling shape because of the failure of Japan to keep her exports up to the war-time level to which the industrial plant is geared. The peasants exist precariously this side the starvation line, subsistence being considered a tolerably good way of life. Yet with all this poverty and misery Japanese expenditures on armaments have reached tremendous figures. This last February a budget was passed with the largest peace-time appropriation for defence in Japanese history, direct pressure for it being brought by General Hayashi, Minister of War, and Admiral Osumi, Minister of the Navy. Japan is a heavy buyer in the scrap-iron markets of the world including the United States; she is absorbing American cotton in huge quantities and not altogether for industrial purposes; she is deep in the world munitions markets; and she is suspected of accumulating nitrate reserves from Chile. Her military and naval expenditures will absorb 44 per cent of the 1934 budget.

In the coming war the Soviet Union can count heavily on endurance; Japan can count on mobility. As a consequence neither side has a pronounced advantage as far as a fairly immediate final decision is concerned. Russia still has the power to devour armies the way she devoured Napoleon's forces long ago. The Japanese strength is very feverish, inadequately based because her economy cannot keep up with the demands of an army in the field, and good only for a short war. The result is a paradox: the Soviet Union after a stubborn resistance might suffer an apparent defeat but in the long run the Japanese would exhaust themselves at the very time the Russians were preparing to bring up their reserves. Even if she held on until the Russians recuperated from the first swift blows, the strain the leaders would be putting on the home population would probably provoke revolt.





We may, nevertheless, look forward to a protracted state of war between Japan and Russia, marked by occasional vivid flare-ups. In the intervals Japan may well be able to keep the ball rolling for her people by incursions into China, slowly increasing the areas under control there, directly or through Manchukuo.

How would the United States be involved in a Japanese-Soviet war? The period of neutrality with regard to this war might well be of longer duration than in the case of a European conflict. It is likely that trouble will come very slowly either with regard to China or on the seas. It should not be forgotten that Japan has many reasons for keeping on good terms with the United States. She draws heavily on American markets and sells heavily to the United States. Yet she is also very suspicious of this country as is illustrated by the periodical revival of the charge that we are arming the Chinese, especially with airplanes. In case of war Japan would undoubtedly increase her purchases in the American market.

At the same time it is likely that Russia would come into the American market for supplies, getting them to the front by various routes. If the Russians lost Vladivostok through blockade—as is possible in spite of coastal defences, planes and submarines concentrated to defend it—and if there can be established, previous to the outbreak of war, no satisfactory, easily defensible port on the Siberian coast, the Russians would have two ways left to get their goods to the front: either import through European Russia and face the problem of transport, or, in lesser quantities, through Chinese ports and ship them overland. In either case the actual de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

livery of the goods to the front would be a long, laborious, discouraging, and meagerly rewarded task. Whether Japan would feel it desirable to strike at the prospective North Atlantic trade with her navy is debatable, but it is exceedingly likely that she would try to stop the Chinese trade. Her suspicions of the Chinese are well known and if she felt that the quantity of supplies was excessive she would raise the cry that the Americans were arming the Chinese to "stab her in the back." To control the Russian aspects of the trade she could invoke the exasperating doctrine used by the British in the last war to destroy American-German trade through neutral ports, the doctrine of continuous voyage, and she might well attempt to rationalize an interference with Chinese imports by the doctrine of necessity. While this would be a somewhat fantastic interpretation of the doctrine, international law is peppered with fantastic distortions. In either case Japan would collide head on with the United States.

We are already suspicious of Japan's intentions with regard to Asia, refusing to recognize Manchukuo as an independent nation, and holding firmly to the "open door" policy for China in spite of its change from a justification for trade to a cover for industrial and financial exploitation. It is not at all likely that we would actually secretly use China to stab the Japanese in the back. But Japan's anti-Chinese arrogance, if it took an aggressive form with the Soviet war apparently going in her favor, might well lead to an American decision—she would be under general imperialistic pressure to this end—once and for all to down Japanese pretentions and insure the "freedom" of China, fearing that a Japanese domination of China would result in a "closed door" policy. This is happening in Manchukuo, whatever the public professions and however modified by participation in consortiums.

Our war with Japan will inevitably be a naval war growing out of contentions about trade and profit, immediate or remote. It would take the form of long-range naval operations against Japanese merchant ships aiming to bring her to her knees economically. It would be pro-Soviet only in the sense that we would be fighting the Russian enemy.

After the event it is always difficult to understand how the prophets missed the very factor which precipitated it. Certainly this is true in the case of world history, for, to adapt a phrase of Sir Francis Bacon's, history is more subtle than any argument. The how, when, why, and where of American participation in the coming wars are impossible exactly to predict and even if it were done successfully by accident, contradiction would still be in order. Having laid so many cards on the table which are argued to reveal future trends in world politics, it is perhaps best to play a final card which is revelatory of American trends exclusively.

We have in the Presidential chair one of the most convinced of navalists, a man whose record is consistent in this respect from his first appearance in public life. Like his cousin Theodore, he is an excellent example of the influence of Admiral Mahan on public life. It is therefore entirely in keeping that we should, under his leadership, embark upon a huge naval program. This may well become even more tremendous after Japan denounces the Washington Treaty in 1935 and if England follows Winston Churchill's surprisingly popular demand that she also denounce it.

It is interesting to observe that the construction proposed is concentrated on just those types of vessels necessary to an offensive war conducted a long distance from bases. Rear Admiral Yates Sterling, jr., has lately written that after the Washington Conference the American naval strategists concentrated attention on "heavy cruisers, long-radius aircraft carriers, fleet submarines and long-radius destroyers." The Vinson bill, which with subsidiary arrangements provides for the expenditure of over a billion dollars on "defence" equipment, expresses Roosevelt's ideas and provides for destroyers, submarines, an aircraft carrier and a fleet of airplanes, or just what the naval doctors called for. And a statement of Assistant Secretary of War Harry H. Woodring should be taken seriously. He pointed out how closely the Roosevelt recovery steps paralleled the proposed war-time mobilization of industry, finance, and labor.

Everything being done in the navy and army points to the fact that the American experts expect war and a war far from home; in other words they expect to carry the war into the enemy's country across the Pacific or the Atlantic.

The argument that all this American preparation for war is to scare aggressors into submission does not at all impress students of such matters who point out that the moral and material tension so created always eventuates in war. Nor should the fact that no one wants war be used as an argument against the inevitability of war. The various nations of the world are committed to policies which cannot be realized without war. Public morality is lower than personal morality and national morality is the lowest of all. Cavour long ago remarked that "If we had done for ourselves what we have done for Italy we should have been great rascals."

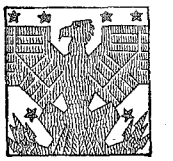
LOTHROP STODDARD *in the following article outlines a plan whereby the United States may remain outside the maelstrom of war.*

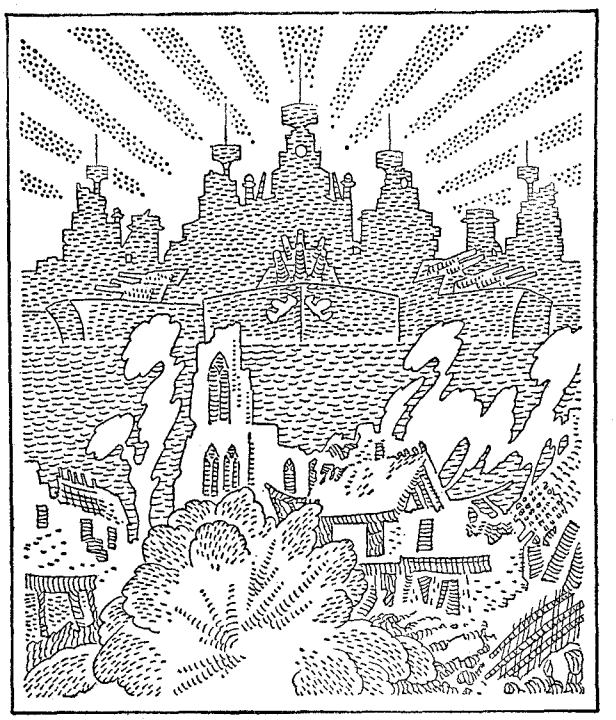
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Keep Out of the Next War

By Lothrop Stoddard

The overwhelming popular verdict favors our neutrality in case of war. Mr. Stoddard suggests a possible means of making this will to peace effective. Otherwise we must rely on frightening our would-be attackers with a huge fighting machine





WAR is today "in the air." Both Europe and the Orient are tense with impending catastrophe. In the Far East, embattled Japan and Soviet Russia glare at each other across heavily armed frontiers. In Europe, acute national rivalries are complicated by revolutionary outbreaks; the upshot being a condition so volcanic that no one can predict where a major upheaval may take place.

Meanwhile, throughout a world still in the trough of economic depression, armament industries are booming. Munitions factories work overtime. Tramp steamers are chartered wholesale, are hastily laden with every conceivable sort of war material, and plow their way at top speed toward the prospective war zones. With the exception of the United States, every Great Power is frankly hustling to get into fighting trim—and lesser Powers are following suit. Look where you will, the omens clearly portend war in the relatively near future.

Now this does not mean that war is absolutely inevitable; no war is "inevitable" until the first shots are fired. But it does mean that, alike in Europe and the Orient, the general set-up today makes for war; that the trend of events is plainly toward war, and that unless conditions change in some quite unexpected way, war will eventually result.

And then? What are we Americans going to do? You can almost hear the multitudinous answer to that question. The overwhelming popular verdict will be: *"Keep out!"*—complicated by such variations as: "Never again!" "Once bitten, twice shy!" and other remarks along the same line. It is safe to say that not one American in a thousand has the slightest hankering to go marching "over there" when the Far East explodes or when Europe flames into war once more.

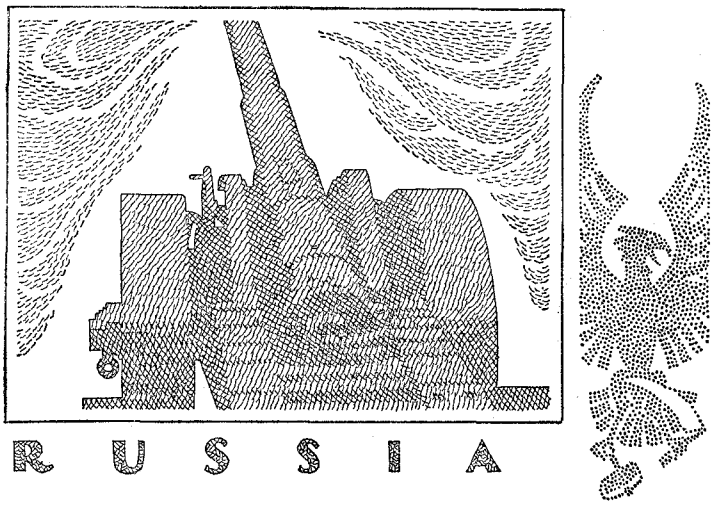
Nevertheless, the odds are something like ten to one that we *shall* get embroiled in either case, *unless* we start *right now* to work out a constructive program of action embodied in a definite policy of *real* neutrality. It won't do much good to begin improvising a policy after the big row starts and the crisis is upon us. In that case we shall flounder and drift, about as we did in 1914, until at length we are sucked into the vortex.

We need not fool ourselves with the notion that honest-to-goodness neutrality will be easy. On the contrary, it will be a tough job to frame and maintain such a policy. Powerful domestic interests hungry for quick profits will have to be sharply curbed. Insidious foreign propagandas will have to be ferreted out and exposed. Diplomatic patience will be required under certain circumstances, while drastic action will become necessary on other occasions. Tireless vigilance will be needed at all times.

Yet the goal is supremely worth while. To prevent our wealth, our life-blood, our national security itself from being jeopardized in a cause *not vitally our own* surely merits making every effort and foregoing many a selfish advantage.

Not vitally our own. There is the crux of the whole matter. The writer of these lines is no Pacifist. He believes that when a vital national interest is at stake, war may be eminently right and proper. But modern war is so terrible an ordeal that only in extreme cases should a people be exposed to its dread risks and perils. And, in the writer's opinion, neither a Russo-Japanese

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



clash in the Far East nor a European conflict would jeopardize American interests vital enough to render our participation either necessary or worth while.

So far as Europe is concerned, the problem is fairly simple. Most well-informed Americans today recognize that if a new European war breaks out, it will be just another struggle for the balance of power; a duel between nations resolved to upset the present European status and those determined to maintain it. Few Americans still cling to the amiable fiction that the Versailles settlement was framed to insure a genuine peace based upon even-handed justice alike to victors and vanquished. Europe today is not thinking in idealistic terms; its jarring nationalities are back to the traditional game of military alliances and power-politics—*Machtpolitik*.

With all this, we Americans have (and should have) nothing to do. Whether the Continental balance swings this way or that is no legitimate concern of ours. Europe refused to make the constructive peace for which we hopefully sent over our armies in 1917–18. And, should we again intervene, we may rest assured that history would repeat itself. The increasing realization of this has naturally thrown us back upon our traditional policy of non-intervention in European affairs. Never was the American people more resolutely "isolationist" regarding Europe than it is today.

The Far East presents a somewhat different picture. There, we have played an active rôle for nearly a hundred years. Hermit Japan was forced to open its portals by an American squadron under Commodore Perry. Twice, by resolute diplomatic action, we have saved China from threatened foreign domination—once by John Hay's Open-Door policy at the close of the last century, and again by our stand against Japanese encroachments upon Chinese sovereignty during the Great War. Furthermore, the vast Chinese market is an important factor in our foreign trade calculations, present and future. Lastly, we have a ticklish territorial stake in the Philippines.

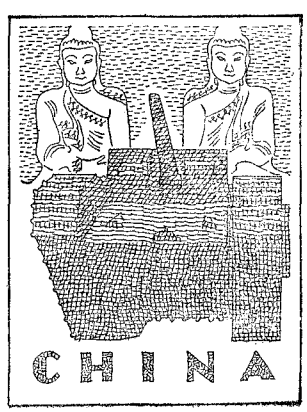
Taken in the aggregate, these matters constitute a problem far more complex than any which Europe is likely to offer us. A Russo-Japanese war, despite its geographical remoteness, would thus raise diplomatic questions of extreme delicacy and would awaken among us strong popular emotions, especially if China should be seriously involved.

Nevertheless, so long as the war remained essentially one between Russia and Japan, there is no inherent reason why we should become involved, either because of our special position in the Far East or because of our general status as a neutral.

This last brings us logically to a consideration of the rights and duties of neutrality. And these, whether we be specifically faced with a European or an Oriental conflict, vary little in their application.

One basic point must be clearly understood: To stay neutral during a big war nowadays, a country must *be* neutral. The fundamental reason why we got into the last war was that we were not genuinely neutral. Not only our sympathies but our material interests leaned more and more to one side. From the very start we tried to make every dollar we could out of the war. Through the Allies' command of the sea, most of our immense war-trade was with them. This rapidly built up in their favor huge vested interests which we hesitated to jeopardize by a too rigid insistence upon our neutral rights and duties. We protested—but we never embargoed.

If we are to stay neutral in the next big war, whatever it may be, that sort of favoritism must not happen again. Probably the best way to avoid its repetition would be to forbid the export of arms and munitions to both sets of belligerents. But should this prove too heroic a self-denying ordinance, we should at the very least forbid the shipment of munitions or any other contraband of war in vessels flying our flag. All such merchandise should be sold "f. o. b." some American port, to be transported thence in foreign ships entirely at the purchaser's risk. At the same time, American citizens should be warned either to travel on American ships or proceed at their peril. In the submarine-infested waters of the next war, no American should set sail except under the protection of the Stars and Stripes. If

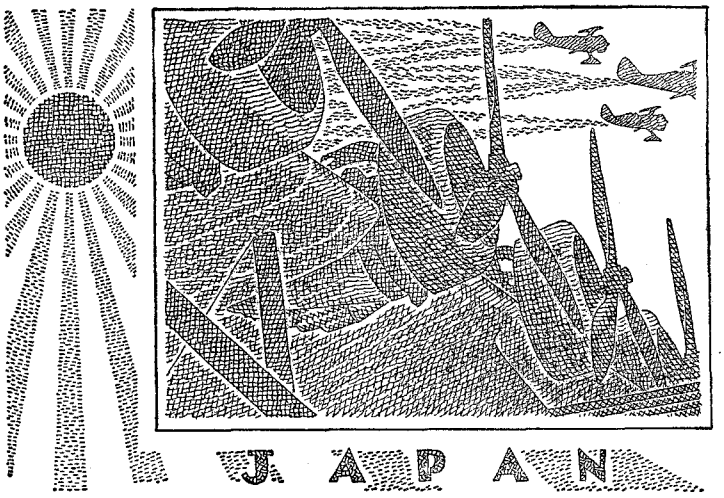


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he does otherwise, he deserves whatever fate befalls him.

Furthermore, war-time exports of every sort should be rigidly controlled—and this, not merely to preserve neutrality but also to safeguard our economic well-being. Let us not be fooled a second time over the true nature of war-trade. To size up correctly what it would mean in the next war, let us see what happened in the last one.

Getting down to bedrock realities, here is what took place: By the end of 1914 a flood of war-orders pouring in from Europe suddenly (and most unnaturally) stimulated our export trade. We did not stop to realize that this was not true "trade" (that is, an exchange of goods for goods), but that it was a handing over of huge quantities of our goods in exchange for a little gold and a great sheaf of I. O. U.'s.

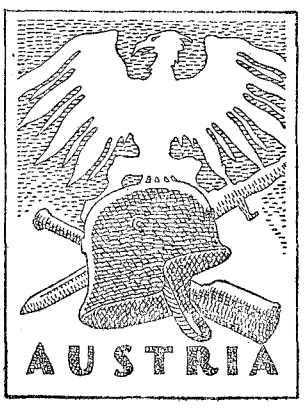


What were those I. O. U.'s? They were the promises of nations engaged in a war such as the world had never seen; a veritable death-grapple so vast and so destructive that, if long continued, virtual bankruptcy would be well-nigh inevitable.

Such being the facts, what, from a long-headed economic viewpoint, should have been America's policy as soon as it became clear that the Great War was going to last a long time? There can be small doubt as to the answer: By the autumn of 1915, we should have shut down on long-term loans to the belligerents; before the end of 1916, we should have gone very easy on the granting even of short-term credits.

That, in our *national* economic interest, would have been the wise thing to do. The chief reason we didn't do it is because the national interest was obscured by the special interests of powerful groups such as manufacturers, exporters, and bankers, all of whom stood to make big profits by parting with our tangible wealth in return for dubious paper which, in the shape of even more dubious long-term bonds, could be unloaded on an ignorant public.

And even this is not the whole sad story. Still more serious (in the long run) was the stepping-up of both our industry and our agriculture to an intensity wholly unwarranted by economic realities. In both cases we grossly over-expanded, thus engendering the vicious circle of over-production and mass-unemployment which plagues us today.



Such is the story of our famous "war prosperity" which, by the quaint expedient of lending Europe the money to buy our products, we kept going until the dread day of reckoning in the fall of 1929. Do we want a return engagement of that tragi-comedy? If we don't, we had better look sharp and lay our plans ahead of time. For if the next war catches us unprepared, does any one seriously believe that our war trade can be kept within proper bounds? Imagine the pressure from all sorts of well-organized lobbies ranging all the way from bankers and business men to farmers and even trades-unions! Picture the glowing prospectuses of "golden opportunities" and quick profits! Beguiled by the lure of "easy money" stimulated by intensive propaganda, who can doubt that the American public would once more fall for the mirage of a "prosperity" based on —*paper?*

No; if we are to avert all that, we must think and act *now*. Now, while our blood is cool and our spirit is chastened. And, in this sober mood, let us provide that, during another great war abroad, our war-trade shall be *real* trade, which means: goods against either goods, gold, or, at most, short-term credits. Precious few long-term credits. And, above all, *no bonds!* Another big war in Europe will leave every one of the combatants hopelessly bankrupt, while a prolonged Russo-Japanese death-grapple will leave both governments practically insolvent. Hence, in the case of either war, no such foreign bonds should be floated here, on any terms.

Thus safeguarded, our war-trade may not rise to dizzy heights, but we shall be reasonably sure of getting value received for what we sell abroad. And, being assured on this score, we should insist on doing as much of *that* sort of business as we legitimately can. Having avoided perilous complications by refusing to transport contraband of war, we will be all the more entitled to trade freely alike with other neutrals and with belligerents—in so far as access to them is not prevented by genuine blockades. Being sincerely neu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tral, we should resolve to maintain to the full both the rights and duties which go with a neutral status.

That, of course, will be no easy matter. To uphold such a policy, we shall have to do more than issue proclamations and write diplomatic notes. Our neutrality, while pacific, cannot be pacifist. Behind our words there must be material force sufficient to make our voice listened to and heeded.

Here again, the last war shows us clearly what our course should be in the next. When the Great War broke out in 1914, our initial blunder lay in not providing for *armed* neutrality. Instead, we indulged in an orgy of sentimental pacifism, sang *I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier!*, and gave both sets of belligerents the idea that, no matter what they did to us, we wouldn't do much of anything to them. Not until the Great War was well into its second year did we begin to strengthen our navy, while our actual entry into the war in 1917 found our army pitifully unprepared.

Nothing like that must happen again! The first shots of the next war, East or West, should be the signal for putting our navy on a war footing, backed by an intensive building program to remedy any existing weaknesses or defects. Our air services should likewise be put in fighting trim, the regular army brought to its maximum authorized strength, and preparations made to insure the smooth working of general mobilization at a moment's notice. Thus, and thus only, can America hope to maintain an honorable and effective neutrality.

Such steps could not rightfully be regarded as bellicose or provocative by any warring Power. On the contrary, they would constitute the best guarantee that we intended to keep the peace. An adequately armed America would serve notice on the world that our neutrality would be maintained without fear or favor. Certainly, neither set of belligerents would be lightly inclined to flout our neutral rights—as both sides did so flagrantly in the last war. Indeed, there is good reason to believe that, had we adopted a strong policy of armed neutrality in 1914, we would never have been subjected to the humiliating infringements on our neutral status which embittered our relations with both sides and which ultimately forced us to enter the struggle.

Another probable advantage accruing from a policy of armed neutrality is the likelihood that the bulk of Latin America would rally to our standard. To steer clear of another Old World conflagration is a New World interest which appeals as strongly to our Latin American neighbors as it does to ourselves. Now a well-armed, self-reliant United States would offer just the nucleus about which could readily crystallize a Pan-American League of Armed Neutrality, with a harmonious policy and common aims. Such a League would present so formidable an aggregation of power that its just decisions would be almost automatically respected and obeyed.

For, consider the alternative. At the first flagrant infringement of its neutral rights, the Pan-American League could threaten to impose a general embargo upon the offending party. The effect of such Pan-American action would be so devastating that no belligerent would be likely to take the risk. This would be especially true in the case of a European war. Therefore it is most unlikely that the embargo weapon would actually have to be used. The mere threat would probably suffice.

Of course, it may be argued that we are here assuming a purely hypothetical situation; that a Pan-American League of Armed Neutrality could not be formed. In answer, we might say that, since the recent Montevideo Conference, the prospects of effective Pan-American action have greatly improved. However, for the sake of argument, let us discard this factor from our calculations and return to our consideration of an isolated United States standing in the presence of a great war in Europe or the Far East.

Obviously, our position would then be by no means so favorable as though we had Latin American allies. Nevertheless, the effect of a thoroughgoing embargo on our part alone would be damaging enough to give pause to any belligerent except under circumstances of extreme recklessness or desperation.

Well, let us assume that such circumstances did, in fact, arise. Let us imagine, even, that we were forced to use our armed might against the destroyer of our neutrality. Offhand, it might seem as though this would defeat the very aim we had in view; that, despite our best efforts, we were once more embroiled as we were in 1917.

However, this would not necessarily be the case. It would depend upon *how* we "went in." If we declared war *for strictly American ends* and waged war so far as possible *solely against those who had grossly injured us,* the principle underlying our neutral policy would still be unimpaired and our freedom of action would still remain.

This may sound like legalistic quibbling. Yet a moment's reflection should suffice to show that it is not. In a Far Eastern war, such a policy would prevent us from assuming lasting commitments in China or elsewhere, into which we might be unwittingly involved as a result of military or naval actions undertaken for purely strategic reasons—much as we casually acquired the Philippines in our war with Spain over Cuba.

In the case of our involvement in a European war, adherence to this principle would not merely accord with our true interests but would not be wholly out of line with our previous experience. Even in the Great

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War we did not "go in all over." We entered that war, not as a full partner with the Allies, but as their "associate." Furthermore, we never declared war against Bulgaria and Turkey, the minor partners of our antagonists, the Central Powers. In a future European conflict, we could similarly discriminate between opponents.

Yet that alone would not suffice. Should there, unhappily, be a "next time," we should from the start categorically refuse to be involved in European affairs. Here, fortunately, our own history affords us a useful precedent to guide our future conduct. The year 1917 was not the first occasion that a European conflict compelled us to draw the sword. Europe's previous cycle of discord, the Napoleonic Wars, similarly forced us into the War of 1812.

However, compare our attitudes on those two respective occasions. In 1812 we not only confined our armed efforts to one opponent (England); we also steered clear of all European complications. We did not join Napoleon as an "associate." Neither were we in any way connected with the Peace Congress at Vienna which re-drew the map of Europe.

In 1917, however, we entered the Great War with the avowed intention of taking a prominent part in the post-war European settlement, and Woodrow Wilson appeared at the Versailles Peace Conference in the rôle of benevolent arbitrator to effect a lasting settlement of Europe's problems as part of a new world-order.

Alas! We know only too well how speedily those intentions and hopes were frustrated. None of the European "peace-makers" displayed aught of that lofty idealism which alone would have made a constructive settlement possible. America was soon confronted with the unpleasant alternative of either signing *and guaranteeing* a settlement big with the germs of future strife or of leaving Europe to go its own way. Wilson wanted to sign. The American people, however, refused to assume responsibilities so perilous and so remote from our national interests. And the writer, at least, believes that the American people decided wisely and well.

The troubled post-war years have proved conclusively that the European nations are not ready to make the mutual sacrifices needed for a genuine settlement of their ancient feuds. And those same years have likewise proved that America can neither suggest nor impose a settlement upon peoples who, in the last analysis, must work out their own salvation.

By this time, surely, we Americans must realize that Europe desires neither our advice nor our good offices. What Europeans *do* want is our money and (if possible) our man-power used in a *partisan* intervention to insure victory for a particular side. If, therefore, we should ever again be foolish enough to intervene as we did last time, we should suffer the same cruel disillusionment as soon as the war ended and we approached the conference table.

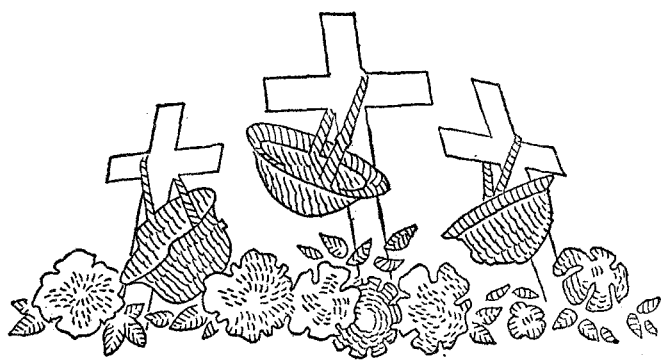
If the Great War taught us one lesson, it is this: Having got out of Europe after Versailles, we should *stay out* and let the Old World settle its own quarrels.

Strangely enough, even today a minority among us do not yet seem to have learned that lesson. It is still the fashion in "internationalist" circles here to decry our "isolation" and to belittle the policy of our forefathers, who drew a clear distinction between the Old World and the New.

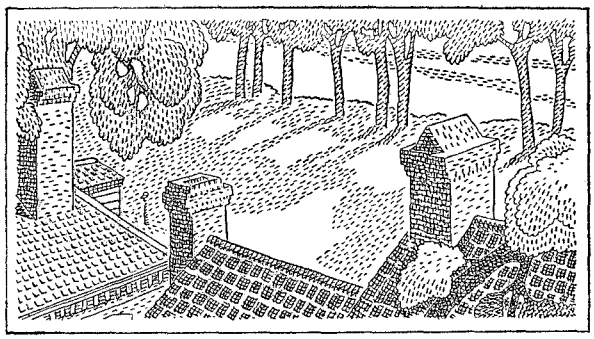
Yet let us re-read the text of Washington's Farewell Address. Let us ponder those crucial lines wherein he says:

"Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote concern. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concern. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities."

Now, set that sage counsel against the lurid background of Europe's current affairs. Shall we not be more predisposed than ever to say: "Washington was right—*and how!*"



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE DARK

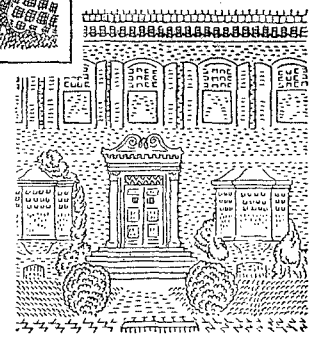
A Story of

By James

Author of DRUMS

[TO BE PUBLISHED COM

With the fine integrity and simplicity els, Mr. Boyd re-creates the life of a the love story of Clara Rand and Fitz- satiric view of the "quaint" period but and how they saw themselves. The scene banks of a great river at the



THE close-built houses of the leading citizens all faced the broad river. Lower down, the covered bridge rumbled to the heavy farm teams and the trestle bridge rattled to the railroad cars. Higher up lay the tin cans and Irish squalor of Billy-goat Town. But here was peace, reserve and elegant dignity: a park of locust trees above the river's bank, the limestone dust of the street, and, above the brick sidewalk, the house-fronts, their brickwork sometimes painted gray, their white doors bearing silver knockers and silver name-plates. Among them, one stood out. It was set back from the street. Tall brownstone steps were flanked by fat bay windows, in the red pressed brick, which looked out across the street and the narrow park of locust trees to the broad shallow river and the green hills beyond. A massive vestibule, floored with tile of scrolled pink and black design, was blocked by a massive golden oak door, whose many projecting moldings and deep-sunk panels gave it the effect of the natural armor of some prehistoric saurian. In the middle panels were two small and intricate brass grilles designed, no doubt, to permit the inmates to peep out before committing themselves to the hazards of intercourse. But as this arrangement would also permit assaulting parties to peep in and as Samuel, the butler, could be trusted to improvise defenses after opening the door, the grilles had long since been curtained with now faded pink silk.

On the doorstep a slim young girl in a chip hat, a short blue cape and a blue gown touched a bronze handle shaped like the handle of a mug. Faint reverberations were set up within. She turned to look at the river. There was a soft step in the hall, a floor board creaked, a swift, smooth, noiseless turning of the brass knob, and Samuel, the butler, stood in the first position, the door held firmly half open. Then, of course, it was swung very wide and Samuel creased his black broadcloth waistcoat in a bow. He shot immaculate cuffs out of his black alpaca sleeves and reached forward a soft, white, boiled-looking hand in a gesture of apology. "Miss Clara," he said. The hand was instantly withdrawn to curl its fingers neatly under the edges of the black alpaca coat.

She walked down the long dark hall, lit faintly by the light from double doors half opened on either side. The light from the right-hand door was dim. That was the drawing-room. On the left, the library was bright with a fire and well-stuffed chairs and many colored bindings in two alcoves beneath red-velvet panels bearing two life-size bas-reliefs of George and Martha Washington. Farther along the hall, a ten-foot mirror, framed in walnut and flanked by marble shelves and hat pegs, reflected the almost life-size cows of a twenty-foot picture on the opposite wall. Beyond, a nickel-plated knight in armor, on a newel post, held aloft a gas lamp globed in imitation marble; broad spiral stairs mounted slowly under a stained-glass window, pink and green, on and up into the shadows high above. Loosening the big bow of her cape, the girl went up the stairs.

Across from the stairs, the image of the twinkling knight was blurred and caricatured in the golden oak doors that opened on the dining-room, and farther down the hall a single door stood always open. A dark red corridor passed behind the drawing-room to a second open door and the slightly more cheerful promise of John Rand's private office.

Here a triple window threw a wide expanse of light on the broad flat-topped desk and on the massive figure of John Rand. He weighed two hundred and thirty pounds but no one could call him, even seated, stooping in his chair, a fat man. There was a firmness and a fineness to the shoulders beneath the well-cut black broadcloth coat, and to the big neck which rose smoothly in a mist of short gray hair above the starched collar whose wide opening at the throat was closed by a dark blue silk necktie held by one large glowing pearl. There was even a fineness to the paunch against whose stately curves lay the heavy watch chain, like the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHORE

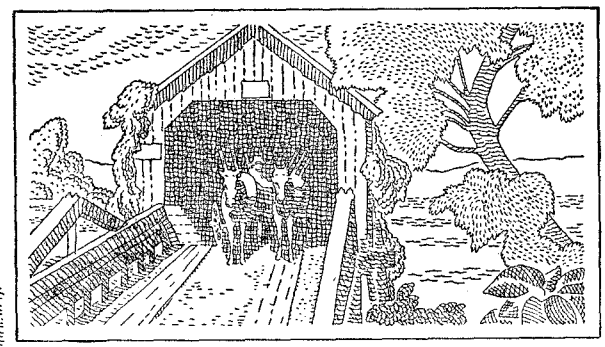
the Eighties

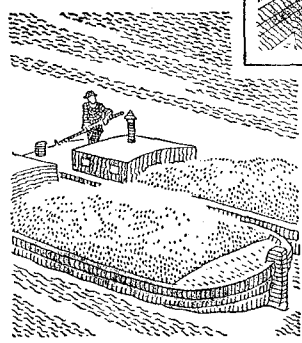
Boyd

and LONG HUNT

PLETE IN FOUR NUMBERS ‖

which have characterized his other nov- prosperous family of the '80's and tells Greene Rankin. It is not a "modern" a chronicle of how people really were is a small Pennsylvania city on the beginning of the industrial era.





anchor cables of a noble ship. And there was a fineness to the great calves outlined beneath the gray, striped trousers, and to the great ankles stretching the elastic sides of polished congress boots.

This pile, so still and vast, yet so delicate, was surmounted by a head, perhaps a little small, but showing beneath the thick, short, iron hair the compact strength of a Roman emperor's. His face, on the other hand, seemed large, perhaps because of the nearly white beard, though it and the moustache were always short and neatly trimmed. There was about the brow, strongly modelled over bushy gray eyebrows, and the firm nose with its heavy bridge, and the strong, quiet cheeks, a simplification, an abstraction, such as the Greeks gave to the representations of their gods. But this effect was modified by his mouth, soft and shy and humorous, and again by the assurance and acumen of his blue-gray eye.

He sat in a swivel chair of the kind used to hoist painters up factory chimneys and save shipwrecked men at sea; and in fact, as he gazed out over the street and over the river while his strong hand, brown with liver spots, tapped a silver penholder in time to a tune which he breathed heavily and softly in a sort of musical whisper, he seemed to be riding safely aloft, above all turmoil and all danger.

On his right, a very large terrestrial globe, in nickel-plated gimbals, turned Asia and Africa to the glow of a coal grate. On his left, a low bookcase was heavy with the dark cloth bindings of *Moody's Reports* and the *Proceedings of the Anthracite Coal Association*. Above the bookcase, facing the fire, hung a geological map of Indiana and a railway map of the United States. Above the fireplace, a Rogers group on the marble mantel showed a mud-colored widow receiving alms from a mud-colored philanthropist in a high hat; and on the wall above, in a colored reproduction of Meissonier, wheeling squadrons trampled the grain before the bantam in a cocked hat.

From his window he could look across the grass plot in whose centre a cast-iron stag raised a forefoot in perpetual challenge. Beyond the dusty clumps of locust trees he saw the broad, green river, slow and shallow, and the tufted islands far out in midstream, narrowed and sharpened by centuries of flow. His family had been following that river for many years. They had stood siege in their own fort on the headwaters of the East Branch in the year of the Indian massacres. And from that dim and legendary time they had slowly followed its course, always presumably bettering themselves at each new stopping place. At all events, by the early part of the century they were in the Three Forks country and his great-grandfather, General John Rand, had emerged from the War of 1812 sufficiently less discredited than most, to cause a grateful citizenry to name Johnstown after him, and a pack of foxhounds to be sent out from Yorkshire by the British general who opposed him, and may perhaps have been grateful to him for a semblance of opposition sufficient to contribute, however slightly, to his own professional career. Then the times had changed from the days of broad acres and militia commissions, and his grandfather had built the turnpikes and toll bridges, and finally the canal. This last had been a mistake beyond doubt, but the old gentleman had prospered and had died, so his father once had told him, before he discovered it. His father, in turn, had started the iron foundry. That, too, had been a mistake, for the railroad was coming in then; in Pittsburgh, the big mills sprang up; and the little country foundries swiftly withered away. So swiftly, indeed, that he himself was brought home in the middle of the spring term from the boarding academy; ever since, he had been ashamed of meeting any one that he had known there.

It seemed a long time since then, and he had come a long way. Farther, he reckoned, just to himself, than any of the Rands before him. Certainly he handled more coal than any other one man in the state, and his offices, strung across the country, from New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to Chicago, were almost more than he could keep up with now. He could only try to pick good men and let them do the best they could. But they were hard to find. Men who had grown up in the home office, here under him, seemed lost when he sent them out to run an office of their own. They were always telegraphing for instructions, or else, in a panicky way, they decided to be bold, and made some blunder. Again, the young man who was irreproachably honest in every last detail of business dealing, as, above all, every one of his young men must be, was often not apt to grasp the ways and means of getting sidings and coal-pocket sites out of city councils. And, on the other hand, a young man who was good at that, and at obtaining special rebates and demurrage concessions from the railroad, was more than likely, one fine day, to be a little too smart with a customer. Times were changing, and, no doubt, for the better. For the better, indeed, in every way, except that nowadays it seemed as if there were very few young men of ability who understood the basis of business honesty. He was glad that George, his son, had married early, and settled down in the business with him. There was a streak in George; and he didn't think the coal business meant as much, or would ever mean as much to George as it had to him. After all, George would never know what it meant to put all he had in the world in a single river barge, and float it, loaded with coal and thirty-day notes, down from the mines, down to where the railroad crossed the river. That was long ago. He left the barges to the little fellows now, and hauled by rail. But he could see that barge as clear as if it were yesterday, floating in at dawn, her stern lanterns still alight, to the wooden dock where he had been waiting all night long. He could see the long, humped pile of coal, its base almost awash, and the ragged shoulders of the bargemen, hunched over the sweep. George was a first-rate judge of men though, pretty smart.

Samuel came in the room and stood, his smooth hands folded together in front of his smooth alpaca coat. "Mr. Riser is here."

"All right, Samuel. Show him in."

"Yes, sir." The rich, hushed tone implied that no decision could have been more resourceful, ingenious and profound.

There was a light step on the parquet flooring of the hall, a gesture of Samuel's alpaca arm, and a plump little man with a fixed professional smile came through the door. His lips curled softly above his neat chin whiskers, but his light eyes were cautious and detached. His dapper body curved softly, but his steel-gray suit was hard and rigid. Carrying a small black bag in his hand he looked as if he might be a leading surgeon, famous for his professional dexterity alone.

With a slight roll, John Rand turned in his bosun's chair. "Well, Riser, it's a nice day. Samuel, when you go out, close the door. Sit down, Riser, sit down."

Mr. Riser placed the bag on the carpet beside his chair. He rested his plump elbows on the arms and placed his finger tips together, continuing to smile. His eyes were not quite easy, and when he murmured, "Yes, Mr. Rand, a very nice day," it was with a shade of reluctance that hinted that "Mr. Riser" was the form of address to which he was entitled. But there was also in his voice the faintest contradiction which suggested that he was unable to withhold devotion to one who thus magnificently saw fit to deprive him of his due.

"Well, Riser," said John Rand, heartily oblivious of all minor complexities, "I suppose you know why I sent for you."

"Well, hardly." Mr. Riser repudiated assumptions. "Scarcely," he amended, after a moment's thought.

John Rand looked out the window impatiently.

"It is about my daughter, Clara. I want to set up a trust for her."

"Ah, yes. Of course." Mr. Riser was cordial but fundamentally noncommital. "Miss Clara is getting to be quite a young woman now," he said. "I passed her yesterday at Hickory and Tenth Streets; Eleventh, I should say."

John Rand continued to look out the window. "I want the sum to be two hundred thousand dollars, to become hers outright at thirty, if she is still unmarried; otherwise to remain in trust during her life, and then, if she has children, to be equally divided among them, remaining in trust for any boys until they are thirty, and for any girls under the same conditions as the fund was held for the mother."

"Quite so," said Mr. Riser, "except that in the case of female children the trust cannot again be held for them under the same terms. The law of entail——"

"Yes, I know. It will have to go to them absolutely, I suppose."

"Perhaps," suggested Mr. Riser, "you might leave the sum to Miss Clara outright at thirty with a private agreement, that she herself would set up a trust for herself and children along the lines you desire. That would enable the trust to be extended for one more generation."

"Of course, I know."

"And in a case where perfect mutual confidence exists, such as I am sure——"

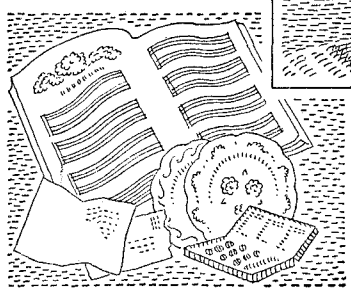
"I do not wish her to know that this trust exists."

"Ah, yes. Quite so. In any case it would hardly be quite satisfactory from a legal standpoint, and that, of course, must be our first consideration." Mr. Riser half rose. "May I draw up my chair and make a few rough notes?" He set the bag on the table and drew out a sheet of legal foolscap and a very large ebony pen. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rough notes required half an hour and covered the foolscap from top to bottom with Mr. Riser's hand, as fine and close and regular as a steel engraving of the Constitution.

While Mr. Riser wrote, John Rand raised the lid of a mahogany cigar box on the desk. He touched the sponge under the lid to make sure that it was damp. He took the band off a fat, dark cigar and dropped it in the waste basket. With immaculate, square fingers he felt the dark body's plumpness and consistency. He took a match from a ball-shaped glass holder, and struck it on the corrugated side. Leaning back in his chair he smoked slowly, with light, stertorous breathing.



Mr. Riser cleared his throat. "I presume," he said, "that this covers it." He read aloud in a modulated but rhetorical voice, imparting significance to each Whereas. John Rand held the cigar motionless between his fingers.

Mr. Riser finished reading. He waited. "I presume," he said, "that this covers it."

"Yes," said John Rand, "it seems to. Better have four copies."

"I had thought of five," said Mr. Riser, "to be on the safe side."

"I want no one to know about this. Not my daughter or Mrs. Rand. No one."

"My dear Mr. Rand, I really think——"

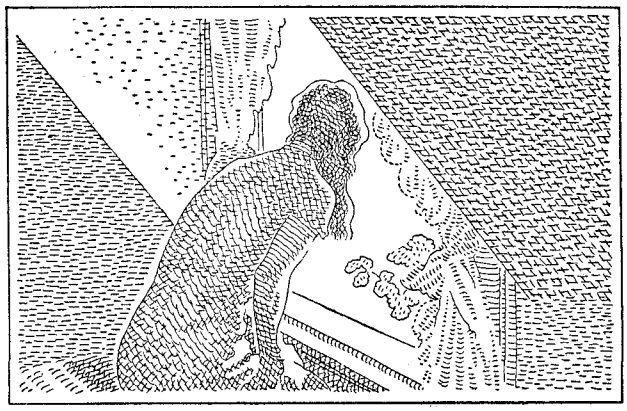
Mr. Rand continued to look out the window. "Yes, yes." He waved his cigar very gently, so that the ash would not fall off. "Let me know when you have the copies ready."

Mr. Riser snapped the clasps of his black bag. "Of course. Good day, sir."

Mr. Rand again slightly agitated the long ash of his cigar. He did not look around. "Good day, Riser, good day. You might leave the door open."

He heard some one moving in the hall. The rustle of a dress on the carpet came nearer. His wife's firm, even footstep sounded on the parquet flooring in front of his office door. A fine figure of a woman, he thought uneasily, I wonder what's up now. He knocked the carefully nurtured ash from his cigar and half turned in his swivel chair.

She was a fine figure of a woman. Her close-fitting, braided broadcloth gown showed that. She declared that she could wear that gown without a corset and escape detection, and that, in fact, she once had done so, merely as a test, of course, and secure in the propriety of her sixty years. Her face was somewhat coarsely ruddy, and her nose, though actually large,



was lost between her broad, Hibernian mouth and imperious, small blue eyes.

She took her stand in front of the open grate. Mr. Rand made an attempt to rise, hardly noticeable except for an added straining of his trousers and a light squeak from the boatswain's chair. As if this squeak met the requirements he relaxed, contenting himself with a brief, ushering gesture of his cigar, toward a stuffed leather chair, beside the fireplace.

"Well, well, Emma. Sit down."

"John," her voice was deep and husky, but musical. "Do you have to smoke all the time?"

"Why, no, no. If I did, I wouldn't smoke at all."

"I should think you'd remember what happened to General Grant."

His waistcoat vibrated in a soundless chuckle. "A lot of things happened to Grant when Jay Gould and that crowd got hold of him."

Her nose described a short arc. "You'll be sick in this room. It smells like a saloon."

"Well, you know, I never smelt a saloon. I suppose," he added, "that a man doesn't need to if he can have a room that smells like one."

Mrs. Rand placed a heavily ringed hand on her hip. "I want to talk to you about Clara."

"Is it anything special?"

"Yes, it is."

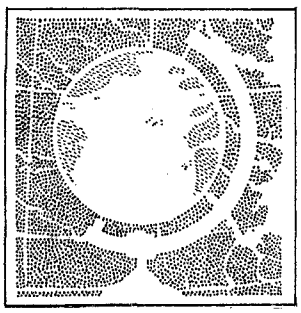
He heaved up to his feet, pushing hard with his thick arms. He gave each trouser leg a little shake and moved toward the door. His step was slow and short, but firm. His heavy shoulders were stooped and his neck craned forward, but he carried his head erect and his beard somewhat thrust out. Closing the door, he steamed slowly back and lowered himself into his chair. Thrusting with one ponderous boot, he swung round to face her, then he spread his hands on his knees.

"Well," he said, "what's wrong with Clara?"

"Nothing. Clara's a good girl. You know that."

"Yes. A good girl. There couldn't be anything wrong with Clara."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"But I mean we shouldn't let her drift into anything."

"Well, I suppose not; not unless she wants to."

"You never will do anything about Clara. You leave it all to me."

"Well, what's to be done about Clara?"

"You don't seem to realize that Clara is growing up. You think she's just a sweet little girl."

"Yes. She certainly is a sweet little girl."

Mrs. Rand put the other hand on her hip. "Heaven's alive, John, can't you love the child without being silly about her? I expect I am as fond of her as anybody, she's my own daughter, but I try to do something for her, too."

"Well, what's to be done about her?"

"Haven't you ever thought that some day she might grow up and that somebody might want to marry her?"

"Why, yes, I have, in a way. I thought that everybody might want to marry her. Like to marry her myself."

"John—! John, that's a dreadful thing to say. It's—" her face turned very red. "It's Sodomy, or something."

John Rand's beard bristled in a grin. "It's Gomorral," he offered.

"I suppose you know this young Rankin?"

"Well, yes, I've seen him around here lately."

"And I suppose you know who he is?"

"Why, yes, he's from Philadelphia."

"That's what I mean, here he is coming round and all you know is that he is from Philadelphia."

"What's wrong about that? He left there, didn't he? A man can't do more."

Mrs. Rand sat down on the leather-stuffed chair. Her fine figure leaned forward, her elbows were on her knees, her ringed hands clasped together before her. "John," she said. Her tone was that of constrained and exasperated pleading, "let's talk sense. We can't have a nobody coming to the house. Everybody on River Street is talking about it now. Mind you, I don't think there is anything in it, but you can never tell. We mustn't even give Clara the chance of making such a terrible mistake."

John Rand carefully removed the stump of his cigar from the holder and threw it in the waste-basket. He tapped sharply with the amber stem on the arm of his chair. "As far as River Street goes, I don't give a continental." His voice, from within his bristling beard, sounded cold and small. He subsided, but continued to tap more gently on the chair. "I hate to think of Clara marrying—marrying anybody. I hate it more than you do, I expect."

"Well, I'm sure that no one can say that I'm in a hurry to marry her off, especially while she's still so young and foolish."

"Clara's not foolish, she's——"

"But marriage is the natural thing for a girl. You know that. You don't want to see her grow into an old maid, do you, John?"

"I don't think she would ever do that. But what about this young Rankin?"

"Why, just what I told you."

"Well, that's not so bad, you know. He's been to the house a couple of times——"

"Three."

"Three times, but so have lots of other men."

"But we don't know who he is."

"We know he's in charge of the branch of The Keystone Wholesale Hardware Company here. And from what I hear, he's a real business man."

"Good heavens, John, it's not the money that worries me. We have plenty of that to take care of Clara, no matter who she marries."

"Maybe so. But I don't want to see Clara marry a man that can't support her."

"But there's no reason she shouldn't do more than that. She should make a distinguished marriage. There's no excuse for her throwing herself away."

"Well, how did Clara meet this young man?"

"That's what worries me. She met him through Monroe Worrall. You know Monroe has no more judgment. She went up to 27 River Street. Well, this young Rankin was there, and Mun had no more sense than to introduce them. He's trying to be like his father, I suppose."

"Well, Mun is no great shakes, that's a fact, but you know I always thought Judge Worrall was a pretty smart man."

"Oh, he was smart enough, but what good did it do him? I don't believe he left ten thousand dollars, and, what's more, do you know what I think? I think the money to put that plate-glass window in the Worrall's parlor is coming straight from us. Ellen Worrall is a nice girl, but she's pretty deep. I've got more than a notion that she saves enough from what George gives her to do all sorts of things for her mother. I told George as much the other day."

"What did George say?"

"He didn't say anything, but I think I gave him something to think about."

"George ought not to be bothered. He's doing well at the office and he and Ellen seem to be satisfied with each other."

"Oh, he's satisfied. She can pull the wool over his eyes any time she's a mind, but she ought not to take his money and give it to her family."

"She keeps a nice house for George. Didn't we have a good dinner there, Thursday?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"That's it. None of you men will say a word against Ellen Worrall, but mark my words, we'll live to regret the day that one of our children married into that crazy family."

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"I think you ought to talk to young Rankin."

"I did."

"You did? I think you might have told me. What did he say?"

"He said business was fair and they were bidding on the hardware for the insane asylum, and two court houses up State."

"I don't think that's funny. What did he really say?"

"He said would I mind if he smoked a pipe instead of a cigar, and so we smoked."

"Is that all?"

"That's about all. I thought he was a pretty fair sort of young man."

A short grunt of anguish and disgust was torn from Mrs. Rand's tight-pressed lips. She rose, turned away, turned back again, "John," she said, "will you talk to Clara?"

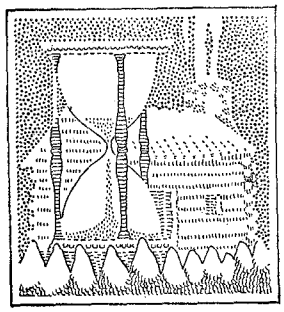
"Well, I suppose if there's anything in it, she'll want to talk to me, otherwise——"

"Will you talk to her?"

John Rand swung his chair around to the desk and looked out the window. "Yes," he said, "I suppose so."

II

Through the wall of the office John Rand heard fragments of sound from the piano, thumping vibrations of the bass and, now and then, the sharp tinkle of a high note. He looked up from his copy of *The Iron Age*. Clara must be rehearsing for the musicale. From the bass and treble fragments, he tried to make out the air. It was the Barcarolle, no doubt. She always played it for the musicale and always incorrectly. She cared nothing for the piano, to tell the truth, or for painting china either, but what else was there for a young girl to do? She was a good girl. She worked at these accomplishments methodically, but her attitude toward them was casual and detached. She seemed, and really it was a tribute to her good sense, to feel that they were not important. She also seemed, less comprehensively, always to be waiting, with good nature but with reserve, for something that was going to happen that was important, but of whose nature she had no idea; it was merely going to happen and would be important and delightful, so much so that it cast its radiance before it on the present moment and made it, and all other moments, delightful, too. But without, of course, adding importance to them. He supposed she ought to marry. What else could a girl do? But who was there for such a girl? He knew of no one who would do. And indeed, the girl didn't seem to be thinking about it herself. It was the men she met who did the thinking, and why not? Perhaps some day the right man would come along. Meanwhile, he'd have to talk with this young Rankin. But only a friendly talk, to get a line on him. He didn't want her to marry any one, but there was no use to be severe on Rankin. God knows, no boy was to be blamed for falling in love with Clara, and Rankin seemed better than the most of them. He placed the agate paper weight on a letter. The arms of his chair creaked, as he rose with a strong push.



In the dark hall a flicker of light and shadow through the crack in the double doors showed that Samuel was setting the table for lunch. He passed on between the monstrous herd of cattle and their monstrous reflections in the mirror, on whose marble base a silver platter was heaped with calling cards, which seemed, so juxtaposed, left there ritually by the devotees of some bovine cult.

At the door of the library he paused and glanced in. Warm, cheering light flooded the bay window of plate glass and all the room. The red-velvet chairs slumbered in a sort of bright, gigantic cosiness, on the farther wall the red jacket of the hussar fording a stream stood out brilliantly. On the white ceiling, almost imperceptibly there flowed and trembled a faint, green tint, the tenuous overflow from the bounty of the trees outside. At her desk, beneath the silver medallion of Martha Washington, he saw his wife's assured and handsome back. If she heard him she made no sign. The other desk, beneath George Washington, had been designed for him, but he never used it. Indeed, he had conferred its privileges on his daughter, Clara. But she did not use it either.

At his back the treble notes scurried like mice underneath the drawing-room door. The bass notes hummed and purred through the walls and floor. If he had not been standing on the carpet they might have tickled his feet. Between these extremes he could make out enough of a blurred jumble to indicate that it was indeed the Barcarolle. Standing there, he commenced to hum the air to himself, correctly.

At the final chord, he rolled back the door. A low shaft of light from under the half-raised shade just reached the back part of the room, the grand piano's rosewood legs, the deep blue folds of Clara's gown. Her head, held slightly to one side, glowed dully, in the shadow. As he advanced, waist deep in sunlight, the gilded chairs along the walls, the gilded picture frames, the chandeliers, glowed also, in the shadows deeper still.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She turned her head. Her eyes were really enormous. "Hello," she said. Her voice was clear and sexless, like a boy's. "Music hath charms." Her small mouth gave him a delicate, crooked grin.

He clicked his tongue, "You always play it wrong."

"But with feeling." With a long, firm finger against her cheek, she assumed a heavily pensive pose. "I always make people who are not musical, cry."

"Also people who are. Your success is complete," he grunted.

She jumped up from the piano bench and menaced him with a narrow fist. Again there was something boylike in her charming adolescent awkwardness, as she stood there smiling at him, in her close, blue gown. She slid her hand around his neck and ruffled his hair up the wrong way.

"Don't do that," he said. "It really does exasperate me."

He let himself down on the piano bench; she sat beside him, unabashed and smiling to herself.

"Do you think I'm a good accompanist?" she said. "Would you like to sing?"

"Your mother has been talking to me," he said. She curled her long hands in her lap.

Looking away, he stared at the distant bronze head of the Numidian girl, a black silhouette against the sunlight of the bay window. "About young Rankin. She wanted me to speak to him, perhaps." Outside, he heard a double team on the street, and the light puff of a flatboat coming up the river.

"What are you going to say?"

He still looked at the Numidian girl.

"Well, that is what I wanted to ask you about. He doesn't smoke cigars, so it's no use to ask him if he will have one, and I don't know anything else to ask him."

Her hand slid over his and shook it, gently. "You could ask him how is business, wouldn't that be a good thing to ask; it is, always, isn't it? I think you are so nice, nicer than any one. Do you like me pretty well, too?"

He turned and bristled his beard at her. "Yes," he said, "pretty well."

With a small, pushing wriggle, she inserted her hand under his arm and hugged him to her. Her methods, he thought, are obvious and shameless, but they do not impose on me, or rather, they do.

"You are the nicest person of all," she said, "really you are."

"Is that a fact? Well, that doesn't look very favorable for young Rankin, does it?"

"Why are you and mother so worried about him?"

"I'm not."

"Mother, then."

"I suppose your mother thinks you might want to get married some day."

"And she thinks he wouldn't do."

"She just wants to know about him, that's all. She wants to know about all the young men who come around. It's natural, my dear, you are her child and she wants you to be happy."

"You wrote that and memorized it." She gave his arm a shake. "I don't believe you are telling the truth. You never are when you make long speeches." He grunted. "You should be ashamed." He looked away with a grin.

"Ashamed," she said again, "and anyhow, I think it's a nasty way to live."

"Good Lord, what is?"

"To feel that every man you meet is being looked over in—in that way, and that you are being watched, too, to see how—to see how you take him. How would you like it if every woman you met were watched like that and you were, too?"

He swung slowly round to look at her. "You know," he said, "I think I am."

She gave a quick, boisterous laugh, a single "Ho!" that burst out, swift and uncontrollable, and rang through the room. "Well then, you see how it is."

"The case is hardly the same, though, is it? With me, there is no question of marriage."

"Or with me, either. I don't want to get married, truly I don't. I think marriage is horrid."

"Well, well. Good Lord, what do you want?"

"I would like a horse and buggy," she said promptly.

"What for?"

"To drive around; out into the country, everywhere."

"But we have the sorrel and the bay team, and Levi to drive you anywhere you want."

"But I would like a horse that knew he belonged to me, then I could drive by myself."

"But a young lady can't drive around by herself."

"Why not?"

"Well, there are all sorts of things, tramps."

"But I would invite you to drive with me whenever you wanted."

"Thank you very much, but you know how hard it is for me to get away; the horse would be eating his head off." He rocked from side to side in reflection. The piano bench creaked. "We could get you a spider and Levi could ride behind on the dickey."

"And throw things at the tramps. But would they like that, to have a colored man throwing things at them?"

"Well, what about young Rankin, then? He could ride on the dickey and take care of the tramps."

"No, I don't think that's nice. You are making fun of him."

"Oh, no," he said quickly, "I was just talking nonsense, too."

"Then you don't look down on him, do you?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

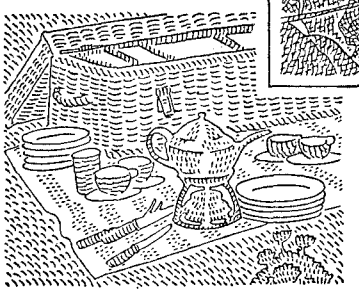
"Lord, no. He seems like a pretty smart boy to me. A first-rate man."

"Oh, I'm so glad."

"Why?"

She gave her short laugh again and squeezed his arm, and then subsided and slightly knitted her thin, dark eyebrows. "He is interesting to talk to—I'm glad it is all right to see him."

"Ah, oh, yes, of course. Now about that spider, of course a brewster—" he stared at the piano keys and tapped on them lightly with his immaculate, broad fingers. He felt that those enormous eyes of hers were on him, with a question in them, and were trying to make him look at her. Good Lord, Good Lord, was there no relationship in life where candor was allowed?



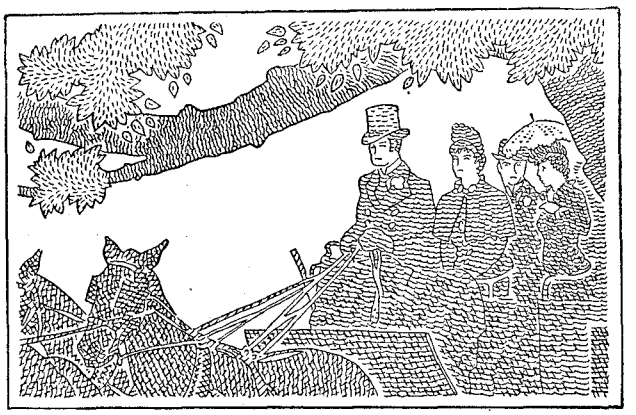
A tremendous guttural reverberation, Samuel's conception of a premonitory cough, sounded outside the door. He quickly withdrew his arm. She would have been content to sit there brazenly. He would have got up from the piano bench but there was no time. Samuel's warnings, while ample in volume, were always belated. Heels clicked on the parquet. They stopped, Samuel rocked forward on the balls of his feet, in a controlled ecstasy of satisfaction. "Luncheon is served." He almost beamed on them roguishly.

"All right, Samuel." John Rand got up from the bench. "I must go and wash my hands."

III

Norah was the horse's name, a small bright bay, with black points and, under her feathery forelock, a startled but benevolent eye. As she stood in the carriage, before the door, gently nudging Levi at her head, she was a constellation of winking, moving lights, lights on her ruddy quarters and small broad back, lights on the brass territs and blinker monograms. Lights even on the smooth waves of her black, fresh-wetted mane. Behind her, the fringe of the spider's canopy trembled at her light movements, and even the low-hung sleigh-like spider, deep blue, shining, new, sometimes moved and twinkled too.

To Clara, as she came down the brownstone front steps, all was shining and twinkling, the mare, the spider, the bright trees across the road, the broad river, the islands and the early summer sky. All indeed, but the figure of Levi Mistletoe at the mare's head. A stout, stately Negro in a coachman's livery of steel-gray whipcord and a flat-crowned hat of black straw, he was, of course, not intended to twinkle. But Levi could twinkle even so costumed, and now he did not. His



bulk stood planted by the mare's head, square and unresponsive, allowing itself to be nudged but with forbidding patience. As she crossed the sidewalk, pulling on her chamois driving gauntlets, it was clear to her that Levi had not yet reconciled himself to this new vehicle. To a man raised to landaus, barouches and station wagons, it was trivial. Even the brown roll of fat above his white stand-up collar was ridged and grim.

"Hello, Levi."

"Good afternoon, Miss Clara," dutifully Levi touched his hat, but his eyes, brown and bloodshot, like the eyes of an old hound, continued to search for some distant, and presumably better land, across the river.

She took up the reins and whip, "You don't seem very cheerful to-day, Levi. I thought we were going to have such a nice drive."

"Yes, ma'm."

She stepped into the spider and sat down. It swayed gently and lightly beneath her. Norah stamped lightly with a hind foot. "Doesn't the river look pretty to-day?"

"Yes, ma'm."

With her right hand she smoothed her tan broadcloth skirt. "Such a nice day for a drive."

"Yes, ma'm."

"Levi, you are terrible. This is not going to be any fun at all. Why are you so awful?"

Levi swung his tragic eyes to her, "Miss Clara, I ain't."

"Yes, you are; you are awful. You know you are. Norah and the spider look so nice and look at me, all dressed up; and you are awful." She declaimed, "Why, there's not another carriage like this in town."

"That's it, Miss Clara, that's it."

"What's it?"

"The folks around here don't know what to make of this carriage."

"But it's the very latest thing; just this week in *Leslie's* I saw a picture of Mrs. Vanderbilt driving one, in Central Park, in New York City."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Folks don't know a thing about that, they all making a joke of me."

"They don't do that. Why Levi, you're the most respected coachman in this town."

"Folks turn to laughing mighty quick. Last night a fellow come up to me in the barber shop and says, 'Levi, what's this I hear, you got a new carriage with the coachman's seat on the wrong end?' Everybody bust out laughing."

"Oh, but that was a joke."

"And when I'm in this rig, they holler things."

"What do they holler?"

"When I'm driving behind you they holler 'monkey seat!' Ain't you heard 'em, Miss Clara?"

"Well, I did hear it once, just one bad little boy."

"All the time they holler it—all the boys taken it up now. And when I'm in front, driving to the stable, they holler."

"That's silly, you're not on the dickey then."

"No, ma'm; then they holler—they holler, 'Nigger in the baby carriage!' "

Levi's broad face turned green, his eyes blazed with Basuto fury, his underlip trembled.

"Oh, Levi, that's a shame! They mustn't do that." She moved her tan skirt to one side. "You get in front, here."

He shook his head mournfully, "No, ma'm, Miss Clara; it wouldn't look right and it wouldn't stop them. They started and they won't stop. They holler at me now, even on the brougham."

"Well," she said, "we'll just drive up River Street then. There are no bad boys there." River Street was, indeed, consecrated to good little boys and to their mamas and papas.

"Yes, ma'm." The spider shuddered and sank, as Levi heaved his bulk up to the dickey. Norah cast a glance of wonder behind her, shook her mane and started of her own accord. The metal tires rattled lightly on stones, crunched through gravel, ran softly through dust. The River Street houses passed slowly by. Close-built and neatly painted in gray and white and red and yellow, with marble doorsteps and shining bell handles, they presented an unbroken front against the world. But in the mind of Levi Mistletoe, as he watched the long façade against eruptions of small boys from alleyways, floated thoughts of what went on behind this impeccable façade. Senator Beaver, drunk night and day, and his wife that was so proud, afraid to go around any more. Old Mr. Lippitt, whose mind had stayed like a baby's all his life. He had to have a nurse to dress him. Those two mirror boxes, hung outside the upstairs windows of the spinster's house, where Miss Jane sat all day, peering at what went on down in the street. She had lived in that mirror twenty years. Ever since the Colonel had run that Englishman out of town. The new brownstone house of Gus Ringler, the brewer. They said it couldn't be done but Mr. Ringler had busted right into River Street, big fat wife, trotting horses, beer and all. The brownstone Governor's Mansion, with the coat-of-arms carved over the door. Big doings there last year, when they were trying to pass the railroad bill. Champagne, women from Philadelphia, everything. The Governor's butler told him he was about wore out, bringing some of the gentlemen around in time to vote next morning. There he was now, polishing the door handle. Levi raised a glove, in stately salutation. The Governor's butler spread one black hand on his blue-checked apron, and raised the other in stately reply.

The houses now were less uniform, and though on the left, the river, making no distinction, continued to flow by, still as broad, as shining, as almost theatrically beautiful, on the right were now the modest wooden house-fronts of the merely respectable, broken here and there by the ornately lugubrious brownstone elevations of late-arriving aspirants to social distinction. A great amount of money had been wasted by those anxious dupes, who could never learn that elaboration of façade did not compensate for, but rather emphasized, their lack of proper geographical location.

Ahead, the street lost the last pretensions to elegance, even to respectability; it was flanked on both sides by shacks and shanties, those on the left perched on the narrow strip of river bank, apparently sustained from falling only by mounds of tin cans. The distant figures of two boys, hunched on a flight of crazy wooden steps, rose up. She heard their piercing voices, "Baby carriage! Baby carriage!" She wanted to turn back. The boys of Billy-goat Town were noted. It looked like a bad time for Levi. From alleys and doorways, other figures came running, with whoops and barbarous gestures.

The road was wider here, a vague expanse marked by wandering tracks and packed by the bare feet of the boys of Billy-goat Town. She swung the spider in a circle and touched Norah on her flank. The little mare was trotting back down the river. The cries of "Baby carriage" died away. She pulled the mare, now stirred by thoughts of oats and stable, down to a walk. It was a narrow world for her and Norah. Down the river, below the covered bridge, were the railroad tracks and the docks of river barges; back from the river were dull streets of business and duller streets of little houses all alike. And up here, the boys of Billy-goat Town kept a blockade between her and the open country. Not that she minded them; it would be fun to whoop and holler. But Levi's dignity must be protected. It was the basis of his life—to be a Negro no white folks laughed at.

Against the ineffective majesty of uptown brownstone fronts, she saw the purple plumes and paisley shawl of

Continued on page 374

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Obscenity and Censorship

By Ben Ray Redman

The critics have rejoiced over Judge Woolsey's decision that "Ulysses" is legal. But does this really advance the fight against prudery? Mr. Redman passes considered judgment on the legal pronouncement

THE clean bill of health which United States District Judge John M. Woolsey recently bestowed upon James Joyce's *Ulysses* has been widely hailed as ending a chapter, perhaps a closing chapter, of the hard fight that has been waged in this country against prudery as expressed in literary censorship. Mr. Morris Ernst, while joyously performing a victory dance over the graves of Bowdler, Anthony Comstock and Mrs. Grundy, has saluted Judge Woolsey as a master of juridical prose, and has credited him with charting a labyrinthine region of the law. Critics everywhere, with pagan piety, have conscientiously hymned the dawn of a new freedom, and authors have begun tapping their typewriters in blithe awareness of a novel license.

This does not mean, of course, that our lusty Americans had waited for an Irishman's triumph before tasting and testing the sweets of liberty. Readers of Hemingway, Faulkner, and Caldwell—not to mention that profound student of morals and manners, Mr. Thorne Smith—can bear ample witness to the contrary. While the great Book of Dublin, along with pure pot still Dublin whisky, was yet forbidden entry to our ports, our native literary distillers were busy proving that they could match the strength of any foreign spirits. There is nothing in the fat tale of Stephen Dedalus and the Blooms that is likely to startle those who have kept pace with the progress of the printed page in North America. But the mighty Book of Dublin, being as mighty as it is, bulks as a symbol and a portent; and its legal appearance in the United States furnishes a timely reason for reopening the whole question of literary obscenity and the law, in an effort to determine just how much we have really won by our victory over Comstockism, and just how substantial the thinking is which underlies our newly sketched charter of liberties.

That Mr. Morris Ernst deserves to enjoy his dance is beyond dispute. He has been a valiant leader in the fight against repressive censorship, and his successful handling of the *Ulysses* case is but the latest of a series of successes which he has scored in the cause of enlightenment. That Judge Woolsey is deserving of admiration and gratitude there is no doubt; he has given an important work of literature the freedom of our land, and that single act places him on the side of the angels. But I do not believe that either the embattled lawyer or the learned judge has struck down to the roots of the obscenity problem, and I am convinced that our recent triumph over censorship leaves us in a still precarious situation. Momentarily the black brood of censors is in full retreat; momentarily our authors are enjoying a liberty of expression equal to, if not greater than, that enjoyed by a Petronius, a Chaucer, or a Wycherley. The revolt against the literary taboos of our grandfathers has been violent and complete. But nothing less than a radical revision of certain widely held ideas can ensure a continuance of the present state of literary freedom.

To indicate the character of this necessary radical thinking is the prime purpose of the present article. Let us approach our end by way of a preliminary parenthesis devoted to those famous, or infamous, four-letter Saxon words which have always been heard in our streets and which are now gaining admission to our literature. These monosyllables have loomed large in the censorship battles; it was their presence, chiefly, buried deep in the thickets of Joyce's prose, that made *Ulysses* so long unacceptable to our legal guardians. Indeed, just as minor objectives often assume a fictitious importance in the heat of warfare, these same monosyllables have of late loomed far too large. It is time they were properly deflated; and if we can clarify our ideas regarding them, it may expedite our approach to the whole problem under discussion.

No collocation of letters is in itself evil, and no words are in themselves obscene. They are obscene only by virtue of a general agreement, by virtue of a social taboo. The Saxon words in question, for example, have long been barred from polite conversation and from literature, while their Latin equivalents have been permitted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a dignified if limited currency. We cannot say, even, that they are obscene in their denotations. One of these words refers to an act which has directly or indirectly, sublimated or unsublimated, inspired much of the world's loveliest poetry; without which, indeed, there would soon cease to be any poets at all. Two others refer to actions that are common to every one of us and essential to our physical well-being. These words are vulgar by past usage, certainly, but they are obscene only so long as it is our pleasure to consider them so. Once the taboo is lifted, once they are allowed to come out of hiding, their sinister potency will soon vanish. After they have enjoyed the freedom of the printed page for a time, they must cease to shock, because their shockingness consisted only in their being unprintable. Whether or not the perversity of human nature is such that it will invent new secret words, endowed with new and secret magic, is, of course, a subject for speculation; but it lies beyond our present range.

For my own part, while I think that all verbal taboos are silly, I attach no importance to mere verbal freedom in the making of literature. "The necessity for hypocrisy and circumlocution in literature has been eliminated," says Mr. Ernst in his preface to the new legal edition of *Ulysses*. "Writers need no longer seek refuge in euphemisms. They may now describe basic human functions without fear of the law. . . . The precedent which he [Judge Woolsey] has established will do much to rescue the mental pabulum of the public from the censors who have striven to convert it into treacle, and will help to make it the strong, provocative fare it ought to be." But the bald fact is that strong, provocative fare has been produced within the varying limitations of various conventional vocabularies, and that no writer capable of good work was ever starved into anemia for want of a few forbidden words. If authors must have their Saxon monosyllables, let them have them by all means, and good luck to them; but it cannot be expected that these words will contribute strength to their writing arms. They can furnish no more than the fleeting excitement incidental to a revolution in literary manners. Coarseness must not be confused with strength.

Closing this parenthesis, one more point should be noted. If writers of "good" and "serious" and "important" literature are to be allowed free use of hitherto outlawed words, then other writers must ultimately be granted similar license. We have no precision instruments for measuring beyond dispute the comparative excellence, seriousness and importance of contemporary literary works. The difference between a James Joyce and a hack writer for one of our more highly sexed pulp magazines is obvious; the difference between a Joyce and—shall we say?—a Tiffany Thayer is perceptible; but how are we to distinguish between the relative merits of the thousands of Mr. Browns and the thousands of Mr. Smiths, and decide that this Mr. Brown is deserving of full auctorial freedom, while that Mr. Smith fails to qualify by a nose? The plain answer is that it can't be done; not by all the courts in Christendom. Freedom for a few must soon mean freedom for all.

Turning now to the heart of our subject, let us examine the decision in the *Ulysses* case, with an eye to discovering what, if any, fundamental and radical importance it possesses. Its value in one concrete instance is indubitable; but what is its value beyond this instance? Does it open up a new line of thinking regarding obscenity in literature and the proper functioning of legal censorship, or does it merely (and necessarily, because of the law under which the decision was made) furnish a single example of liberalism working bravely and ingeniously, for the sake of a single book, within the limitations of an illiberal thought-pattern? Does it supply a sound and defensible precedent to which we can refer meddling censors in the future, and thereby confound them? Does it offer us any guarantee that the Comstocks cannot reasonably and successfully return to their familiar channels of attack and argument? Or does it, in reality, leave us just where we were before, at the mercy of any benighted judge or jury to whom a new book may be brought for judgment? Mr. Ernst's answer to these questions is firm and clear. "The definition and criteria of obscenity have long vexed us," he writes. "Judge Woolsey has given us a formula that is lucid, rational and practical." Our present business is with that formula. Let us pick our way through Judge Woolsey's decision, step by step, employing paraphrase and direct quotation.

Confronted by the task of deciding whether or not (under Section 305 of the Tariff Act of 1930, Title 19 United States Code, Section 1305) *Ulysses* should be admitted to this country, he states that he has read the book once in its entirety, and parts of it several times. First, he must determine whether it was written with pornographic intent, that is, for the purpose of exploiting obscenity. "If the conclusion is that the book is pornographic," he declares, "that is the end of the inquiry and forfeiture must follow. But in *Ulysses,* in spite of its unusual frankness, I do not detect anywhere the leer of the sensualist. I hold, therefore, that it is not pornographic." (At this point I must remark that if an author is to be condemned for exhibiting "the leer of the sensualist," then Laurence Sterne, to mention no others. must be held beyond the pale.)

It is not enough, however, continues the judge, to determine that Joyce was innocent of pornographic intent. The court must determine what the effects of Joyce's book may be, "irrespective of the intent with which it was written." It must "determine whether *Ulysses* is obscene within the legal definition of that word." Rest-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing his definition on seven precedents, Judge Woolsey writes: "The meaning of the word 'obscene' as legally defined by the Courts is: tending to stir the sex impulses or to lead to sexually impure and lustful thoughts." Accepting, necessarily, this definition, he proceeds: "Whether a particular book would tend to excite such impulses and thoughts must be tested by the Court's opinion as to its effect on a person with average sex instincts—what the French would call *l'homme moyen sensuel*—who plays, in this branch of legal inquiry, the same rôle of hypothetical reagent as does the 'reasonable man' in the law of torts and 'the man learned in the art' on questions of invention in patent law."

Consulting two friends, who have read *Ulysses* and whose opinion he values highly, Judge Woolsey finds that they agree with his own opinion:—"that reading *Ulysses* in its entirety, as a book must be read on such a test as this, did not tend to excite sexual impulses or lustful thoughts but that its net effect on them was only that of a somewhat tragic and very powerful commentary on the inner lives of men and women." And, since "it is only with normal persons that the law is concerned," he concludes: "*Ulysses* may, therefore, be admitted into the United States."

We have here, certainly, an admirable example of judicial reasoning in a worthy cause, but I fail utterly to find the useful formula to which Mr. Ernst refers; and I do not believe that such a formula can be forged until the legal definition of obscenity, under which Judge Woolsey worked, is abolished as hypocritical and ridiculous. So long as that definition remains in force, the best we can do is to evade its teeth by ingenious special pleading. Let me quote it again, italicizing one word. The word obscene means: "tending to stir the sex impulses *or* to lead to sexually impure and lustful thoughts." Now it would be a nice operation to determine just when sexual thoughts are pure or impure, and to what extent thoughts can be at once sexual and innocent of lust (*i.e.,* sexual appetite, whether lawful or unlawful). But quibbling over this point is rendered superfluous by the courts, for they declare that any literature which tends to stir the sex impulses, purity or impurity apart, is obscene and therefore to be condemned by law. And this declaration is, in plain language, just plain tommyrot. It is plain tommyrot because it hypocritically ignores the facts of life and the realities of literature.

Judge Woolsey has appealed to the average man, the person with average sex instincts, and so shall I. The average man, as any one who has not lived in an ivory tower is well aware, possesses sex impulses that are stirred with remarkable ease. They are stirred alike by the almost nude ladies of a musical revue, by a glimpse of feminine bare shoulders across a hotel court, and by silk-stockinged legs walking in the wind. It is the non-average man who does not respond, in some degree at least, to these stimuli. And in literature, as in life, the average man need look neither long nor hard for stimulation. It is the average man who ploughs through the pages of *The Satyricon, The Decameron,* Rabelais, and *The Red Lily,* because some one has assured him they are "snappy reading." Whether any one of these books may or may not be a "classic" is unimportant, so far as he is concerned, because he is not seeking classic virtues, and would probably be unable to recognize them on encounter. It is the average man who feels cheated when, after earnest perusal, he fails to discover why *Madame Bovary* was ever suppressed. It is the average man who licks his chops over the lightly clad females of Thorne Smith's antic farces. And it is the average man, in his thousands, who even now is doubtless making his bewildered way through the Joycean maze, wondering when he will finally come upon the concupiscent reward of his persistence. If our appeal is to average sex instincts, let us at least recognize them for what they are.

And when we raise our eyes above the average, we must admit that even the most refined and cultivated among us are, fortunately, capable of sexual stirrings in the presence of much great art and literature. We may choose to call them by some other name, but that is what they are. Regard the vermeil cheek of the gentle maiden who is lingering over Mr. John Keats's *The Eve of St. Agnes.* Observe the elegant matron, lids lowered, breathing deeply to the strains of *Tristan and Isolde.* Or behold the learned editor of some honored poet, pausing in his task of textual collation to dwell upon some particularly fervent flight of amorous eloquence.

Let me repeat that the legal definition of obscenity, enunciated by Judge Woolsey in the course of duty, bears no relation to the facts of life and the realities of literature, and that we cannot even begin to talk of satisfactory formulas for censorial judgment until this definition is abolished or altered beyond recognition. To deny literature the right of stirring the sex impulses of man is to deny it one of its prime and proper functions; for these impulses are fundamental, necessary and energizing, and there are no strings within us more vital and more vitalizing upon which art can play. There is great and beautiful literature which owes much of its beauty and greatness, and even more of its reputation, to its sexual appeal and its powers of sexual stimulation. Its effects may be sublimated, idealized, romanticized, or purified, of course—and, in the case of the greatest literature, these transformations are accomplished; but the nature of the cause is evident. If we refuse to admit this, the truth is not in us. Emasculate literature, in the full and accurate sense of the verb, and you strike at its very life. But such complete

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emasculation is impossible; not even the dourest puritan would attempt it. Why, then, retain a definition of obscenity that is meaningless in the face of actuality? And why niggle over arguments as to whether a certain work of art is sexually stirring only in parts or in its entirety? The part serves its purpose, for good or evil, as potently as the whole. Four lines of *Venus and Adonis* can do as much damage, if there is damage to be done, as all the lines of Carew's *A Rapture*. And are we to condemn a first-rate work of literature because it stirs the sex impulses in its entirety, while we condone a tenth-rate piece of writing because only a quarter of it happens to tickle our erogenous zones? The rule proves asinine the moment we attempt to apply it. Indeed, it is no rule at all, but only a casuist's trick for outwitting hypocrisy. So far as it accomplishes its end, it is not to be despised, but it can never be looked upon as anything better than evasion.

It is the legal conception and definition of obscenity that must be transformed if literature is to be guaranteed safe conduct through the world, and there can be no such transformation until the thinking which lies behind the law has undergone radical change. So long as a large portion of mankind clings to the idea that there is something inherently sinful or dirty about sex, so long as numberless persons insist upon believing that they have been conceived in iniquity, there is no hope of framing a censorial formula that will be proof against the onslaughts of such believers. They may agree, in general, that the function of literature is to enrich, enlarge and intensify our experience of life; but the instant literature presumes to deal (in a manner they consider over-frank) with the experience from which life itself stems, they will be ready with their whips and scorpions. In other words, between you and me, I think there is almost no hope of the desired formula being found. Judge Woolsey's average man stands squarely across the path that leads to legalized freedom, and the best that literature can expect is that its romps in the open fields will be paid for, periodically, in hair shirt and in chains.

But also, between you and me, I think that some of us have been inclined to exaggerate the importance, and have harped too much upon the necessity, of unlimited freedom of expression under the law. As I said before, strong and provocative literature has been produced within the restrictions of the most proper vocabularies. Even the Victorian age had its giants, and any one who thinks that the Victorian public was fed exclusively on "treacle" is bogged either in prejudice or ignorance. Strength, I repeat, must not be confused with simple coarseness. Coarse expressions are strong only so long as a lingering stain of the taboo still clings to them. The fight that we have been waging against censorship has, in large measure, been a battle to admit coarseness to the printed page. Such a battle is worth while when the fate of such a work as *Ulysses* is involved; but we must recognize that the greatness of *Ulysses,* if it is great, does not reside in its use of four-letter words or forthright phrases. And we must admit, in all honesty, that no deserving literary work has ever been doomed to permanent exile because it has violated the conventions of the age in which it was written. Certain people, at a certain time, because of their own blindness, may deny themselves a sight of certain writings, but so far as the health and fate of literature are concerned that is a matter of minor importance. The main stream flows on, strong and full and uncheckable; as strong and full in the age of Dickens as in the age of Wycherley. Periods of restraint alternate with periods of license, but the artist in words is never silenced. Definitions may be framed and laws may be made, but if the definitions are indefensible and the laws irrational, they soon become inoperative. Enlightened judges interpret the law according to their wisdom, and readers act as their own censors.

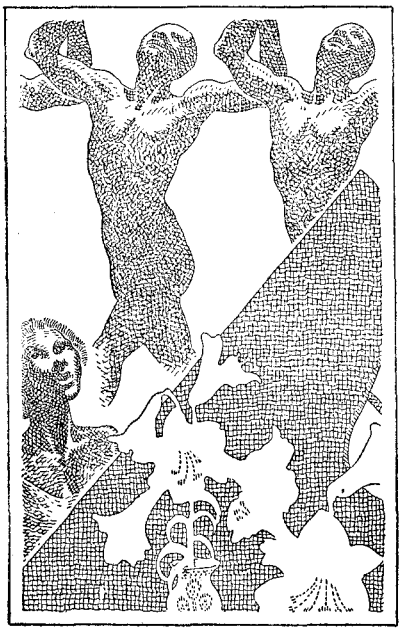
Four years ago, for this magazine, I wrote an article entitled, "Is Censorship Possible?" and the answer given, so far as obscenity was concerned, was in the negative. Briefly, the argument advanced was that obscenity is a subjective rather than an objective phenomenon. "Obscenity does not reside in the stimulating object, but in the determined-to-be-stimulated subject; the sin, if sin there be, is not outside us, it is within." "Critical censorship must always be defeated by creative obscenity. Censorship, of any kind, is helpless because it is impotent to touch the root of the supposed evil that it would eradicate; so long as the obscene image is desired, an evocative and satisfying stimulus will be found." And just as censorship is incapable of suppressing what is evil in the written word, so is it incapable of suppressing what is good and great. Fashions fluctuate and manners change, laws come and go according to the dictates of embattled minorities or aroused majorities; but literature continues in beauty and in power.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Blues I'm Playing

A STORY

By Langston Hughes



OCEOLA JONES, pianist, studied under Philippe in Paris. Mrs. Dora Ellsworth paid her bills. The bills included a little apartment on the Left Bank and a grand piano. Twice a year Mrs. Ellsworth came over from New York and spent part of her time with Oceola in the little apartment. The rest of her time abroad she usually spent at Biarritz or Juan les Pins, where she would see the new canvases of Antonio Bas, young Spanish painter who also enjoyed the patronage of Mrs. Ellsworth. Bas and Oceola, the woman thought, both had genius. And whether they had genius or not, she loved them, and took good care of them.

Poor dear lady, she had no children of her own. Her husband was dead. And she had no interest in life now save art, and the young people who created art. She was very rich, and it gave her pleasure to share her richness with beauty. Except that she was sometimes confused as to where beauty lay—in the youngsters or in what they made, in the creators or the creation. Mrs. Ellsworth had been known to help charming young people who wrote terrible poems, blue-eyed young men who painted awful pictures. And she once turned down a garlic-smelling soprano-singing girl who, a few years later, had all the critics in New York at her feet. The girl was so sallow. And she really needed a bath, or at least a mouth wash, on the day when Mrs. Ellsworth went to hear her sing at an East Side settlement house. Mrs. Ellsworth had sent a small check and let it go at that—since, however, living to regret bitterly her lack of musical acumen in the face of garlic.

About Oceola, though, there had been no doubt. The Negro girl had been highly recommended to her by Ormond Hunter, the music critic, who often went to Harlem to hear the church concerts there, and had thus listened twice to Oceola's playing.

"A most amazing tone," he had told Mrs. Ellsworth, knowing her interest in the young and unusual. "A flair for the piano such as I have seldom encountered. All she needs is training—finish, polish, a repertoire."

"Where is she?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth at once. "I will hear her play."

By the hardest, Oceola was found. By the hardest, an appointment was made for her to come to East 63d Street and play for Mrs. Ellsworth. Oceola had said she was busy every day. It seemed that she had pupils, rehearsed a church choir, and played almost nightly for colored house parties or dances. She made quite a good deal of money. She wasn't tremendously interested, it seemed, in going way downtown to play for some elderly lady she had never heard of, even if the request did come from the white critic, Ormond Hunter, via the pastor of the church whose choir she rehearsed, and to which Mr. Hunter's maid belonged.

It was finally arranged, however. And one afternoon, promptly on time, black Miss Oceola Jones rang the door bell of white Mrs. Dora Ellsworth's gray-stone house just off Madison. A butler who actually wore brass buttons opened the door, and she was shown upstairs to the music room. (The butler had been warned of her coming.) Ormond Hunter was already there, and they shook hands. In a moment, Mrs. Ellsworth came in, a tall stately gray-haired lady in black with a scarf that sort of floated behind her. She was tremendously intrigued at meeting Oceola, never having had before, amongst any of her artists, a black one. And she was greatly impressed that Ormond Hunter should have recommended the girl. She began right away,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

treating her as a protégé; that is, she began asking her a great many questions she would not dare ask any one else at first meeting, except a protégé. She asked her how old she was and where her mother and father were and how she made her living and whose music she liked best to play and was she married and would she take one lump or two in her tea, with lemon or cream?

After tea, Oceola played. She played the Rachmaninoff *Prelude in C Sharp, Minor*. She played from the Liszt *Etudes*. She played the *St. Louis Blues*. She played Ravel's *Pavanne Pour Une Enfante Defunte*. And then she said she had to go. She was playing that night for a dance in Brooklyn for the benefit of the Urban League.

Mrs. Ellsworth and Ormond Hunter breathed, "How lovely!"

Mrs. Ellsworth said, "I am quite overcome, my dear. You play so beautifully." She went on further to say, "You must let me help you. Who is your teacher?"

"I have none now," Oceola replied. "I teach pupils myself. Don't have time any more to study—nor money either."

"But you must have time," said Mrs. Ellsworth, "and money, also. Come back to see me on Tuesday. We will arrange it, my dear."

And when the girl had gone, she turned to Ormond Hunter for advice on piano teachers to instruct those who already have genius, and need only to be developed.

II

Then began one of the most interesting periods in Mrs. Ellsworth's whole experience in aiding the arts. The period of Oceola. For the Negro girl, as time went on, began to occupy a greater and greater place in Mrs. Ellsworth's interests, to take up more and more of her time, and to use up more and more of her money. Not that Oceola ever asked for money, but Mrs. Ellsworth herself seemed to keep thinking of so much more Oceola needed.

At first it was hard to get Oceola to need anything. Mrs. Ellsworth had the feeling that the girl mistrusted her generosity, and Oceola did—for she had never met anybody interested in pure art before. Just to be given things for *art's* sake seemed suspicious to Oceola.

That first Tuesday, when the colored girl came back at Mrs. Ellsworth's request, she answered the white woman's questions with a why-look in her eyes.

"Don't think I'm being personal, dear," said Mrs. Ellsworth, "but I must know your background in order to help you. Now, tell me. . . ."

Oceola wondered why on earth the woman wanted to help her. However, since Mrs. Ellsworth seemed interested in her life's history, she brought it forth so as not to hinder the progress of the afternoon, for she wanted to get back to Harlem by six o'clock.

Born in Mobile in 1903. Yes, m'am, she was older than she looked. Papa had a band, that is her stepfather. Used to play for all the lodge turn-outs, picnics, dances, barbecues. You could get the best roast pig in the world in Mobile. Her mother used to play the organ in church, and when the deacons bought a piano after the big revival, her mama played that, too. Oceola played by ear for a long while until her mother taught her notes. Oceola played an organ, also, and a cornet.

"My, my," said Mrs. Ellsworth.

"Yes, m'am," said Oceola. She had played and practised on lots of instruments in the South before her stepfather died. She always went to band rehearsals with him.

"And where was your father, dear?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth.

"My stepfather had the band," replied Oceola. Her mother left off playing in the church to go with him travelling in Billy Kersands' Minstrels. He had the biggest mouth in the world, Kersands did, and used to let Oceola put both her hands in it at a time and stretch it. Well, she and her mama and steppapa settled down in Houston. Sometimes her parents had jobs and sometimes they didn't. Often they were hungry, but Oceola went to school and had a regular piano-teacher, an old German woman, who gave her what technic she had today.

"A fine old teacher," said Oceola. "She used to teach me half the time for nothing. God bless her."

"Yes," said Mrs. Ellsworth. "She gave you an excellent foundation."

"Sure did. But my steppapa died, got cut, and after that mama didn't have no more use for Houston so we moved to St. Louis. Mama got a job playing for the movies in a Market Street theatre, and I played for a church choir, and saved some money and went to Wilberforce. Studied piano there, too. Played for all the college dances. Graduated. Came to New York and heard Rachmaninoff and was crazy about him. Then mama died, so I'm keeping the little flat myself. One room is rented out."

"Is she nice," asked Mrs. Ellsworth, "your roomer?"

"It's not a she," said Oceola. "He's a man. I hate women roomers."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Ellsworth. "I should think all roomers would be terrible."

"He's right nice," said Oceola. "Name's Pete Williams."

"What does he do?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth.

"A Pullman porter," replied Oceola, "but he's saving money to go to Med school. He's a smart fellow."

But it turned out later that he wasn't paying Oceola any rent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That afternoon, when Mrs. Ellsworth announced that she had made her an appointment with one of the best piano teachers in New York, the black girl seemed pleased. She recognized the name. But how, she wondered, would she find time for study, with her pupils and her choir, and all. When Mrs. Ellsworth said that she would cover her *entire* living expenses, Oceola's eyes were full of that why-look, as though she didn't believe it.

"I have faith in your art, dear," said Mrs. Ellsworth, at parting. But to prove it quickly, she sat down that very evening and sent Oceola the first monthly check so that she would no longer have to take in pupils or drill choirs or play at house parties. And so Oceola would have faith in art, too.

That night Mrs. Ellsworth called up Ormond Hunter and told him what she had done. And she asked if Mr. Hunter's maid knew Oceola, and if she supposed that that man rooming with her were anything to her. Ormond Hunter said he would inquire.

Before going to bed, Mrs. Ellsworth told her housekeeper to order a book called *Nigger Heaven* on the morrow, and also anything else Brentano's had about Harlem. She made a mental note that she must go up there sometime, for she had never yet seen that dark section of New York; and now that she had a Negro protégée, she really ought to know something about it. Mrs. Ellsworth couldn't recall ever having known a single Negro before in her whole life, so she found Oceola fascinating. And just as black as she herself was white.

Mrs. Ellsworth began to think in bed about what gowns would look best on Oceola. Her protégée would have to be well-dressed. She wondered, too, what sort of a place the girl lived in. And who that man was who lived with her. She began to think that really Oceola ought to have a place to herself. It didn't seem quite respectable. . . .

When she woke up in the morning, she called her car and went by her dressmaker's. She asked the good woman what kind of colors looked well with black; not black fabrics, but a black skin.

"I have a little friend to fit out," she said.

"A *black* friend?" said the dressmaker.

"A black friend," said Mrs. Ellsworth.

III

Some days later Ormond Hunter reported on what his maid knew about Oceola. It seemed that the two belonged to the same church, and although the maid did not know Oceola very well, she knew what everybody said about her in the church. Yes, indeedy! Oceola were a right nice girl, for sure, but it certainly were a shame she were giving all her money to that man what stayed with her and what she was practically putting through college so he could be a doctor.

"Why," gasped Mrs. Ellsworth, "the poor child is being preyed upon."

"It seems to me so," said Ormond Hunter.

"I must get her out of Harlem," said Mrs. Ellsworth, "at once. I believe it's worse than Chinatown."

"She might be in a more artistic atmosphere," agreed Ormond Hunter. "And with her career launched, she probably won't want that man anyhow."

"She won't need him," said Mrs. Ellsworth. "She will have her art."

But Mrs. Ellsworth decided that in order to increase the rapprochement between art and Oceola, something should be done now, at once. She asked the girl to come down to see her the next day, and when it was time to go home, the white woman said, "I have a half-hour before dinner. I'll drive you up. You know I've never been to Harlem."

"All right," said Oceola. "That's nice of you."

But she didn't suggest the white lady's coming in, when they drew up before a rather sad-looking apartment house in 134th Street. Mrs. Ellsworth had to ask could she come in.

"I live on the fifth floor," said Oceola, "and there isn't any elevator."

"It doesn't matter, dear," said the white woman, for she meant to see the inside of this girl's life, elevator or no elevator.

The apartment was just as she thought it would be. After all, she had read Thomas Burke on Limehouse. And here was just one more of those holes in the wall, even if it was five stories high. The windows looked down on slums. There were only four rooms, small as maid's rooms, all of them. An upright piano almost filled the parlor. Oceola slept in the dining-room. The roomer slept in the bed-chamber beyond the kitchen.

"Where is he, darling?"

"He runs on the road all summer," said the girl. "He's in and out."

"But how do you breathe in here?" said Mrs. Ellsworth. "It's so small. You must have more space for your soul, dear. And for a grand piano. Now, in the Village . . ."

"I do right well here," said Oceola.

"But in the Village where so many nice artists live we can get . . ."

"But I don't want to move yet. I promised my roomer he could stay till fall."

"Why till fall?"

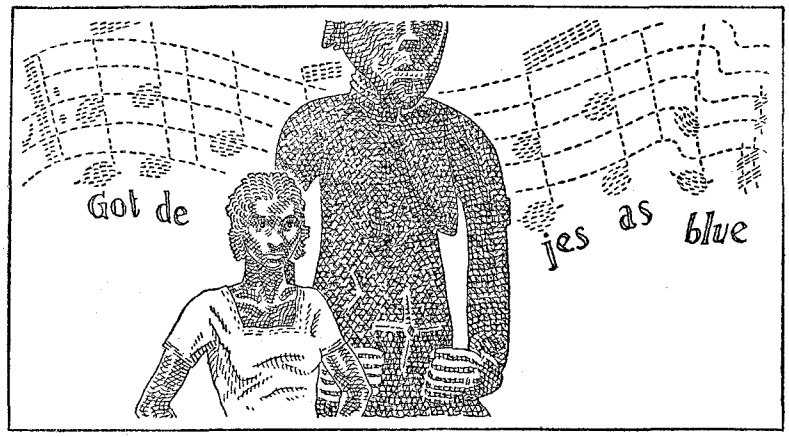
"He's going to Meharry then."

"To marry?"

"Meharry, yes, ma'am. That's a colored Medicine school in Nashville."

"Colored? Is it good?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Well, it's cheap," said Oceola. "After he goes, I don't mind moving."

"But I wanted to see you settled before I go away for the summer."

"When you come back is all right. I can do till then."

"Art is long," reminded Mrs. Ellsworth, "and time is fleeting, my dear."

"Yes, m'am," said Oceola, "but I get nervous if I start worrying about time."

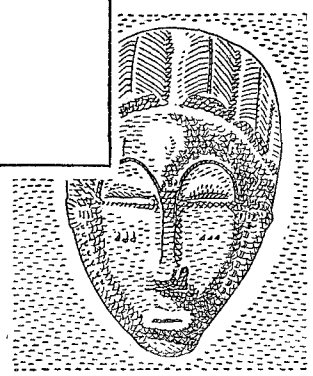
So Mrs. Ellsworth went off to Bar Harbor for the season, and left the man with Oceola.

IV

That was some years ago. Eventually art and Mrs. Ellsworth triumphed. Oceola moved out of Harlem. She lived in Gay Street west of Washington Square where she met Genevieve Taggart, and Ernestine Evans, and two or three sculptors, and a cat painter who was also a protégée of Mrs. Ellsworth. She spent her days practising, playing for friends of her patron, going to concerts, and reading books about music. She no longer had pupils or rehearsed the choir, but she still loved to play for Harlem house parties—for nothing—now that she no longer needed the money, out of sheer love of jazz. This rather disturbed Mrs. Ellsworth, who still believed in art of the old school, portraits that really and truly looked like people, poems about nature, music that had soul in it, not syncopation. And she felt the dignity of art. Was it in keeping with genius, she wondered, for Oceola to have a studio full of white and colored people every Saturday night (some of them actually drinking gin *from bottles*) and dancing to the most tom-tom-like music she had ever heard coming out of a grand piano? She wished she could lift Oceola up bodily and take her away from all that, for art's sake.

So in the spring, Mrs. Ellsworth organized week-ends in the up-state mountains where she had a little lodge and where Oceola could look from the high places at the stars, and fill her soul with the vastness of the eternal, and forget about jazz. Mrs. Ellsworth really began to hate jazz—especially on a grand piano.

If there were a lot of guests at the lodge, as there sometimes were, Mrs. Ellsworth might share the bed with Oceola. Then she would read aloud Tennyson or Browning before turning out the light, aware all the time of the electric strength of that brown-black body beside her, and of the deep drowsy voice asking what the poems were about. And then Mrs. Ellsworth would feel very motherly toward this dark girl whom she had taken under her wing on the wonderful road of art, to nurture and love until she became a great interpreter of the piano. At such times the elderly white woman was glad her late husband's money, so well invested, furnished her with a large surplus to devote to the needs of her protégées, especially to Oceola, the blackest—and most interesting of all.



Why the most interesting?

Mrs. Ellsworth didn't know, unless it was that Oceola really was talented, terribly alive, and that she looked like nothing Mrs. Ellsworth had ever been near before. Such a rich velvet black, and such a hard young body! The teacher of the piano raved about her strength.

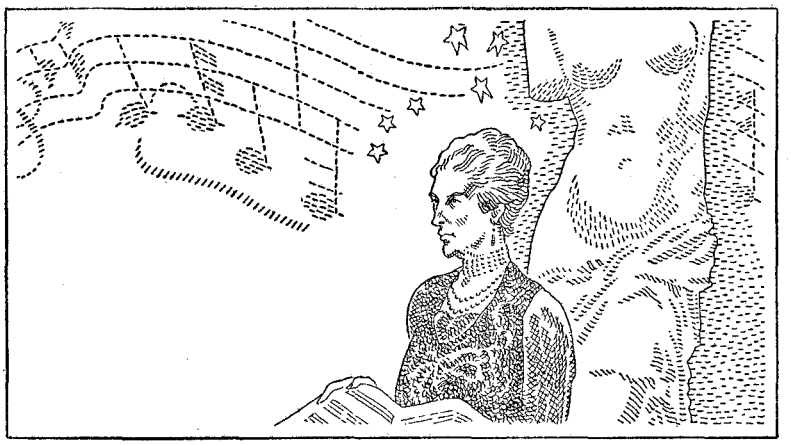
"She can stand a great career," the teacher said. "She has everything for it."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Ellsworth, thinking, however, of the Pullman porter at Meharry, "but she must learn to sublimate her soul."

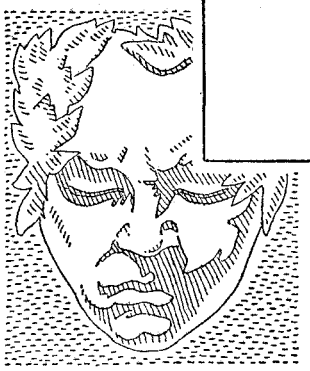
So for two years then, Oceola lived abroad at Mrs. Ellsworth's expense. She studied with Philippe, had the little apartment on the Left Bank, and learned about Debussy's African background. She met many black Algerian and French West Indian students, too, and listened to their interminable arguments ranging from Garvey to Picasso to Spengler to Jean Cocteau, and thought they all must be crazy. Why did they or anybody argue so much about life or art? Oceola merely lived—and loved it. Only the Marxian students seemed sound to her, for they, at least, wanted people to have enough to eat. That was important, Oceola thought, remembering, as she did, her own sometimes hungry years. But the rest of the controversies, as far as she could fathom, were based on air.

Oceola hated most artists, too, and the word *art* in French or English. If you wanted to play the piano or paint pictures or write books, go ahead! But why talk so much about it? Montparnasse was worse in that re-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



spect than the Village. And as for the cultured Negroes who were always saying art would break down color lines, art could save the race and prevent lynchings! "Bunk!" said Oceola. "My ma and pa were both artists when it came to making music, and the white folks ran them out of town for being dressed up in Alabama. And look at the Jews! Every other artist in the world's a Jew, and still folks hate them."



She thought of Mrs. Ellsworth (dear soul in New York) who never made uncomplimentary remarks about Negroes, but frequently did about Jews. Of little Menuhin she would say, for instance, "He's a *genius*—not a Jew," hating to admit his ancestry.

In Paris Oceola especially loved the West Indian ball rooms where the black colonials danced the beguin. And she liked the entertainers at Brick Top's. Sometimes late at night there, Oceola would take the piano and beat out a blues for Brick and the assembled guests. In her playing of Negro folk music, Oceola never doctored it up, or filled it full of classical runs, or fancy falsities. In the blues she made the bass notes throb like tom-toms, the trebles cry like little flutes, so deep in the earth and so high in the sky that they understood everything. And when the night club crowd would get up and dance to her blues, and Brick Top would yell, "Hey! Hey!" Oceola felt as happy as if she were performing a Chopin étude for the nicely gloved Oh- and Ah-ers in a Crillon salon.

Music, to Oceola, demanded movement and expression, dancing and living to go with it. She liked to teach, when she had the choir, the singing of those rhythmical Negro spirituals that possessed the power to pull colored folks out of their seats in the amen corner and make them prance and shout in the aisles for Jesus. She never liked those fashionable colored churches where shouting and movement were discouraged and looked down upon, and where New England hymns instead of spirituals were sung. Oceola's background was too well-grounded in Mobile, and Billy Kersands' Minstrels, and the Sanctified churches where religion was a joy, to stare mystically over the top of a grand piano like white folks and imagine that Beethoven had nothing to do with life, or that Schubert's love songs were only sublimations.

Whenever Mrs. Ellsworth came to Paris, she and Oceola spent hours listening to symphonies and string quartettes and pianists. Oceola enjoyed concerts, but seldom felt, like her patron, that she was floating on clouds of bliss. Mrs. Ellsworth insisted, however, that Oceola's spirit was too moved for words at such times —therefore she understood why the dear child kept quiet. Mrs. Ellsworth herself was often too moved for words, but never by pieces like Ravel's *Bolero* (which Oceola played on the phonograph as a dance record), or any of the compositions of *les Six*.

What Oceola really enjoyed most with Mrs. Ellsworth was not going to concerts, but going for trips on the little river boats in the Seine; or riding out to old châteaux in her patron's hired Renault; or to Versailles, and listening to the aging white lady talk about the romantic history of France, the wars and uprisings, the loves and intrigues of princes and kings and queens, about guillotines and lace handkerchiefs, snuff boxes and daggers. For Mrs. Ellsworth had loved France as a girl, and had made a study of its life and lore. Once she used to sing simple little French songs rather well, too. And she always regretted that her husband never understood the lovely words—or even tried to understand them.

Oceola learned the accompaniments for all the songs Mrs. Ellsworth knew and sometimes they tried them over together. The white woman loved to sing when the colored girl played, and she even tried spirituals. Often, when she stayed at the little Paris apartment, Oceola would go into the kitchen and cook something good for late supper, maybe an oyster soup, or fried apples and bacon. And sometimes Oceola had pigs' feet.

"There's nothing quite so good as a pig's foot," said Oceola, "after playing all day."

"Then you must have pigs' feet," agreed Mrs. Ellsworth.

And all this while Oceola's development at the piano blossomed into perfection. Her tone became a singing wonder and her interpretations warm and individual. She gave a concert in Paris, one in Brussels, and another in Berlin. She got the press notices all pianists crave. She had her picture in lots of European papers. And she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came home to New York a year after the stock market crashed and nobody had any money—except folks like Mrs. Ellsworth, who had so much it would be hard to ever lose it all.

Oceola's one-time Pullman porter, now a coming doctor, was graduating from Meharry that spring. Mrs. Ellsworth saw her dark protégée go south to attend his graduation with tears in her eyes. She thought that by now music would be enough, after all those years under the best teachers, but alas, Oceola was not yet sublimated, even by Philippe. She wanted to see Pete.

Oceola returned north to prepare for her New York concert in the fall. She wrote Mrs. Ellsworth at Bar Harbor that her doctor boy-friend was putting in one more summer on the railroad, then in the autumn he would intern at Atlanta. And Oceola said that he had asked her to marry him. Lord, she was happy!

It was a long time before she heard from Mrs. Ellsworth. When the letter came, it was full of long paragraphs about the beautiful music Oceola had within her power to give the world. Instead, she wanted to marry and be burdened with children! Oh, my dear, my dear!

Oceola, when she read it, thought she had done pretty well knowing Pete this long and not having children. But she wrote back that she didn't see why children and music couldn't go together. Anyway, during the present depression, it was pretty hard for a beginning artist like herself to book a concert tour—so she might just as well be married awhile. Pete, on his last run in from St. Louis, had suggested that they have the wedding at Christmas in the South. "And he's impatient, at that. He needs me."

This time Mrs. Ellsworth didn't answer by letter at all. She was back in town in late September. In November Oceola played at Town Hall. The critics were kind, but they didn't go wild. Mrs. Ellsworth swore it was because of Pete's influence on her protégée.

"But he was in Atlanta," Oceola said.

"His spirit was here," Mrs. Ellsworth insisted. "All the time you were playing on that stage, he was here, the monster! Taking you out of yourself, taking you away from the piano."

"Why, he wasn't," said Oceola. "He was watching an operation in Atlanta."

But from then on, things didn't go well between her and her patron. The white lady grew distinctly cold when she received Oceola in her beautiful drawing-room among the jade vases and amber cups worth thousands. When Oceola would have to wait there for Mrs. Ellsworth, she was afraid to move for fear she might knock something over—that would take ten years of a Harlemite's wages to replace, if broken.

Over the teacups, the aging Mrs. Ellsworth did not talk any longer about the concert tour she had once thought she might finance for Oceola, if no recognized bureau took it up. Instead, she spoke of that something she believed Oceola's fingers had lost since her return from Europe. And she wondered why any one insisted on living in Harlem.

"I've been away from my own people so long," said the girl, "I want to live right in the middle of them again."

Why, Mrs. Ellsworth wondered further, did Oceola, at her last concert in a Harlem church, not stick to the classical items listed on the program? Why did she insert one of her own variations on the spirituals, a syncopated variation from the Sanctified Church, that made an old colored lady rise up and cry out from her pew, "Glory to God this evenin'! Yes! Hallelujah! Whooo-oo!" right at the concert? Which seemed most undignified to Mrs. Ellsworth, and unworthy of the teachings of Philippe. And furthermore, why was Pete coming up to New York for Thanksgiving? And who had sent him the money to come?

"Me," said Oceola. "He doesn't make anything interning."

"Well," said Mrs. Ellsworth, "I don't think much of him." But Oceola didn't seem to care what Mrs. Ellsworth thought, for she made no defense.

Thanksgiving evening, in bed together in a Harlem apartment, Pete and Oceola talked about their wedding to come. They would have a big one in a church with lots of music. And Pete would give her a ring. And she would have on a white dress, light and fluffy, not silk. "I hate silk," she said. "I hate expensive things." (She thought of her mother being buried in a cotton dress, for they were all broke when she died. Mother would have been glad about her marriage.) "Pete," Oceola said, hugging him in the dark, "let's live in Atlanta where there are lots of colored people, like us."

"What about Mrs. Ellsworth?" Pete asked. "She coming down to Atlanta for our wedding?"

"I don't know," said Oceola.

"I hope not, 'cause if she stops at one of them big hotels, I won't have you going to the back door to see her. That's one thing I hate about the South—where there're white people, you have to go to the back door."

"Maybe she can stay with us," said Oceola. "I wouldn't mind."

"I'll be damned," said Pete. "You want to get lynched?"

But it happened that Mrs. Ellsworth didn't care to attend the wedding anyway. When she saw how love had triumphed over art, she decided she could no longer influence Oceola's life. The period of Oceola was over. She would send checks, occasionally, if the girl needed them, besides, of course, something beautiful for the wedding, but that would be all. These things she told her the week after Thanksgiving.

"And Oceola, my dear, I've decided to spend the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whole winter in Europe. I sail on December 18th. Christmas, while you are marrying, I shall be in Paris with my precious Antonio Bas. In January, he has an exhibit of oils in Madrid. And in the spring, a new young poet is coming over whom I want to visit Florence, to really know Florence. A charming white-haired boy from Omaha whose soul has been crushed in the West. I want to try to help him. He, my dear, is one of the few people who lives for his art—and nothing else. . . . Ah, such a beautiful life! . . . You will come and play for me once before I sail?"

"Yes, Mrs. Ellsworth," said Oceola, genuinely sorry that the end had come. Why did white folks think you could live on nothing but art? Strange! Too strange! Too strange!

V

The Persian vases in the music room were filled with long-stemmed lilies that night when Oceola Jones came down from Harlem for the last time to play for Mrs. Dora Ellsworth. Mrs. Ellsworth had on a gown of black velvet, and a collar of pearls about her neck. She was very kind and gentle to Oceola, as one would be to a child who has done a great wrong but doesn't know any better. But to the black girl from Harlem, she looked very cold and white, and her grand piano seemed like the biggest and heaviest in the world—as Oceola sat down to play it with the technic for which Mrs. Ellsworth had paid.

As the rich and aging white woman listened to the great roll of Beethoven sonatas and to the sea and moonlight of the Chopin nocturnes, as she watched the swaying dark strong shoulders of Oceola Jones, she began to reproach the girl aloud for running away from art and music, for burying herself in Atlanta and love—love for a man unworthy of lacing up her boot straps, as Mrs. Ellsworth put it.

"You could shake the stars with your music, Oceola. Depression or no depression, I could make you great. And yet you propose to dig a grave for yourself. Art is bigger than love."

"I believe you, Mrs. Ellsworth," said Oceola, not turning away from the piano. "But being married won't keep me from making tours, or being an artist."

"Yes, it will," said Mrs. Ellsworth. "He'll take all the music out of you."

"No, he won't," said Oceola.

"You don't know, child," said Mrs. Ellsworth, "what men are like."

"Yes, I do," said Oceola simply. And her fingers began to wander slowly up and down the keyboard, flowing into the soft and lazy syncopation of a Negro blues, a blues that deepened and grew into rollicking jazz, then into an earth-throbbing rhythm that shook the lilies in the Persian vases of Mrs. Ellsworth's music room. Louder than the voice of the white woman who cried that Oceola was deserting beauty, deserting her real self, deserting her hope in life, the flood of wild syncopation filled the house, then sank into the slow and singing blues with which it had begun.

The girl at the piano heard the white woman saying, "Is this what I spent thousands of dollars to teach you?"

"No," said Oceola simply. "This is mine. . . . Listen! . . . How sad and gay it is! Blue and happy—laughing and crying. . . . How white like you and black like me! . . . How much like a man! . . . And how like a woman! . . . Warm as Pete's mouth. . . . These are the blues . . . I'm playing."

Mrs. Ellsworth sat very still in her chair looking at the lilies trembling delicately in the priceless Persian vases, while Oceola made the bass notes throb like tom-toms deep in the earth.

O, if I could holler

sang the blues,

Like a mountain jack,
I'd go up on de mountain

sang the blues,

And call my baby back.

"And I," said Mrs. Ellsworth rising from her chair, "would stand looking at the stars."

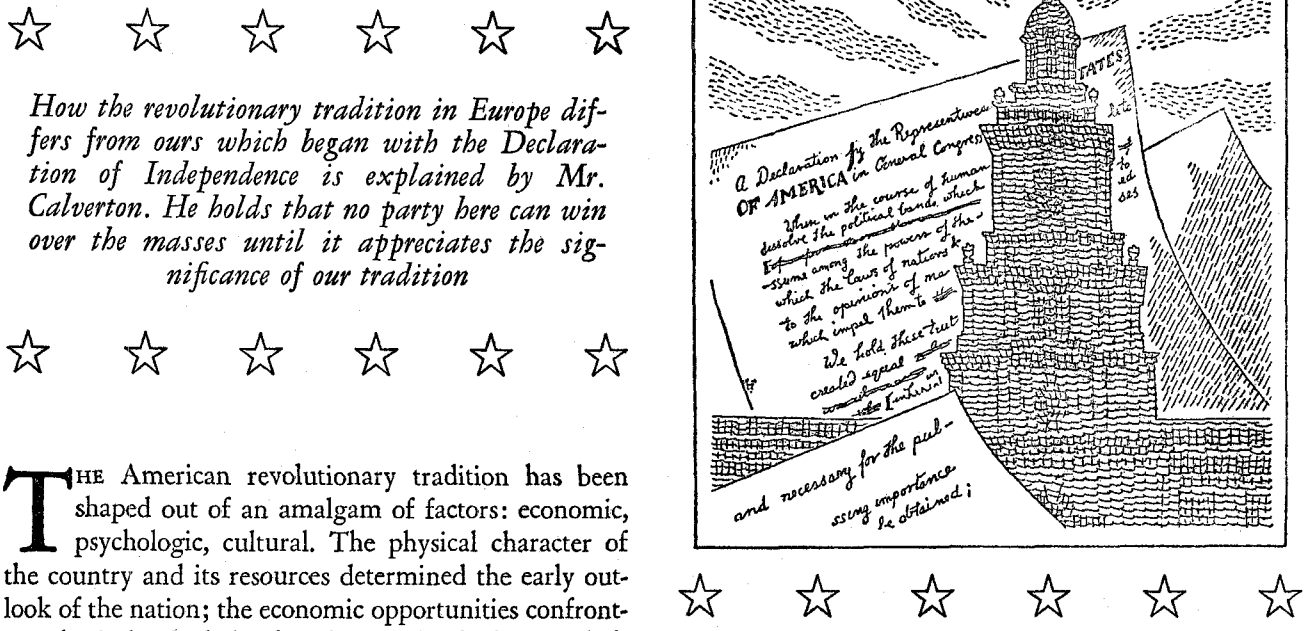
IN COMING NUMBERS

stories by William Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, Grace Flandrau, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, Erskine Caldwell, Nancy Hale, Struthers Burt, and others.

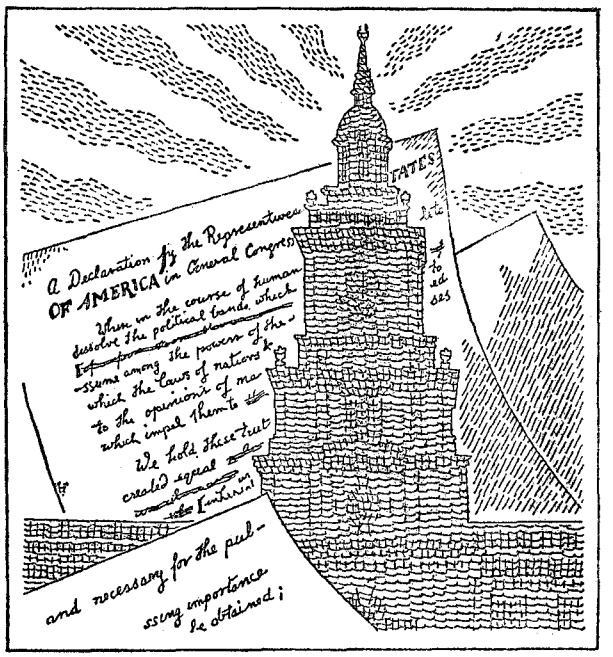
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The American Revolutionary Tradition

By V. F. Calverton



How the revolutionary tradition in Europe differs from ours which began with the Declaration of Independence is explained by Mr. Calverton. He holds that no party here can win over the masses until it appreciates the significance of our tradition


A Declaration by the Representatives
OF AMERICA in General Congress
When in the course of human
dissolve the political bands which
assume among the powers of the
which the laws of nature &
to the opinions of mankind
which impel them to
We hold these truths
created equal
and necessary for the pub-
ssing importance
be obtained;

THE American revolutionary tradition has been shaped out of an amalgam of factors: economic, psychologic, cultural. The physical character of the country and its resources determined the early outlook of the nation; the economic opportunities confronting the individual developed an individualist psychology on the part of the masses as well as the upper classes which blended perfectly with the evolution of the capitalist character of the nation as a whole; the absence of an aristocratic landed class made it inevitable that the money-minded emphasis of the capitalist class should dominate the culture of the country to the exclusion of other, more inspiring, emphases such as are to be found in every European culture where the capitalist class has not constituted the only class in the evolution of the nation.

Immediately after the Civil War, there developed the tendency to exalt the reactionary instead of the revolutionary aspects of our tradition. In the twentieth century, however, with the advance of liberal scholarship, exposing as it did the monetary machinations behind many of our most lauded achievements, the tendency to scoff and sneer at American traditions began to grow at a rapid pace. Out of this latter tendency sprang the "debunkers" of American history—and the so-called age of "debunking." The achievements of the Revolutionary War were debunked; the importance of the Civil War was debunked; the pertinence and place of various individuals in the historical process were debunked—in fact, everything was debunked with an indiscriminate enthusiasm which betrayed the lack of historical insight involved in the whole approach. Instead of seeing the development of America as part of its progressive advance as a historic whole, and evaluating its phenomena and its leaders in relationship with that development, the debunkers adjudged everything and everybody in reference to the immediate criteria of the day, stressing with a narrow-mindedness culpably characteristic of defeatist historians the corruption involved in the *means* but neglecting entirely the significance involved in the *ends*.

It is easy to attack the motivations behind many of the leaders in the Revolutionary War or the Civil War or the Reconstruction period, but it is a much more difficult and valuable task to determine the significance of those events in relationship to the historic advance of the country as a unit. While American radicals have tended to debunk their past, and thus lose sight of its importance in terms of the present, a European radical no less eminent than Lenin pointed out long ago the fallacy in that attitude when he asserted that "the revolutionary tradition in the life of the American people . . . originated in the war of liberation against the English in the eighteenth century and in the Civil War in the nineteenth century," and then added, in rebuke to those who deny their importance: "Where can you find an American so pedantic, so absolutely idiotic, as to deny the revolutionary and progressive significance of the American Civil War of 1860–1865?"

The great problem confronting and challenging us today, therefore, is not that of debunking our past but of revaluating it in terms of our revolutionary tradi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion. In a word, we must learn not to scoff at our revolutionary past but to build upon it and advance it.

Both the radicals and the reactionaries have been on the wrong track in their deductions as to the psychology of the American masses and the nature of the American revolutionary tradition. The radicals have been convinced, or rather have succeeded in convincing themselves, for ever so many years, that the American workers and farmers have been constantly at the point of becoming radical, or are already radical, but that the counter-active pressures of corrupt leadership and false propaganda have prevented them from expressing their radicalism in definite and dynamic form. The reactionaries, on the other hand, are convinced that the masses are by nature conservative; that their individualistic psychology is the same today as it was in the early part of the nineteenth century; and that any talk of their deserting that psychology and adopting a collective one in line with that of the European masses is nothing more than a fantastic fiction. In a word, both are deceived by the problem of change. The one believes, and has believed for some time, that change is ever imminent, while the other believes that there has been and will be no change at all. Neither is correct. The conclusions of both have sprung out of desire rather than reality, and have been the products of wish-fulfillment rather than realistic analysis. The American masses are neither as radical as the revolutionaries have made them out to be, nor as unchangeably individualistic as the reactionaries think they are. The error on the reactionary side can be attributed to the general tendency of the conservative to think of the present in terms of the past because of the privilege and power that that past has showered upon him. The error on the radical side can be traced to the simple tendency of thinking of the American populace in European terms, disregarding the implications of the American scene which have made the masses in this country develop a different psychology from those in Europe.

Only today, however, are we beginning to understand something of the development of the American tradition and the importance of interpreting it in terms of its own contradictions. The American revolutionary tradition, for example, was built out of the same fight between the haves and the have-nots as was the European revolutionary tradition. Contrary to the prevailing notion, however, this American tradition, expressed in records, speeches, statements, and documents, and in the emotional spirit of the people as a whole, is rich in revolutionary inspiration. Beginning with the Declaration of Independence, revolutionary sentiment in this country has enjoyed an impassioned career. Few more revolutionary documents have ever been composed than the American Declaration of Independence. "Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends [life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness]," the Declaration reads, "it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." More than that, in a later sentence, the Declaration explicitly states that whenever a government tends to disregard the people's rights, it is not only their privilege, but it is "their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security." The Declaration of Independence was a revolutionary document; it was the Constitution which was a reactionary document. It is the Declaration of Independence, therefore, which constitutes part of our indefeasible revolutionary tradition—and not the Constitution. Thomas Paine, Philip Freneau, and Thomas Jefferson were the men who did more than any others to carry on that revolutionary tradition. It was Jefferson in fact who, suspicious of the Constitution, endeavored to keep alive the revolutionary state of mind out of which the Declaration of Independence had been born. Shays's rebellion, which so frightened the bourgeoisie of the time, was welcomed by him in words which have gained rather than lost their challenge in recent days:

> Can history produce an instance of rebellion so honorably conducted? . . . God forbid that we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion. . . . What signify a few lives lost in a century or two? What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that the people preserve the spirit of resistance. Let them take arms. The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of tyrants. It is its natural manure.

And as Jefferson's words definitely stated, he was always ready for the oppressed to use arms to overthrow their oppressors. But not only did Jefferson's words vibrate with the spirit of revolutionary challenge. Even the State constitutions of the time carried over something of their impact. The constitution of Florida, for instance, states that the people "have at all times an inalienable and indefeasible right to alter or abolish their form of government in such a manner as they may deem expedient." A similar statement can be found in most of the State constitutions of the period, those of Alabama, Arkansas, Kentucky, Connecticut, and later on in those of Kansas, Oregon, and many others. There is nothing equivocal in themselves about the words "alter" or "abolish," except in the way they may be interpreted by those in power. It was no less a leader than Abraham Lincoln who, in time of crisis, gave their meaning explicit form when he avowed that whenever the people of this country "grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of amending, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

But we need not turn only to our political leaders to find evidences of the growth of the American revolutionary tradition. American literature is impregnated with much of the same spirit. The American literati have not been a passive, sterile type. In times of crisis, they have often become explosively social-minded. The Revolutionary War found them, in the persons of Freneau, Hopkinson, Trumbull and others, ardent advocates of force and violence on the part of the colonies. The slavery issue again stirred the literati to vigorous action. The spirit of fight burnt through the very core of their words. "If there is a hell more unprincipled than our rulers and our people," Thoreau wrote in attack upon the institution of slavery, "I feel curious to visit it. If we should save our lives, we must fight for them." Bryant was just as eager for the fight as Thoreau, and in words that were unmistakable in their advocacy apostrophized the use of force as the necessity of the moment. Lowell was not less emphatic in this insistence upon force as the only way out:

> Not with words; they laugh them to scorn,
> And tears they despise;
> But with swords in your hands and death
> In your eyes!
> Strike home! leave to God all the rest;
> Strike! Men of the North and West.

After the Civil War, Wendell Phillips, who had been one of the most ardent of the Abolitionists, carried the fight still farther into the camp of the enemy, and declared that the eradication of wage slavery had to follow the destruction of bond slavery in order to make the disappearance of all forms of slavery complete:

> We affirm, as a fundamental principle, that labor, the creator of wealth, is entitled to all it creates.
>
> Affirming this, we avow ourselves willing to accept the final results of the operation of a principle so radical—such as the overthrow of the whole profit-making system, the extinction of all monopolies, the abolition of privileged classes, universal education and fraternity, perfect freedom of exchange, and . . . the final obliteration of the foul stigma upon our so-called Christian civilization—the poverty of the masses. . . . Resolved, That we shall declare *war* with the wages system, which demoralizes alike the hirer and the hired, cheats both, and enslaves the workingman.

Even Mark Twain was not silent on the social issue and the necessity of action:

> You see my kind of loyalty is to one's country, not to its institutions or its office-holders. The country is the real thing, the substantial thing, the eternal thing; it is the thing to watch over and care for, and be loyal to; institutions are extraneous, they are its mere clothing, and clothing can wear out, become ragged, cease to be comfortable, *cease to protect the body from winter, disease, death.* To be loyal to rags, to shout for rags, to worship rags,—that is loyalty to unreason, it is pure animal. . . . I was from Connecticut, whose Constitution declares "that all political power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority and instituted for their benefit; and that they have *at all times an undeniable* and indefeasible right to *alter their form of government* in such a manner as they may think expedient."
>
> Under that gospel, the citizen who thinks he sees that the commonwealth's political clothes are worn out, and yet holds his peace and does not agitate for a new suit, is disloyal; he is a traitor.

Or take Walt Whitman who spoke out, as Horace Traubel has informed us, with even more forthrightness. The following conversation between the two men, recorded by Traubel, testifies to Whitman's stand:

> *Traubel:* Do you think the class that has robbed the people will hand their loot back?
>
> *Whitman:* I'm afraid not. . . . I'm afraid the people will have to fight for what they get.
>
> *Traubel:* Why, Walt, you're a damned good revolutionist after all.
>
> *Whitman:* Didn't you always know it? What could I be if I wasn't?

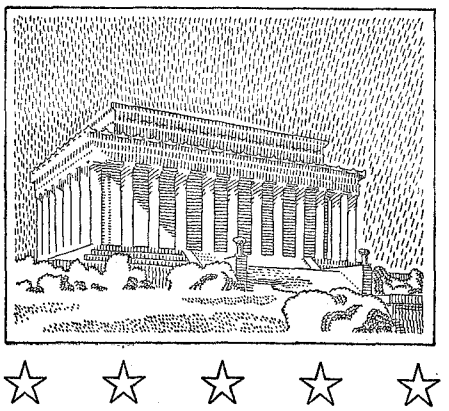
The American tradition, then, has not been founded upon any theory of quiescence. On the contrary, it has been one inspired by the realization of the importance and necessity of force in the social process.

II

It is easy at this point to see why European radical thought has not made marked headway in America in the past, or at the present time either, to be precise. That lack of headway, to summarize, is attributable, it is true, to the fact that the conditions of the country have been in conspiracy against it, but there is also the important fact that the radical thought which has been promulgated here has been of alien extraction, totally out of line with the development of the American revolutionary tradition. Radicals have attempted to talk to the American workers in European instead of American terms. They have attempted to transplant European practices to the American scene—practices excellent enough in European countries where conditions have been different and favorable to their development, but inapplicable here where the whole environment and outlook are opposed to them. It is futile, for example, in the light of conditions in the Southern States, to advocate that the South should be turned over to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Negroes and what has been known as the Black Belt be converted into a Black Republic. Such doctrine is self-defeating and self-destructive for it divides rather than unites the black and white worker. It undoubtedly has its direct and valuable application in Soviet Russia today, where such autonomy has been rooted in the entire cultural development of certain peoples, but it does not have such applicability in the South where such cultural development has been absent, and moreover where the entire set-up of the Southern scene is of such a nature as to retard rather than encourage the radical response desired by such doctrine.



While the conditions of the country have changed vastly since the days of Jefferson and William Lloyd Garrison, and the particular social philosophies which they advocated have been outmoded in terms of their economic applicability, the revolutionary spirit embodied in the challenge which those men addressed to the American people, and which the American masses responded to, is a basic part of the American revolutionary tradition. The objective should be to advance that tradition and not let it rest where it began. Its spirit should be utilized in terms of today and not of yesterday. Few things are more absurd in these days of finance-capitalism, when individualism has been crushed at the root, than to listen to a defense of Jeffersonian individualism and liberalism as applied to the contemporary scene. It is not Jeffersonian individualism and liberalism that must be preserved. That belongs to the past; it is dead doctrine today. It is the progressive spirit in the Jeffersonian philosophy which must be salvaged and used. It is not the Lincoln who was the politician that should be defended, but the Lincoln who defended the revolutionary rights of the masses and who declared in his Reply to a Committee from the Workingmen's Association of New York, that "labor is prior to, and independent of, capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed" and then added that "the strongest bond of human sympathy outside of the family relation should be one of uniting all working people, of all nations and tongues, and kindreds."

What is obvious, therefore, is that the American revolutionary tradition has been a most active and vigorous one, challenging from beginning to end. Present in the philosophy of the early Dissenters, expressing itself first in the form of religion, extravagantly individualistic to the core, that tradition has been fed constantly upon the spirit of revolt. It is a tradition which has kept pace with the evolutionary development of the country. It is a tradition that the American populace can understand and respond to as part of its progressive spirit. Jefferson and William Lloyd Garrison and the importance of what they stood for in their day must not be forgotten; they should be used as symbols of challenge and advance; it is in such terms that the American populace can understand best the rights that are theirs by virtue of their own revolutionary past. The fallacy to which American radicalism has been unfortunately committed has been in talking to that populace in a language it does not understand instead of in the language of the American tradition which is part of its native heritage. By doing so the radicals in this country only isolate themselves from the strength-giving qualities of the American revolutionary tradition—and isolate themselves also from the American masses.

As a concrete illustration, we need but turn to the invasion of Washington which was made a little over a year ago by the World War Veterans. To have talked to those veterans in terms of European radicalism was futile. To have talked to them in the words of Jefferson, however, would have awakened an immediate and positive response. It was not the Jefferson who advocated agriculture to the exclusion of manufactures, not the Jefferson whose individualistic doctrine has now become anachronistic, that should have been quoted and apostrophized, but the Jefferson who defended the rights of the oppressed and whose words will never cease to be an inspiration to all those devoted to the struggle against the oppressors in whatever place or at whatever time. To have talked to them in the language of the Declaration of Independence would have been to have addressed them in words they would have understood, and which would have meant at the same time in words that would have challenged the very roots of things, tested the foundations of society, and provided the means whereby new roots and new foundations could be planted and laid. But this is not true only of the World War Veterans, whose recalcitrance represented only a fragmentary reaction of the oppressed, but of the oppressed as a whole, of the workers and farmers, the unemployed and the disinherited, and all those whose insurgent protest will tend to mount and multiply instead of decrease with the advance of this decade. Later on, once their support has been won, the further implications of their revolt will become apparent as the crisis deepens.

III

The very fact, however, that the social struggle in America has revolved almost entirely in its political

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

form about a capitalist orbit has determined in considerable part the peculiar direction of the American tradition. To begin with it was that fact which made it possible for the capitalist class to shape the entire outlook and character of the country.

The have-nots in America, in contrast with those in Europe, were individualistic-minded instead of social-minded; whenever they banded themselves together it was in order to provide greater latitude for the expression of their own individualistic aims and not for their collective advance as a class. Fundamentally, it was the difference in economic opportunity which created the cleavage between the psychology of the American and the European have-nots. The social struggle in America, therefore, was not one waged between a class-conscious proletariat and an individualistic-minded middle class, but between a proletariat and a middle class which were both individualistic-minded and capitalist-motivated. This development in American psychology should not be surprising when we remember that as late as 1840 almost one-quarter of the total population of the United States was classified as land-owning. The presence of the frontier, for instance, with its agrarian emphasis and promise, inspired the American workers and farmers with a radical agrarian ideology instead of a radical industrial one. It was this individualistic psychology, which became part of the intellectual equipment of the individual landowner as well as the individual shopkeeper and entrepreneur, penetrating through the American populace as a whole, that prevented the American masses from developing a social or radical psychology akin to that of the European masses.

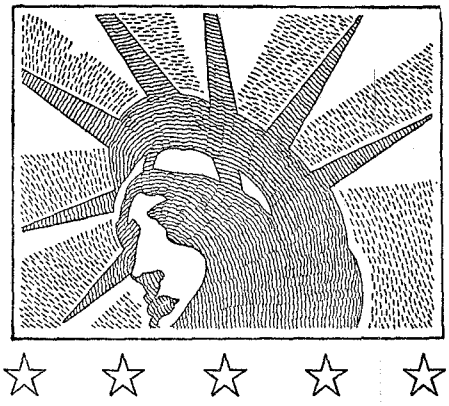
The reason America is regarded as more money-minded than Europe, for example, is that when one thinks of the American nation one thinks of it exclusively in terms of its middle-class aspects; but when one thinks of European nations one thinks of them in terms of their total culture, their aristocratic background as well as their bourgeois foreground, and even of the mediæval culture, and the vestiges of Greek and Roman culture, upon which the culture of modern aristocracies was built. If one thought of European nations in terms of their middle class alone, one's reaction to them, or opinion of them, would not be vastly different from the European reaction to America. The English middle class, the French middle class, the German middle class, were not, and still are not, widely different from the American middle class in their attitudes and reactions. The middle-class Englishman, Frenchman, or German, is as interested in money-making as the middle-class American. Furthermore, the European bourgeois is just as concerned about the preservation of middle-class economics, politics, education, and morality as the American bourgeois. The European middle class, however, because it was constantly challenged by the aristocracy, and because it had an aristocratic tradition which it could utilize by converting it to its own ends, was able to develop a culture superior to that created by the American middle class. If the European middle class had had as untrammelled a career as the American middle class, acquiring complete control of culture without conflict with aristocratic forces, the ineluctable propensities of its economic life would have driven it in the same direction as the American middle class. It was the conflict with the aristocracy, therefore, and the presence of a total culture from which it could borrow sustenance, which saved the European bourgeoisie in part from becoming as definitely anti-cultural and anti-artistic as the American bourgeoisie.

It was the absence of a ruling class here, then, to fight against the worship of money-making as a social criterion—the aristocracies always contemned the money-making propensity—which made it possible for this country to become so money-conscious, so exclusively and so overwhelmingly bourgeois. In Europe there were other badges of distinction which the individual could win besides that of monetary power; in America, on the other hand, for the reasons we have given, the making of money was exalted above everything else. It was the very character of our frontier democracy, which, with its extravagant creed of individualism, emphasized money-making as the determining element of distinction between men, that not only provided the background for the development of that psychology, but also prepared the way for the rise of the industrial barons in the nineteenth century and the predatory gangsters in the twentieth.

If we turn to the political situation alone we shall see even further how the absence of an aristocratic landed class, except in the pre-Civil War South, gave a different character to our political tradition. Take, for instance, the matter of the development of a labor party in this country. In England, and in Germany also for that matter, the political strength of labor was derived almost as much from the advantages of conflict between the landed and the commercial classes as from its own emerging importance. In a word, labor made its more significant gains in the political field by virtue of barter with the Tory and Whig elements which were constantly struggling for power. Byron's defense of the Nottingham weavers was more of a thrust at the bourgeoisie than a defense of the working class. Disraeli's bid for the support of labor was not based upon any deep sympathy for the workingman—any more than was that of Bismarck in his dickerings with Lassalle—but upon his realization that only through that support would he be able to defeat Gladstone and stem the rise of the Whigs to power. European labor parties in general thus were able to grow by virtue of that conflict be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tween the two dominant classes; in fact a considerable part of their advance can be unquestionably traced to that source. Now it was the very absence of that conflict in America, especially after the Civil War, which removed the Southern landed class from any position of influence in the nation, that helped prevent the rise of any labor party in the political field here. In short, labor was isolated from the sources of political power in the country, because neither of the dominant political parties, both being bourgeois, represented a sufficiently fundamental conflict in class interests to necessitate the support of labor in order to attain victory at the polls. Had we had a clash here between the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie, the landed class and the industrial, paralleling that of Europe, there would have been a strong likelihood that, despite the existence of other factors militating against such a development, we should have had a labor party in the political field long before the close of the nineteenth century.



At the present time, what with the Roosevelt régime determined to put an end to laissez-faire capitalism and introduce through the buzz and blare of NRA publicity an Americanized form of planned economy, political changes are bound to follow that no doubt will create a new party set-up in this country. The economic differences between the two major parties, the Democratic and Republican, have lost their significance; whatever doubts existed on that score have been dispelled by Roosevelt's Industrial Recovery program which, with its readiness to rescind the Sherman anti-trust law, and with the obvious restrictions of its codes, has definitely identified itself with the *interests* of big business. While big business has resented certain of the restrictions which the NRA has imposed upon its operations, it has discovered enough means to chisel its way around them and devised enough tricks to convert the new deal into a better one for it than the old, that it has not yet felt the need of developing any organized public or political resistance to the Roosevelt régime.

It is the small business man, now the completely forgotten man, who has felt the whip-lash of the new Roosevelt state. More than that, the workers, faced by the tragic contradiction of soaring prices and lagging wages, have already begun to strike in various parts of the country, and it is very likely that they will constitute an element of opposition which will take dynamic political form in the next Presidential election. It is altogether probable too that the farmers will be eventually driven, in their losing struggle with industry, as Louis Hacker has strikingly shown, into an economic corner in which a new political party will become a necessity for them. It is out of a composite of such discontented classes, disillusioned with the character of the Democratic party and program, that a new political party, a Farmer-Labor party, will most likely be born.

While such a party will be scarcely more than reformist in character, a sort of twentieth century brand of Populism, it will succeed in all likelihood in breaking up the two-party system of government that has dominated in this country since its inception. Once that break is made, further breaks along definite class lines, representative of more basic economic conflicts, will become more readily possible. More fundamental, however, than such a party has been the creation within the last few months of the American Workers Party which marks the first appearance in this country of a revolutionary party that is definitely allied with the American revolutionary tradition. Starting off with the proposition that "The United States was born in revolution," it sets out as its aim "to unite in a working harmony the American revolutionary tradition with the revolutionary goal of the advancing forces of humanity." Unlike the American Communist Party which has never developed an American orientation, and which, as A. J. Muste has accurately described it, "has thought and felt in terms of Russian and European rather than American working class experience," the American Workers Party insists upon developing an American approach and speaking in terms of the American language and American experience. In that respect, paradoxical though it may seem, it is following the advice of Marx but not that of the American Marxians—which reminds one of Marx's famous declaration in a letter to Lafargue: "Thank God, I am not a Marxist."

Within the next few years, with the failure of the Rooseveltian promises and predictions, it will become imperative for radicals in this country to appreciate the significance of the American revolutionary tradition. It will be only in terms of that tradition that the masses can be won over to their cause. To speak to them in terms of the Russian or French instead of the American revolutionary tradition, is but to sacrifice the cause of the American populace on the altar of a false formula.

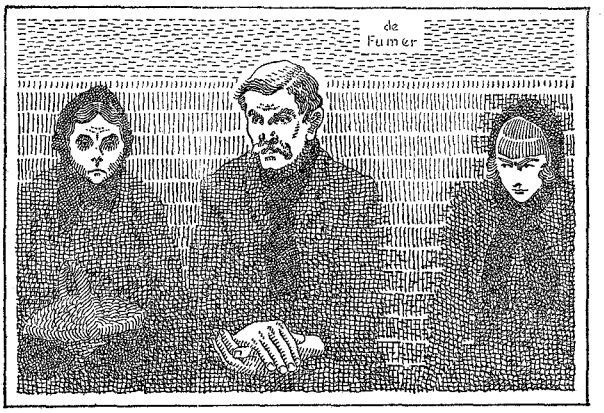
Coming—"Capitalism Without Capitalists," by Max Nomad.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Sun and the Rain

A STORY

By Thomas Wolfe



WHEN he awoke he was filled with a numb excitement. It was a gray wintry day with snow in the air, and he expected something to happen. He had this feeling often in the country in France: it was a strange mixed feeling of desolation and homelessness, of wondering with a ghostly emptiness why he was there—and a momentary feeling of joy, and hope, and expectancy, without knowing what it was he was going to find.

In the afternoon he went down to the station and took a train that was going to Orleans. He did not know where Orleans was. The train was a mixed train, made up of goods, cars, and passenger compartments. He bought a third-class ticket and got into one of the compartments. Then the shrill little whistle blew, and the train rattled out of Chartres into the countryside, in the abrupt and casual way a little French train has, and that was disquieting to him.

There was a light mask of snow on the fields, and the air was smoky: the whole earth seemed to smoke and steam and from the windows of the train one could see the wet earth and the striped cultivated pattern of the fields, and now and then some farm buildings. It did not look like America: the land looked fat and well kept, and even the smoky wintry woods had this well-kept appearance. Far off sometimes one could see tall lines of poplars and knew that there was water there.

In the compartment he found three people—an old peasant and his wife and his daughter. The old peasant had sprouting mustaches, a seamed and weather-beaten face, and small rheumy-looking eyes. His hands had a rock-like heaviness and solidity, and he kept them clasped upon his knees. His wife's face was smooth and brown, there were fine webs of wrinkles around her eyes, and her face was like an old brown bowl. The daughter had a dark sullen face and sat away from them next the window as if she were ashamed of them. From time to time when they spoke to her she would answer them in an infuriated kind of voice without looking at them.

The peasant began to speak amiably to him when he entered the compartment. He smiled and grinned back at the man, although he did not understand a word the man was saying, and the peasant kept on talking then, thinking he understood.

The peasant took from his coat a package of the cheap powerful tobacco—the 'bleu—which the French Government provides for a few cents for the poor, and prepared to stuff his pipe. The young man pulled a package of American cigarettes from his pocket and offered them to the peasant.

"Will you have one?"

"My faith, yes!" said the peasant.

He took a cigarette clumsily from the package and held it between his great stiff fingers, then he held it to the flame the young man offered, puffing at it in an unaccustomed way. Then he fell to examining it curiously, revolving it in his hands to read the label. He turned to his wife, who had followed every movement of this simple transaction with the glittering intent eyes of an animal, and began a rapid and excited discussion with her.

"It's American—this."

"Is it good?"

"My faith, yes—it's of good quality."

"Here, let me see! What does it call itself?"

They stared dumbly at the label.

"What do you call this?" said the peasant to the young man.

"Licky Streek," said the youth, dutifully phonetical.

"L-L-Leek-ee?" they stared doubtfully. "What does that wish to say in French?"

"Je ne sais pas," he answered.

"Where are you going?" the peasant said, staring at the youth with rheumy little eyes of fascinated curiosity.

"Orleans."

"How?" the peasant asked with a puzzled look on his face.

"Orleans."

"I do not understand," the peasant said.

"Orleans! Orleans!" the girl shouted in a furious tone. "The gentleman says he is going to Orleans."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ah!" the peasant cried with an air of sudden illumination. *"Orleans!"*

It seemed to the youth that he had said the word just the same way the peasant said it, but he repeated again:

"Yes, Orleans."

"He is going to Orleans," the peasant said, turning to his wife.

"Ah-h!" she cried knowingly, with a great air of illumination, then both fell silent, and began to stare at the youth with curious eyes again.

"What region are you from?" the peasant asked presently, still intent and puzzled, staring at him with his small eyes.

"How's that? I don't understand?"

"I say—what region are you from?"

"The gentleman is not French!" the girl shouted, as if exasperated by their stupidity. "He is a foreigner. Can't you see that?"

"Ah-h!" the peasant cried, after a moment, with an air of astounded enlightenment. Then turning to his wife he said briefly, "He is not French. He is a stranger."

"Ah-h!"

And then they both turned their small round eyes on him and regarded him with a fixed, animal-like attentiveness.

"From what country are you?" the peasant asked presently. "What are you?"

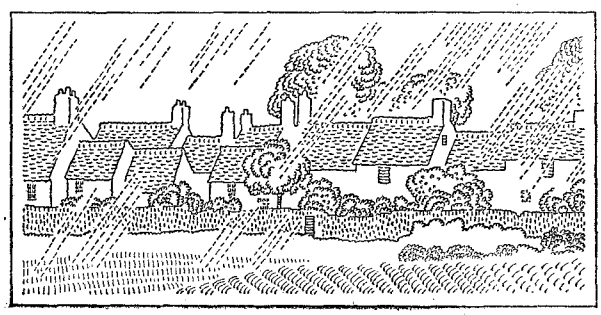
"I am an American."

"Ah-h! An American. . . . He is an American," he said turning to his wife.

"Ah-h!"

The girl made an impatient movement, and continued to stare sullenly out the window.

Then the peasant, with the intent curiosity of an animal, began to examine his companion carefully from head to foot. He looked at his shoes, his clothes, his overcoat, and finally lifted his eyes to stare at the young man's valise on the rack above his head. He nudged his wife and pointed to the valise.



"That's good stuff, eh?" he said in a low voice. "It's real leather."

"Yes, it's good, that."

And both of them looked at the valise for some time and then turned their curious gaze upon the youth again. He offered the peasant another cigarette, and the old man took one, thanking him.

"It's very fine, this," he said, indicating the cigarette. "That costs dear, eh?"

"Six francs."

"Ah-h! . . . That's very dear," and he began to look at the cigarette with increased respect.

"Why are you going to Orleans?" he asked presently. "Do you know some one there?"

"No, I am just going there to see the town."

"How?" The peasant blinked at him uncomprehendingly. "You have business there?"

"No. I am going just to visit—to see the place."

"How?" the peasant said stupidly in a moment, looking at him. "I do not understand."

"The gentleman says he is going to see the town," the girl broke in furiously. "Can't you understand anything?"

"I do not understand what he is saying," the old man said to her. "He does not speak French."

"He speaks very well," the girl said angrily. "I understand him very well. It is you who are stupid—that's all."

The peasant was silent for some time now, puffing at his cigarette and looking at the young man with friendly eyes.

"America is very large—eh?" he said at length—making a wide gesture with his hands.

"Yes, it is very large. Much larger than France."

"How?" the peasant said again with a puzzled, patient look. "I do not understand."

"He says America is much larger than France," the girl cried in an exasperated tone. "I understand all he says."

Then, for several minutes, there was an awkward silence: nothing was said. The peasant smoked his cigarette, seemed on the point of speaking several times, looked bewildered and said nothing. Outside rain had begun to fall in long slanting lines across the fields, and beyond, in the gray blown sky, there was a milky radiance where the sun should be, as if it were trying to break through. When the peasant saw this, he brightened, and leaning forward to the young man in a friendly manner, he tapped him on the knee with one of his great stiff fingers, and then pointing toward the sun, he said very slowly and distinctly, as one might instruct a child.

"Le so-leil."

And the young man obediently repeated the word as the peasant had said it:

"Le so-leil."

The old man and his wife beamed delightedly and nodded their approval, saying, "Yes. Yes. Good. Very good." Turning to his wife for confirmation the old man said:

"He said it very well, didn't he?"

"But, yes! It was perfect!"

Then pointing to the rain, and making a down-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slanting movement with his great hands, he said again, very slowly and patiently:

"La pluie."

"La pluie," the young man repeated dutifully, and the peasant nodded vigorously, saying:

"Good, good. You are speaking very well. In a little time you will speak good French." Then pointing to the fields outside the train, he said gently:

"La terre."

"La terre," the young man answered.

"I tell you," the girl cried angrily from her seat by the window, "he knows all these words. He speaks French very well. You are too stupid to understand him—that is all."

The old man made no reply to her, but sat looking at the young man with a kind, approving face. Then more rapidly than before, and in succession, he pointed to the sun, the rain, the earth, saying:

"Le soleil . . . la pluie . . . la terre."

The young man repeated the words after him, and the peasant nodded with satisfaction. Then for a long time no one spoke, there was no sound except for the uneven rackety-clack of the little train, and the girl continued to look sullenly out the window. Outside the rain fell across the fertile fields in long slanting lines.

Late in the afternoon, the train stopped at a little station, and every one rose to get out. This was as far as the train went: to reach Orleans it was necessary to change to another train.

The peasant, his wife and his daughter collected their bundles, and got out of the train. On another track, another little train was waiting, and the peasant pointed to this with his great stiff finger, and said to the young man:

"Orleans. That's your train there."

The youth thanked him, and gave the old man the remainder of the package of cigarettes. The peasant thanked him effusively and before they parted he pointed again rapidly toward the sun, the rain, and the earth, saying with a kind and friendly smile:

"Le soleil . . . la pluie . . . la terre."

And the young man nodded to show that he understood, repeated what the old man had said. And the peasant shook his head with vigorous approval, saying:

"Yes, yes. It's very good. You will learn fast."

At these words, the girl, who with the same sullen, aloof, and ashamed look had walked on ahead of her parents, now turned, and cried out in a furious and exasperated tone:

"I tell you, the gentleman knows all that! . . . Will you leave him alone now! . . . You are only making a fool of yourself!"

But the old man and old woman paid no attention to her, but stood looking at the young man with a friendly smile, and shook hands warmly and cordially with him as he said good-bye.

Then he walked on across the tracks and got up into a compartment of the other train. When he looked out the window again, the peasant and his wife were standing on the platform looking toward him with kind and eager looks on their old faces. When the peasant caught his eye, he pointed his great finger toward the sun again, and called out:

"Le so-leil."

"Le so-leil," the young man answered.

"Yes, yes!" the old man shouted, with a laugh. "It's very good."

Then the daughter looked toward the young man sullenly, gave a short and impatient laugh of exasperation, and turned angrily away. The train began to move, then, but the old man and woman stood looking after him as long as they could. He waved to them, and the old man waved his great hand in answer, and, laughing, pointed toward the sun. And the young man nodded his head, and shouted, to show that he had understood. Meanwhile, the girl had turned her back with an angry shrug and was walking away around the station.

Then they were lost from sight, the train swiftly left the little town behind, and now there was nothing but the fields, the earth, the smoky and mysterious distances. The rain fell steadily.

THE FOURTH SEASON

By Gerard Robichaud

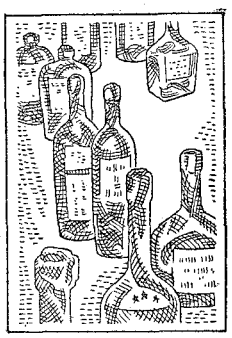
THERE came a day when fields abandoned green;
The richer hues—the gold and brown, the red
Of Autumn came . . . and summertime was fled.
And so the days advanced; the opal sheen
Of Autumn passed, the winds blew shrill and keen.
So Winter was announced, and overhead
The skies were cast in dullish gray, as lead.

We waited Spring, and, waiting so, grew lean
From hunger's press and nature's bitter cold;
We stood there patiently, our faith untouched.
Advanced the days, with us becoming old. . . .
As Winter broke we cried—our fingers clutched
The thawing wall, but failed the trapdoor's ring:
Our strength had flown; we had no strength for Spring!

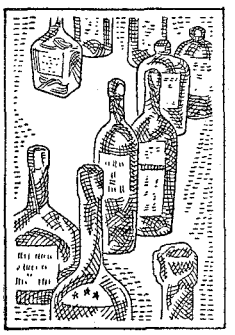
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY



I Drank My Way to Psychiatry



Faced with ruin as a result of the drink habit, the author of this article by chance tried psychiatry. The story of his case and his cure is a revealing document

A GREAT-AUNT and a thousand or more gallons of whiskey were responsible for my introduction to psychiatry. The event saved my job, my family establishment, and probably my life.

Liquor had me practically beaten. A few more years, at the pace I was going, and I would certainly have become incapable of holding a regular job, unable to maintain a decent social standard of living, a complete wreck as a man. I had no more control over the habit than over the weather. Periodically, a mood would come over me which would send me off on an intensive spree of from several days to more than a week. As I grew older, both the frequency and the duration of the sprees increased. Had it not been for the aid of a psychiatrist, to whom I was referred solely by good chance, disaster for me would have been certain.

The fact that I, although an advertising man and not a professional scholar, was relatively well read in the background of psychiatric theory, intensely interested in the subject from an abstract viewpoint, and far better informed on it than most people—the fact that I, under these circumstances, never thought of its practical applicability to my case, until the idea was suggested to me by chance, indicates the degree of popular ignorance of the subject. This ignorance seems to have a peculiar quality of stubbornness in it, owing, no doubt, to the fact that most people subconsciously resent the idea of submitting to psychiatric treatment. So important has psychiatric aid been to me, and so dramatically does my case illustrate the possibilities of such aid for others, that I think a description of my experience has an interest extending far beyond my personal concerns. True, if set down in a professional case book, my experience probably would be nearly indistinguishable from hundreds of others. But the public does not read professional case books; and, if it did, I doubt that the objective descriptions of case histories would dispel the popular suspicion that psychiatry is more closely related to black magic than to any practical curative treatment for human ills.

There is nothing occult about psychiatry. Basically, it is simply the application of the law of cause and effect to the mental and emotional realms. In these realms, as in that of physics, nothing occurs by accident. Thoughts do not just happen. Neither do emotional attitudes. A continuous chain of cause and effect links them all together. This chain extends unbroken throughout life. To realize this, stop a conversation abruptly at some point and reflect on what led up to your topic at that particular moment. By tracing the conversation backward three or four steps, you may find that a discussion of the government's gold-buying policy was what led to a discussion of your baby's new tooth.

"I just happened to think" has no validity from a psychiatrist's point of view.

"Why do you happen to think that?" he will insist. And again, why? And why? And why?

In this way he gets beneath the rationalizations by which all of us attempt to explain ourselves to ourselves. These rationalizations are usually defensive attempts to explain our inadequacies in the light most favorable to us.

"I don't like that type of person," you tell a psychiatrist, and you weave a fabric of splendid ethical and cultural reasons for your dislike. Sometimes, of course, your reasons may be valid—but surprisingly infrequently! A few "why's," and the uncomfortable realization is likely to dawn that the reason you dislike this type of people is that they have qualities which you lack and would like to have; so they make you sense your inadequacies more keenly.

I had borrowed heavily from the philosophers in order to rationalize my attitudes toward people and life. From Schopenhauer I borrowed pessimism. From Nietzsche I took worldly aloofness and selfishness. From the scientific materialists I obtained confirmation of the futility of life. I have not renounced my intellectual affiliations with these ideas; but, after persistent questioning by my psychiatrist, I have come to realize that they were not the cause of my pessimistic, detached and hopeless attitude toward life. I had sought, accepted, and absorbed these ideas because I already had a pessimistic, aloof and hopeless attitude. The philosophers simply helped me to rationalize it by their flatteringly authoritative support.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The psychiatric treatment consisted simply in discussion. Questions and more questions, with my personal history, my thoughts, feelings, and reactions as the subject. By this process we kept digging up old experiences and memories which had either been forgotten or pushed outside my ordinary range of thought. The first really illuminating fact disclosed was that my drinking was only one of innumerable other traits stemming from—and all symptoms of—the same neurotic root. I was, for example, excessively timid with respect to certain types of new situations and certain types of personal contacts. Faced with a new job, identical with others I had successfully performed thousands of times before, I would always feel, until I actually got started, that I was wholly unqualified to do it. In the company of other people, discussing a new problem, I would retreat as far as possible into the background with the feeling—not the intellectual belief—that everybody else was more competent to deal with the problem than I. Toward such situations I would often feel exactly as I would have felt toward them when I was a boy. Here was the first important clue.

It meant that at some point in my youth part of my emotional development was arrested. This is not an uncommon phenomenon. It is usually caused by some emotional shock. We see examples of it in wounded war veterans whose emotional outlook has not changed since 1918. We see it also, in milder form, in many college football heroes, who, unable to maintain after graduation the standard of values built up around them in college, retreat emotionally to their undergraduate days and join the ranks of professional alumni. In my case the sudden death of my father, when I was thirteen, was discovered to have been the arresting cause. Placed on a new footing with life by the removal of what seemed to be my main source of security, I felt as if I had entered a strange and vaguely hostile new world.

We had previously established the fact that my emotional reactions, in their immature phases, were intimately related to my attitude toward my mother. I was aware of this in many ways. If I dreaded losing my job as result of a drunk, for example, my dread would have to do almost exclusively with how she would feel. In hundreds of other ways the complete dependence of much of my emotional life upon my attitude toward her was apparent. Hence, there was no question about my emotional development having been arrested. The discovery of the arresting cause was effected by tracing back one of my most characteristic attitudes.

The feeling that I was somehow alien to and detached from the general current of life, incapable of sharing the hopes and sentiments that seemed to move others, and passing through the process of living as if in a vacuum, had been very strong in me for years. At Christmas time, for instance, when others seemed to feel the spirit of the occasion, and would be going about their preparations with the cheer that I knew I used to feel but could not recapture, I would feel like a strange onlooker; and there would seem to be an element of unreality about the whole scene. This feeling of detachment permeated my whole outlook.

When was I first aware of it? With what did I associate it? At last we got to the answer. I associated it with the cessation of normal life, as I had sensed normal life, at the time of my father's death.

We now had several important facts well established. First, that alcoholism was not a congenital weakness, not organic as to cause, but just one of hundreds of other symptoms of the same basic neurosis. Next, that my emotional life was largely controlled by my emotional attitude toward my mother. Finally, that part of my emotional life had been arrested in early youth by the shock of my father's death and to all practical intents and purposes remained dead as far as I was concerned.

This last fact explained the irresistible power liquor had over me. I had always had the strange feeling, when a mood for drinking came over me, that liquor for me was the very source of life; and after I had started drinking, that it was the only medium through which life could continue. This seemingly insane feeling had a valid basis. Liquor actually was the only means by which I could bring to life an important part of my emotional being, and the only medium through which I could keep it alive. In a way, therefore, it was not liquor, as such, against which I was struggling, but no less a force than the most fundamental of all instincts—that of self-preservation. It was only by means of liquor that I could break through my sense of alien detachment and feel fully alive and a part of the general scheme of living. Hence, my complete dependence on it. I often had the clear feeling that to separate myself from it, once I had started drinking, was to withdraw back into a sort of grave.

I said at the beginning of this article that a great-aunt was involved in my introduction to psychiatry. She was, and in an astounding way. The psychiatrist and I had patched together a great deal of information about myself, my outlooks and reactions. We had discovered many illuminating relationships between many apparently unrelated attitudes and events. But still, knowing as much as I now did, I could not do anything about my drinking. It was all very interesting. But so what?

There was yet another question to be answered. The situation had been clearly diagrammed. The key which would unlock it must now be found. We knew that the infantile fixation of my emotional attitude toward my mother was the clue to the solution. What, then, was peculiar about my attitude toward her? Other people were fond of their mothers. What was the abnormal element in my devotion to mine? Approaching the question from this angle I realized that a dominant strain in my sentiment was a sort of morbid apprehensiveness for her, the sort of tender, apprehensive fear which we associate with a person in the shadow of death. What was the source of this feeling? With what did I associate it?

Suddenly, as if I had pressed the right light button after groping among many wrong ones, the answer came. My great-aunt! It was she who, all during my infancy and early childhood, had instilled into me these morbid dreads for my mother's safety. The whole tenor of her conversation, as far as it related to my mother, implied that at any moment I might expect my mother's death. "You won't always have your poor mother with you," was the essence of her refrain on this subject. She would supplement such com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments with harrowing descriptions of her own mother's death. I sensed the emotional association of this aunt's influence with my attitude toward my mother as clearly and unmistakably as one, listening to an old melody, senses the recapture of a forgotten mood. It illuminated everything that the months of psychiatric discussion had covered. My fears, my timidities, my pessimism, my lack of self-confidence and my sense of futility all became obviously products of the morbid dread which I had acquired from my aunt. My later feeling of detachment, the basis of my drinking, had resulted from these earlier emotional maladjustments. Too timid and lacking in confidence to face the world normally, I had resorted to the emotional defense of detaching myself from it.

Not realizing the cause of it, that strain of morbid apprehension for my mother, which my aunt had given me, permeated my whole emotional life. With the cause forgotten—or perhaps never consciously known, because of my extreme youth when I was exposed to the influence—the fear alone remained, and was free to diffuse like a vapor, transferring itself from one object to another, and taking an infinite variety of forms. Imagine that, emerging from the influence of an anesthetic, you were aware that you had been warned of some dreadful impending tragedy. Unable to recall the source of the warning or the nature of the tragedy, the fear of it would color all of your moods. That is somewhat the way with fears acquired in early childhood. Not recognized as to source, forgotten as to their objects, they become just free, abstract, diffusive fears.

Most people, as I have said, regard psychiatry as containing more than a little black magic. For them, it is at this point that the element of magic creeps in.

"Granted that you can discover some underlying cause for an emotional attitude, such as the influence of your great-aunt," they will say, "how can that discovery 'cure' you of such a habit as drinking?"

I think I can make the answer understandable by means of an inexact, but still illustrative analogy. If you heard a rumor of very tragic personal import to you, it would affect your emotions in some manner. You might weep. You might take to liquor. You might do any number of things. Certainly, your emotions—your mood—would be affected by it. Then, suppose you check back on this rumor and find it is false. Will you not stop weeping? Will your grief not pass? Will you not get back on a normal footing with liquor? Well, I checked back on my rumor and found it was baseless. What my aunt told me was nothing but the foolish talk of a morbid and hysterical old lady. When I can see that such talk is the basis of my attitudes, it is like discovering that the bad news wasn't true.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. I still like to drink, and do drink whenever I wish to. But there is no fundamental instinct any longer compelling me to do so. I control drinking; it no longer controls me. Also, I still share the same intellectual convictions I had before I went to a psychiatrist. But I realize that these convictions are not functions of congenital temperament.

My own case must have been only one of countless thousands like it; and alcoholic cases represent only a small fraction of the everyday problems with which psychiatry can deal. Indeed, it is precisely within the realm of everyday problems that the greatest value of psychiatric aid lies. Extreme cases of melancholia, alcoholism, and what-not often find their way to psychiatric hospitals because of their very severity. It is the millions of people who go through life burdened, day after day, with needless fears, jealousies, personal antagonisms, lack of self-confidence and all the other small, but cumulatively important, mental and emotional ills, that need to know about psychiatry.

If the public at large could be made to understand that psychiatry is just as much a branch of medicine as is surgery; that it is practised, not by mystics, faddists, or fakers, but by members of the medical profession with specialized training in the psychiatric field; that it has no more relationship to the innumerable fads and frauds practised under the various labels of "psycho" than surgery has to palmistry; and that it is not just an interesting theory, useful only for determining whether or not people are insane, but a practical and workable treatment for relieving an infinite variety of human ills—if this story could be got across to the public, it seems to me that a valuable service would be performed.

Eliminating Parents

By Louise Maunsell Field

During the past few decades there has been a general speeding up. Changes have come so fast that the world we know differs more from our grandparents' than did theirs from Tut-ankh-amen's. And nowhere has this speeding up been more notable than in that process of parental elimination now going on so rapidly. The attributes and responsibilities and compulsions once implied by parenthood have been discarded one after another until parents, as parents, have become mere feeble vestiges of their former selves.

The process began fairly recently. You needn't go back to the Roman Paterfamilias to find the power of the parent in full force. Tudor England knew it, and our own Pilgrim Fathers. Nor need you listen to any nonsense about the "Revolt of Youth." Youth never has had the means or the understanding with which to revolt effectively against middle age unless middle age wished to be revolted against. It is middle age which has gradually divested itself of those hampering traditions and attributes once imposed by parenthood. Pretending to act under compulsion, it has considered only its own comfort and advantage.

What were these bothersome attributes and traditions, most of which have been discarded?

Primarily, they were the quintessence of what your true modern loathes most: responsibility. Parents were expected to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"look after" their children; order their manners and their morals, arrange their marriages and careers, provide for their future in this world and the next, teach them, discipline them, and exact their obedience. Which now seems an appallingly stiff program. Being a parent was the hardest kind of hard work, a job which, theoretically at least, made it almost impossible for parents ever to do as they pleased. Consequently, when the gospel of doing as you please was transformed into a dogma, parents began to rebel.

Father was the first. How in heaven's name, he demanded, was he to supervise the children's morals while making money enough to pay their bills? When farmers were in the majority and even bankers came home to midday dinner, Father was on hand at regular intervals to exercise his authority; with city and suburban life predominating, the hours spent in the office on the increase and those spent in the home on the decrease, he simply wasn't there to do it. Besides, his golf handicap must be considered, not to mention the rubber of bridge at his club. So he turned his parental responsibilities over to Mother, retaining only those of paymaster.

This arrangement lasted some time. Then Mother too grew restless. She wanted to keep up her own business or profession or amusements; to go to office or tea dance or cocktail party, according to her tastes and disposition. Being an astute person, she soon invented that plea of helplessness beloved by the modern parent.

"Betty's so finicky about her food! I can't do a thing with her," protests Betty's mamma to her friend Mrs. Brown. "I wish Sammy and Polly wouldn't stay out until three or four o'clock every morning! But I can't do anything with them. These modern boys and girls don't pay any attention to what their mothers say," pleads Mrs. Smith when Mrs. Jones remarks upon sixteen-year-old Polly's lack of any color that doesn't come out of a box.

Both Betty's mother and Polly's know perfectly well that they aren't half as helpless as they pretend, but making any real effort to control their children would mean giving themselves a good deal of trouble. It isn't necessary for Mrs. Smith to bring her family to the "smart" summer resort where dances which end with breakfast are in order for sub-debs, but most of her friends go there, and she wouldn't have so good a time anywhere else. She says she takes the children there because it's healthy or because they like it, protesting that she thinks only of them, never of herself! For much of the familiar parental jargon remains, though parents are eliminating themselves so rapidly. The "I can't" slogan renounces authority and disclaims responsibility. Its adoption marks a distinct advance in the process whereby parents are divesting themselves of parenthood.

For the simple truth is that most parents regard parenthood as an unspeakable nuisance.

They wouldn't admit it for worlds; on the contrary, they'd deny it vehemently. But though an old saying it is true that actions speak louder than words. Look at the way the more wealthy parents, those best able to do as they like, arrange to park their offspring! As soon as the baby is born, it is handed over to a trained infant's nurse. From her ministrations, it passes to those of governess or kindergarten. There are doubtless a few exceptional women who would prefer to have a little something to do with the rearing of their children, but Freudianism and modern child-psychology have so terrified the modern mother that she scarcely dares to glance at her child for fear of giving it fixations or complexes of some peculiarly obnoxious kind. She can wrestle successfully with the approach-forcing system, discuss the war debts and understand the NRA, but the mere thought of what may happen should she neglect the latest theories of child-study is enough to give her neurasthenia. Joyfully she turns Jimmy or Jenny over to those "specialists" who make a point of having the newest ideas on tap. A little later, schools, play directors, and summer camps assume responsibility for Jimmy and Jenny, so that long before they are ready for college the last people to whom they'd think of turning for anything but cash are their parents. Meanwhile, these have been set free to live their lives as individuals, not parents. Among the wealthy, the eliminating process is so nearly completed that parents have only two functions left: giving birth and paying bills.

Among the laboring and white-collar classes, even this latter is growing swiftly if not beautifully less. More and more, the government is assuming responsibility for feeding, clothing, educating, and doctoring the youth of the nation. Public schools no longer limit themselves to an amiable effort to cram tons of information into brains capable of containing less than a pound; they provide lunches as well, not to mention medical care, recreation, etc. An immense amount of piffle has been written about the way the depression has "strengthened home ties," by the simple if unpleasant process of making it impossible for people to go anywhere else. No one of course believes that any normal, one-hundred or even fifty per cent American ever stays at home for any reason except lack of means to get away, but there seems to be some faint hope among professed moralists that if people—*other* people!—are obliged to remain in it long enough they may eventually acquire a sort of Prisoner of Chillon-ish affection for that extremely unpopular place. But whether this is true or not, the depression has undeniably accustomed many people to depositing on the government responsibilities they themselves used to assume; especially responsibilities concerning their children.

Fifth Avenue parents park their offspring on nurses, governesses, and those "advanced" schools which so admirably unfit the young for life by training them to do as they please and to expect to go on doing as they please in a world where existence is largely composed of doing as you don't please. Avenue B parents park theirs in the street from the time school closes until eleven or twelve at night, or if able to spare dimes, send them to the movies to be educated a good deal less expensively but only a little less efficiently to a complete unpreparedness for life as it is.

Though method, reason, and excuse may differ, the result is the same. As parents, Mrs. Plutocrat and Mrs. Proletariat are about equally eliminated.

As for Mrs. Whitecollar, she imitates one or the other according to the size of her husband's salary. Circumstances of finance and social convention usually prevent her from eliminating herself as a parent to the degree achieved by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mesdames Plutocrat and Proletariat, but she does her best, and often succeeds astonishingly well.

One by one, parental functions have been abandoned. Now parents, as parents, are required to do little more than bring children into the world and pay the expenses necessitated by their being here. It looks, moreover, very much as if these two requirements would speedily disappear, and parents with them. In the winter of 1932–33 thousands of childen were fed in public schools and by charity organizations. Undoubtedly, the economic situation made this necessary, as it made many other things necessary. But when recovery has come, what then?

Will those parents who were compelled to turn their responsibilities over to the state assume them again, when jobs become plentiful once more? Not unless human nature loses its fondness for getting something for nothing. And how long, think you, will Mr. and Mrs. Whitecollar struggle to feed and clothe their children themselves, while they see Mr. and Mrs. Proletariat's being cared for by the government? No longer than social conventions demand. Just as only a handful of parents, comparatively speaking, continue to pay for their children's education, so in the future will only a handful pay for their maintenance, and those the ones to whom such payment means little or nothing of the self-sacrifice once synonymous with parenthood.

When this has come about, only one function will be left to parents: the biological. And this too may disappear. Already scientists are predicting the coming of the time when they will be able to create life in their laboratories, after which, no doubt, Congress will be expected to decide just how many babies physicists shall turn out each year, in order that the population may be kept at the proper size.

Parents will thereupon follow the dinosaur and the pterodactyl into extinction. Having successfully divested themselves of all the other attributes and uses of parenthood, when this last function of theirs is gone, they will be entirely superfluous. Men and women, young and old and middle-aged, we will still have with us, but parents will be finally, and no doubt painlessly, eliminated.

LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

Western Mining Town

By Waino Nyland

Butte—the copper camp of the early 1900's, and the story of a family who came there from Finland. Their story is written by a son of the family, who is now an instructor at the University of Colorado

Up in the Rockies of Montana the mountains part and leave a huge hollow. This hollow is barren and jagged and deep, like a crater on the moon. On the sandy flat in the centre is the cemetery, the hub of Silver Bow County—a county where the dead outnumber the living. Pushed up against the northern slope are the buildings of Butte. And on top of the ridge itself are the mines. They flaunt their smokestacks, steel gallows-frames, ore dumps, red hoisting sheds, ore chutes, and manure heaps.

Butte is a copper camp, and shows it: treeless, grassless—devoid of all natural vegetation. The sulphur smoke has done its work well. People drive ten miles to find enough dandelions for a little wine.

Butte never sleeps. Day shift, night shift, and "graveyard" shift, the work goes on—loaded ore trains squeal and slip around the curves of Anaconda Hill, hoisting engines spit out steam, stacks belch out black smoke, and ore crashes into chutes.

This camp is lusty and busy, while other Western mining camps sleep—the sleep of death: Virginia City, Bannock, Central City, Gold Hill, Tombstone—"ghost towns," in whose deserted streets wander the souls of other years.

Butte survives and thrives because the ore bodies—its lifeblood—have not been exhausted—because miners can still find "rock to put in the box."

That is the everlasting cry of the shift bosses: "No loafing, youse guys; we want rock in the box."

The skip chutes, the stope chutes, and the surface chutes must be kept full.

II

To this camp came my parents a few years before this century had reached its 'teens. My father was twenty-five, and my mother the same age. They were "kids," you would say, unless you happened to know that they had three of their own. I was five, and my two sisters, three and two respectively.

My father had started life with a verve—married at nineteen, inherited an estate, farmed, dealt in race horses, dairying, and lumbering—until a flood swept thirty thousand marks' worth of his timber into the Baltic Sea. Fearing arrest, he had grabbed three thousand marks out of the safe (an act that made his getaway still more imperative) and left for America. The estate, which had belonged to our family for three hundred years, was sold at auction by the sheriff.

Emil, a former worker on our estate, got us started in our new "home-land." He had a house all waiting for us on our arrival, and on the following day

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he took my father to the Tramway mine, which was under the management of "Long John," a genial six-foot-six man, whose fair treatment of miners had made him the most popular "boss" in camp.

Father caught the American spirit and hired out as a miner instead of a mucker, in spite of his lack of experience. But he wasn't going to stop with being a wage-earning miner either. With Emil he planned to open up a mine of his own as soon as he acquired some experience.

My mother, though, felt no zest for this new life. She cried a great deal. She was a gentle girl who had come from a most respected family—whose friends had all wondered why she had married such a reckless youth. Their fears seem to have been justified, for here she was, homeless and penniless, stuck down into this hole in the Rocky Mountains, into Butte, a city of which she had never heard. In fact, she even mispronounced it, calling it "Bŭt-tēe."

But my father worked hard. After two months of mining at the Tramway to "get the hang of ropes," that is, a knowledge of timbering, stoping, drilling, and blasting, as well as an understanding of veins, leads, dips, and the composition of copper ores, he and Emil secured a lease to a mine belonging to a well-known mining man, Jim Wall.

Undeterred by the hundreds of abandoned "gopher holes" on the mountain sides, and undiscouraged by the monopoly of the mining companies on the best ore-producing ground, the two men began their mining venture. Every morning as the whistles of the big mines blared out eight o'clock, my father and Emil disappeared into the mouth of their little shaft. At noon they reappeared and walked to our house, only a block away, for a hurried lunch; then back into the mine again until evening.

Weeks passed. They labored mightily, full of faith and hope. The copper market was booming, and copper stocks in Wall Street were skyrocketing to unheard-of figures. William Rockefeller, H. H. Rogers, and others had secured control of the Amalgamated properties, which included the best mines in camp, and were swelling their already swollen fortunes. William A. Clark, a "local boy," reaped from five to ten million dollars a year from his mines. Fortunes were just around the corner for anybody who tried!

But Emil and my father made no rich "strikes." After school hours I often stopped to peer down their dark shaft, but never a sound came from that black silence. It seemed impossible that two human beings were down there "drifting." Sometimes I would accidentally push a stone over the brink; then out of the dark would come a splash as the rock landed in the watery "sump."

One noon the men failed to appear. After a half hour of waiting, we all marched to the mine and began shouting down the shaft. But no one answered. Neighbors gathered—women, children, and old men—the others were at work. We all took turns at shouting; but only our own voices echoed back, hollow and unnatural. We feared to descend the ladder, not knowing what rungs were missing or what devious turns it made.

One hour passed. We children did not return to school, but clustered about the shaft on our hands and knees. Mother was becoming frantic. Something had to be done. Then—after two hours of waiting—came voices out of the earth. Soon two lights blinked and bobbed, ascending the shaft slowly.

Father and Emil appeared. They gazed in astonishment at the throng. Their first words were: "What time is it?"

Emil's dollar watch had stopped!

After two months of working, the men were ready to hoist ore. Jim Wall installed a hoisting engine. I remember yet the thrill I experienced as the first bucketful of ore came up with father perched on a little platform above it. He stood blinking in the dazzling daylight, an undisguised look of pride on his face. We all looked at the "pay dirt," gray and purple rock, still warm from the underground heat.

After hoisting for several days, Father and Emil took a "lay-off" while waiting for their money. Their expectations were high: a nice fat check for each. But when the remittance came from the smelter, the figures were surprisingly small—hardly day's pay for one man. By the time Jim Wall had taken his fifty per cent the remittance had become a pittance. The two disappointed men went back to work for "Long John."

III

My adjustment to American life was easy. I learned English quickly; and I scrambled over ore-dumps and set off dynamite caps just as readily as I had climbed around the hayloft in the "old country." I was like a fish taken from one bowl and put into another; the adjustment was painless.

My new playmates badgered me with nicknames, and my first fight ended in a black eye for me. But I retaliated the next day in full measure by smacking my opponent in the eye with a stone. This episode immediately established me as a social human being in the gang.

One day my mother sent me out to buy a head of cabbage from a Chinese pedlar. I handed the man my dime first and asked for the vegetable; but the pedlar was interrupted in the middle of the bargain by a housewife. By the time she made her purchase, he denied receiving any money from me. He not only refused to give me a cabbage, but he put me off the wagon too for my impudence. But my gang, incensed at such injustice, waited till the Chinaman went to a neighbor's door. Then they pounced upon his wares. Each grabbed a handful and ran around the corner. The spoils were put into my arms—carrots, turnips, rutabagas, beets, lettuce, and four cabbages! My ten cents had purchased a week's supply!

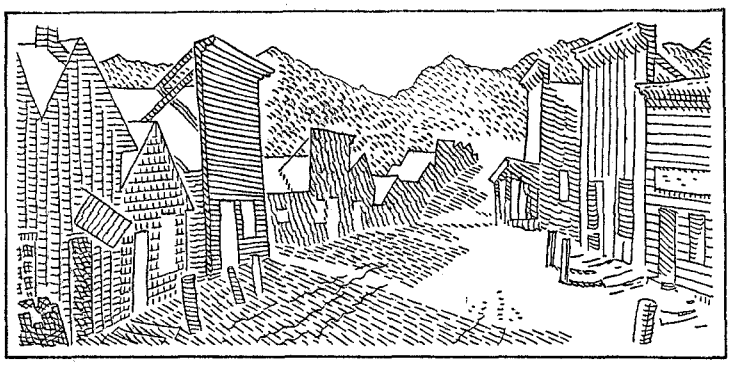
Our community consisted of good solid Americans—mostly of English and Welsh descent, who owned their homes and were imbued with good American aspirations. Their children usually became clerks and office workers. I am impressed now—since I have attained maturity—by the honesty, intelligence, and kindness that characterized these people.

But not all sections of the city were so American. The "brick-house" Irish inhabited the suburb of Centerville, haughtily overlooking the entire city. Just below them, in Dublin Gulch, lived the "shanty" Irish. This section was reputed to be "hard-boiled." The boys there were great fighters, and when we ventured near them we carried a rock in our hands and a supply of iron slugs in our pockets. They had one enviable distinction: no dog-catcher ever dared molest their mongrel pets!

Over on the other side of Anaconda Hill, in Meaderville, lived the Italians. In this community everything was Ital-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ian from the spaghetti on the table to the pigs in the streets. The once beautiful Silver Bow Creek runs through Meaderville, but it is now so full of mine tailings that the Italians laugh and say, "Dat damn water ees so muddie dat it look lak durty I-reesh potato soop!"



From Meaderville emanated magnificent funerals, headed by brass bands and by priests in full church regalia. It was awe-inspiring to see men thus honored by the church and by friends. Men were not carted away to the cemetery through side-streets. No, a dead man commanded the main thoroughfare, and his importance was measured by the length of his funeral—one mile, two miles, or even three miles, as was the case of Bertoglio, the merchant.

The Irish and the Italians were a cheerful lot and caused little trouble. Occasionally they celebrated to an excess, but their fights, knifings, and family beatings were settled peacefully in police court and forgotten at next Sunday's mass.

IV

No matter how varied their customs, how different their ideals, these people were linked by a common life, and perhaps by a common fate. The men immediately felt a kinship when they donned their overalls and started up Anaconda Hill, swinging their lunch pails. The hardships and risks of mining united them to each other and to the earth itself.

It was not long before we shared the usual fears of every miner's family: falling rock, fires, gas, electrocution, explosions, "missed holes," uncovered manways, cave-ins, "miner's con," and runaway cages. Many widows lived in our community, for forty-five, or even forty, is a ripe old age for a miner. Some live to be older, of course. But a "hard-rock" miner is usually through after he has spent fifteen years down in the "hole." By that time he has contracted the "con" or tuberculosis. No man's lungs can long withstand the poor air of the stopes or the dust spewed out by the machine drills—aptly called the "widow-makers."

The first serious accident in our community after our arrival was the dramatic death of John Bartel. He was a Swedish neighbor, and my sisters played daily with his two daughters. The accident wasn't heralded by any screaming sirens: the news just popped off a housewife's tongue when she came to our back door:

"John Bartel is killed!"

Quickly other women came running, each with bits of information. Their reports put together revealed that a cage at one of the mines had broken loose and dropped to the sump with four men aboard.

I wanted more information, and when several older boys came running by on the way to the mine, I joined them. Mother shouted at me, but I did not heed her calling.

At the mine we found hundreds of people about the mine yard. The engine house was a wreck, holes gaping through its roof and walls, and torn sheet iron dangling and squeaking in the breeze. The big steel drum of the hoisting engine had burst when the dropping cage had caused it to whirl too fast. People were gathered around some of the pieces of steel, hundreds of feet from the shed, examining the broken gear wheels, or picking up spokes and connecting rods.

We quickly learned how the accident had happened. Mr. Bartel, a shift boss, and his men had stepped on the cage, to be lowered only sixty feet. How easily they could have climbed down those sixty feet on a ladder! Instead they got on the cage. A lever broke on the hoisting engine. Immediately they started to drop, with nothing between them and the sump. What a ride they must have had, the cage tearing out stays, smashing lagging, and slicing timbers as if they were pieces of sausage! They made a clean sweep of the shaft, leaving the sump piled high with wreckage and the shaft useless for further service. Theirs was a memorable death; they had not been crushed brutally under a rock in an isolated tunnel, or snuffed out by gas in a stope. No, they had wrecked a whole mine and made it inaccessible for the time being.

Mrs. Bartel, soon after her husband's bones had been separated, after a fashion, from those of his comrades and boxed up, left for her native home in Sweden, a heartbroken woman.

The shaft was never used again, for a new one had just been completed. Though the bodies of the men were entirely removed from the sump, their spirits are supposed to haunt it. If you look down the shaft on certain days, you can see four pairs of eyes staring up. Those eyes are lonely, and they look up at the sides of their memorial, higher than the pyramids built for the ancient Egyptian kings! Higher than Washington's monument! Even higher than Eiffel tower, or the latest sky-scraper in New York! Those four miners have a memorial two thousand two hundred feet high, hewn out of solid granite.

V

In every mining camp ghosts are occasionally seen down in the bowels of the earth. They return to haunt their old drifts to see how the new miners are getting along. They can be seen as shiny eyes floating through the tunnels. Sometimes they are displeased and hide shovels or lunch buckets, upset cars, or ring for the cage to exasperate the engineer. Every old-time hoisting engineer has received a ring from a mine level where no one is working. If he lowers the cage, it comes up empty.

Most miners don't talk about ghosts. They all have heard many unexplainable noises in the mines, and they know that some fellows actually do see "things"—for example, the white goat that wanders through the mines west of Anaconda Hill. He turns up anywhere, for all the mines are connected. He sneaks upon a miner and is likely to butt him into a chute or a manway.

Some miners, though, exclaim con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

temptuously, "Hell, they ain't no sech things! A fella what sees 'em has jest got the snakes—too much alcohol in his guts."

Some years ago Jerry spoke like that. He's a different man now. He's pale and old looking, for Jerry's the guy whose blood turned to water. He doesn't talk much, but all the miners know his story:

Jerry and his partner and the "shifter" went down to the fourteen-hundred level one day to start a new crosscut. They found the wiring hadn't been fixed and the cave-in hadn't been cleaned up. In fact, nothing had been done on night shift. The day "shifter" swears and tells Jerry's partner to come with him and they'll get an electrician and a machine-drill damn quick. He says those guys on night shift must-a-had the jimmies and forgot everything. He swears at the night engineer who said he got a ring from the twelve-hundred level. He sent the cage down there, but of course no one comes up. The damned level hadn't been worked for a couple of years. The engineer was drunk, maybe.

Jerry was left alone. He begins mucking the rock into the cars. But as soon as the men disappear, a timber pops as though it's going to break. But it soon eases off and decides to hold up the works a little while longer. Then water splashes far down the dark drift; but he know's there's no water near. Damned funny. Then a rock plops out from a lagging above as if somebody dropped it deliberately.

Jerry pokes his shovel up into the hole, but no more dirt comes out. There goes that water splashing again. He hears a squish-squish like somebody's walking in wet boots. Why in the hell don't his partner and the "shifter" hurry back, Jerry thinks. They've been gone a damn long time—long enough to round up all the electricians and repair men in the mine.

But he keeps on mucking. His carbide lamp begins to flicker. He shakes it and pumps on it. The flame catches up. But no sooner does he hook it up on the stull than out it goes as if somebody poked it. He lights a match damn quick. All the time he's thinking of what happened on the twelve-hundred last night, the next level up. "Somebody rang for the cage twice, and no one comes up," goes through his head. There's a manway not far up the drift going up there, too.

He feels his knees get a little weak as he thinks of a sudden that he's the only one on the whole damn fourteen-hundred. Why don't those guys hurry and fix the lights? He shovels fast to keep from thinking any more.

His lamp flickers some more, but he doesn't stop to tinker with it. Then something taps him on the shoulder, kind of light. Jes' Christ, his hair stands up straight, but he shovels faster. Then the tap comes again—hard this time, like a bony finger digging into him.

He looks round. There stands the body of a man with no legs and arms, and his face is all dirt, as if he just crawled out from under a cave-in. Jerry is most paralyzed, but he high-tails it down the drift toward the station.

But the thing is right after him, just as if it had legs. Jerry screams like a crazy man. He's nearing the station, but what in hell will he do when he gets there? There's only the shaft to jump into.

He sees the electric lights of the station. Maybe a skip will be coming up and he'll leap right into it as it passes. He won't care if it kills him.

But what's this? The cage is at the level waiting for him, just as though he's been expected!

Jerry hops on and rings to be hoisted. He closes his eyes, for the thing has got on the cage with him. He sticks out his arms and pushes the thing off. But it follows underneath and keeps right up with the cage.

Jerry's a goner when he reaches the surface. He's sunk down in the cage like a dead man and has to be carried off and sent to the hospital.

He stayed there a long time, a nervous and physical wreck. When he came out he got a job as a watchman; for his blood had turned to water. Jerry never speaks a word about it. If you ask him any questions, he'll look dumb and tell you to get the hell out of his way.

VI

We had lived in Butte only eleven years when my father contracted the "con." He laid off a month to recuperate, and then went back into the mines. But his "wind" was gone, and he had to come home.

No one could realize that he was doomed. He walked about and ate his meals, though sparingly. But with the passing months he grew weaker and his face became sallow and his eyes hollow; the eyeballs themselves became bright and luminous.

Then he was confined to bed. We knew that his days were numbered. Though only thirty-seven, he had lived his life. On the morning of Independence Day he died. Children were on the streets shooting firecrackers; and men and women, in their best clothes, were hurrying uptown to see the big parade. They were celebrating their independence and freedom: opportunity—golden America! Quite ironic for our family.

Emil remained our friend. In our home he had always been quiet and thoughtful. But with Father's death he changed completely. He swore at the mining companies, and spoke loudly of revenge. The violent denunciations in *The Butte Bulletin* pleased him. "That's it—that's it!" he would exclaim. "Show those dirty yellow dogs up!"

Emil had become a Socialist! He attended meetings and took part in the radicals' schemes. He promptly lost his job with "Long John," but he changed his name and got a job at the Granite Mountain, a mine belonging to another company.

Then one morning before dawn we were awakened by our neighbors. A fire had broken out at the Granite Mountain mine. We dressed hurriedly, for Emil was working "graveyard" shift.

Returning miners said that the whole mine was on fire and that over half of the four hundred on the night shift had perished. While the rising sun streaked the eastern horizon with a dirty pallor, neighbors darted from one house to another exchanging news. Each homecoming miner was questioned.

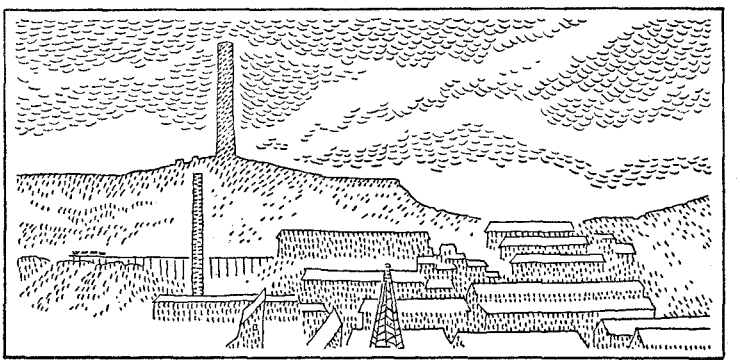
As the morning drew on, Emil did not return. I started for the mine. Many men were going the same way, and I joined one of the groups. Silently I plodded up Anaconda Road with them, listening to their talk. Other miners were returning. We could instantly recognize a miner that had escaped out of Granite Mountain. He was escorted by several people, perhaps a wife or a child, and on his face appeared a peculiar self-conscious smile.

"Have you seen Emil?" I hailed each one. "Emil—Anderson?" It seemed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strange to be calling him by a false name.

"No, sonny, I don't know him." Or, "The last time I saw him was on the cage at the beginning of the shift."



Some stopped to give us a few details of the accident. A power cable had caught fire at the bottom of the shaft and had filled the mine with smoke and gas so quickly that few had had time to escape.

As I reached the mine and saw smoke pouring out of the shaft, my heart sank. Hundreds of people had gathered outside the fence. Officers jostled them at the gate, keeping a passageway open for ambulances and rescue squads.

But the crowd was orderly—only a constant mumble of voices, with here and there a whimper of a woman or child. No live miners were brought to the surface, only dead ones. Some of us climbed upon a box car where we could peek over the fence. Inside men moved about with Draeger gasmasks over their heads—spectral figures, symbolizing death itself. Ambulances and undertaker buses were parked at the shaft mouth.

When a cage came up with a body, we would shout, "Who is it?"

"John Boardman," would come from the rescue squad.

"John Boardman!" we would relay to the crowd below us.

Perhaps a woman would start to sob. Then a black bus would pull out of the yard and through the crowd, honking and racing the motor loudly to scare the people back.

After several hours I started home. Emil was still among the hundreds missing.

As I turned down Anaconda Road I met people coming from all directions. I learned that no miners had gone to work, and that a strike was on. The temper of the crowd leaving the mine became apparent. A fellow stood on a smoke-grimed rock, with a group encircling him. He shouted and pointed to the mines all around the hill:

"Stay out of those holes! Show those sons of bitches that you're not going back until they're made safe and decent for human beings . . ." And so on.

The nearer I approached the city, the more excited the people appeared to be. Men and women were running about, and dogs kept up a constant barking as they chased autos or fought among themselves. Miners who had started to go to work were returning, their full lunch pails slung under their arms.

One miner, though, had started up Anaconda Road, determined to go to work. But several husky Finnish and Irish women stopped him. He shouted threateningly at them. A woman snatched his lunch pail and threw the contents at him—hot coffee, sandwiches, and pie. He shouted foul names, but the women retorted with fouler ones. Several men joined them, and down went the miner, a woman beating him over the head with his own lunch bucket. Officers coming by in an auto rescued him and rushed him away.

The middle of Anaconda Road was kept clear by the ambulances snorting down the hill, their brakes squealing as they held back their loads of dead miners.

The accident was a "break" for the undertakers—one hundred sixty-three bodies when the final count was made! The morticians had to work overtime to take care of the rush. Some of the miners were not found until four days after the fire, their bodies in an advanced state of decomposition—a condition that made the work of the undertakers quite disagreeable. . . .

Emil was among those found last. He was discovered at the end of a drift with a jumper thrown over his head and his mouth over the end of a compressed-air pipe. The supply of air had been cut off when falling timbers had broken all underground connections. He was immediately sealed in a casket and tucked away in the cemetery, never to be viewed by his friends.

VII

Mother wept more than she ever had. I know that she was fond of Emil and probably would have married him—though she had often declared after Father's death that she would never marry another miner. She did not want to endure again the daily fear that her husband would not return safely from work.

Mother talked of going back to her native home. But a queer quirk of fate changed the plans of the family again. She developed an illness that made it impossible for her to travel. She could not even take short drives without becoming deathly sick. Those thousands of miles that separated her from Sweden rose before her like a bad dream, and her girlhood home seemed farther away than the moon is from the earth.

Her malady became aggravated, and she began to look forward to death as the only relief. We, her children, now grown up, tried to cheer her, but she wanted to die. And finally she did win her struggle and passed on.

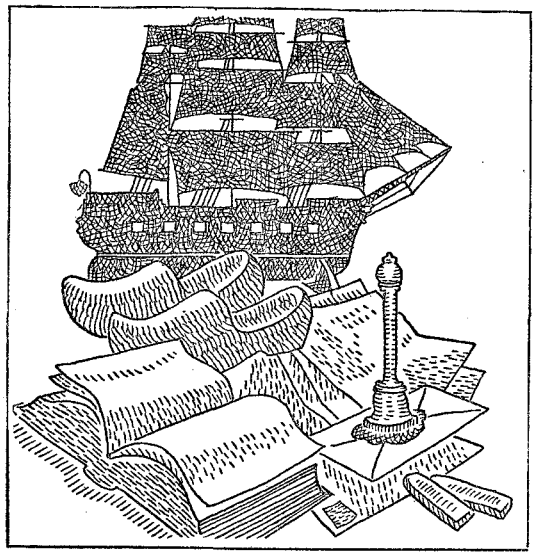
Her last instructions were to have the bells of her home-church in Sweden rung for her, and to have the church records completed so that the date of her death was inscribed along with that of her birth, baptism, confirmation, and marriage—the whole cycle rounded out!

Her last smile was no doubt inspired by a picture of that white-domed church, amid trees and shrubbery, and the bells booming out their thunderous peals for her: Johanna Traisk, who used to go to church on Sunday, hand in hand with her family and among friends—who had married Joel (that gay whippersnapper of a fellow) and had died in a copper camp in far-off America!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps



The Unforgotten Prisoner . . . Prayers and Pray-ers . . . Songs and the Past . . . What "Clean" Means . . . Books and People . . . Fano and A. Adverse Clubs

Two years ago I reviewed at considerable length in this column a first novel by a young Englishman, R. C. Hutchinson. The book was called *The Answering Glory* and I shall remember it as long as I live. The heroine was neither young nor fair nor was she clever; the author began the book by dealing himself a very poor hand. She was however a *heroine,* a rather refreshing thing in these days when so many novels have for their leading character only a female. She was inspiring; when I finished the story, I felt like cheering.

The second novel by this young author has strengthened my already strong faith in his powers. I am so sure now of his coming eminence that I urge Scribnerians to watch his steady rise toward it. I recommend again his first book, *The Answering Glory,* and then also his novel of 1934, *The Unforgotten Prisoner.* The only similarity observable in the two books is their literary excellence; they are as different in plot, characterization, and general features as two books could well be.

This new novel, *The Unforgotten Prisoner,* has one fault absent from the first book; it is too long; there are unnecessary details. But I urge readers not to become weary in these doldrums and not to skip.

Apart from this defect, the story is magnificent. The characters are astonishingly real and when the widow tells the Englishman that if she had many husbands he would probably kill them all, the poignant anguish of that scene is almost unbearable. There are other episodes impossible to forget. The separation of the married pair very early in the novel, from which a long train of tragedies inevitably follows; the idyllic pilgrimage of the boy and girl in Germany; the anarchic horrors that accompany defeat in war; the complete and sincere misunderstanding of the people of one country by those of another, which is the result of that successful enemy of truth—propaganda.

While *The Unforgotten Prisoner* is a work of art and teaches nothing directly, one may learn many things. I think its chief emphasis is on the absolute sacredness of personality, and the title-page might well have carried a line from Browning,

'Tis an awkward thing to play with souls.

The stolid, respectable, religiously orthodox father, who forced his son to give up what seemed to British respectability a wife socially unworthy, and the appalling consequences of that separation, are presented by the novelist with an impressiveness that gains by its unemphasized portrayal. The father went back home, slept well after his journey, felt he had saved his son from a mistake that would have ruined his life, congratulated himself and the family—and finally died in the odor of complacent sanctity; not knowing that if he had been the most deliberately devilish of all Iagos, he could not have wrought more evil. And the son? Well, better study that humorless prig for yourself.

Apart from the mere beauty of artistic creation, which I am aware is a worthy end in itself, I think the chief service performed for mankind by poets, novelists, and dramatists, is their insistence on the importance of the individual. He may be labelled Englishman, German, Tory, Communist; but he is first and last and all the time a human being. When we injure, hamper, harass, or impose our will on a child, a man, or a woman, we are meddling with an organism more delicately complex and more precious than any machine ever invented or any image of gold.

One scene in the novel describes how a man caught in the top story of a house on fire, gradually makes his way down to safety; and finally, after terrible suffering, his clothes and hair burning, but he himself safe at last, succeeds in the desperate struggle for his life, emerges from the door on the front steps and is coolly shot by a distant soldier, who, as he sees him crumple and fall, gives the self-satisfied sigh of the sportsman who has brought down his bird. This shooter, with self-congratulation, has not the remotest idea of what he has done; and all the way through this book, we see individuals, communities, and nations blundering destructively along, like blind giants trampling over children.

While I was listening to *Die Walküre* at the Metropolitan Opera House last week, I wondered at the good fortune of millions now living and millions in the future; at their good fortune in that Richard Wagner did not die of scarlet fever or perish in one of the innumerable dangers that beset children. It was supremely important that he should grow to manhood.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prayers For All Services, by the Reverend Doctor Morgan Phelps Noyes, is an admirable collection of short prayers, which I wish might be used by many ministers (and others). The old-fashioned "long prayer" was a terrible ordeal; and I used to comfort myself when in rebellion against it, by what Elizabeth Barrett Browning said —that when our good taste is offended by a prayer or a service, we should remember that God has to be more patient than ourselves after all. For He has to listen and take it as a compliment.

There are prayers of extensive and varied information; there are prayers so filled with *clichés* that they must almost strain the divine patience; there are prayers aimed unmistakably at some individual. Once a deacon who was fond of smoking was present in church when the pastor preached against tobacco; when the deacon told me of this, he said at the end of the sermon the pastor asked him to lead in prayer, whereupon he rose and uttered a petition that the pastor might have some common sense.

At an old-fashioned prayer-meeting, the pastor asked Mr. Brown to lead in prayer. Mr. Brown rose and said, "I was about to make a few remarks; but perhaps I can throw them into the form of a prayer."

I suppose the following story of President McCosh of Princeton is apocryphal; but there are many prayers and pray-ers of which and whom it might be true. Just as the president was about to begin morning chapel, Professor Jones whispered to him, "Please announce that my French class will meet at nine-thirty today instead of at nine, as is customary." The president forgot to give out the notice, but in his closing prayer, he asked

"Bless this university. Bless the students; bless the professors; bless especially Professor Jones, whose French class will meet at nine-thirty instead of at nine, as is customary."

Doctor Noyes's book is a volume of about 300 pages, well arranged according to subject and occasion, with a table of sources, an Index of first lines, an Index of authors, and a Concise Topical Index. I am glad to see among the well-known prayers, selections from the prayers of Stevenson, of Doctor Johnson, and of many men now living. There have never been more eloquent prayers than those of Swift when Stella was dying; but I suppose they were too personal for inclusion.

St. John Ervine, who insists he is not a Christian, has unbounded admiration for the beautiful evening prayer:

Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord, and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of thine only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

One of the most famous prayers is that of St. Chrysostom; it is not always realized that it is addressed to the Second Person of the Trinity.

The prayer of Cardinal Newman, used at funeral services, is already a classic. *O Lord, support us all the day long of our troublous life*—curiously enough, many clergymen leave out the word *troublous,* thinking life does not deserve such an adjective; but although I am an optimist, if this life is not troublous, I don't know what is.

The whole question as to the relative merits of written and extempore prayer depends on the point of view; the written or printed prayer has more dignity and beauty, the extempore seems emotionally more natural and intimate.

An excellent realistic novel of life in Yorkshire is *A Modern Tragedy,* by Phyllis Bentley. The tragedy is both general and particular. The hard times that followed 1929 are reflected in community suffering; but the particular tragedy lies in the moral degradation of the attractive young hero, who is drawn gradually by a more powerful personality into the devious ways of crookedness in business. This novel is written with distinction and bears the stamp of truth to surface manners and to the inner workings of the human heart. It suffers from a necessary feature of its method—too much detail.

The People's Choice, by Herbert Agar, is an important addition to the biographical history of the United States. The first six of our Presidents were statesmen; from them to Harding, where the author pauses in horror, only four have been better than commonplace. The book answers the question in a highly interesting and provocative manner. This is one of the best books on the general subject that I have ever read; and I have read a great many. Two of the "advances" in recent years have in my own opinion added to our degradation—direct primaries, and the election of senators by popular vote instead of by the legislatures. George Washington said that the Constitution was founded on too favorable a view of human nature; what would he think now?

Of course it is natural to look upon one's own times pessimistically. *The Philadelphia Bulletin* on Washington's Birthday published an extract from *The U. S. Gazette* of Feb. 22, 1834—one hundred years ago—in which it was stated that our country had sunk to a despicable level.

> This is the birth day of Washington. Almost all of the national pride in the event, of general felicitation of the day, is lost in the consideration of the present sufferings of our citizens. Each man who knows aught of Washington exclaims—
>
> "—Woe is me,
> Seeing what I've seen, seeing what I see."

Let me once more call attention to the completely satisfactory Centenary Edition of the Works of Tolstoy, translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. It is the only complete edition in English. Each volume has an introduction by a British or American writer; two volumes are devoted to the Life of Tolstoy, written by the translators. This edition, begun as a monument for the centennial of Tolstoy's birth, is still in process of publication; the volumes are handy in size and weight, most attractive in every way, and the price is low. This set, printed in England, should have a very large sale in America.

A few years ago, V. H. Collins edited a volume called *Lord Byron in His Letters,* which gave an admirable presentment of the poet's personality. And now, for those who wish a larger number of Byron's letters in one volume, I recommend *The Letters of George Gordon, 6th Lord Byron,* Selected by R. G. Howarth, with an Introduction by André Maurois. There are sixteen contemporary portraits. This is a book of nearly 500 pages, with an index; it is the best and most complete one-volume edition of Byron's letters that has ever appeared. So romantic in his poetry, so eminently common-sensible in his prose—how

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well he illustrates in both the British temperament!

I welcome, in the charming Golden Treasury Series, *Chosen Poems of Thomas Hardy*. This is a pocket-size volume, with thick paper; it will probably have an enormous circulation. The name of the chooser is not given—Mrs. Hardy?

The Best Poems of 1933, edited by Thomas Moult, opens with Vachel Lindsay. Both British and Americans are included and I am glad to see David Morton represented, as he is one of the best of our nature poets.

The Use of Poetry and The Use of Criticism, being the lectures delivered at Harvard by T. S. Eliot in 1932–1933, is an important addition to recent works in literary criticism.

Paul Marchand and Other Poems is the title of a thin volume of dialect verse by the accomplished Canadian poet, Wilson MacDonald; imagination and humor are happily mingled.

Beowulf is merely a cloudy name to most readers of English literature; to a few it recalls terrific struggles with that exceedingly difficult language, Anglo-Saxon. Therefore I greet with pleasure an illustrated quarto, *The Story of Beowulf,* retold from the epic by Strafford Riggs, and decorated by Henry A. Pitz. There must be a vast number of people who have been looking for this particular book.

Turning from poems to what are called "lyrics"—and remember that prospectuses are now called "literature"—an amusing and fully illustrated volume *They All Sang, From Tony Pastor to Rudy Vallée,* is written by Edward B. Marks in collaboration with Abbott J. Liebling. It might be called a detailed enlargement of Mark Sullivan's *Our Times,* though as you see by the sub-title, it goes back farther. The favorite music-hall songs and "acts" are accurately described, with words and music and an endless flow of entertaining anecdotes. Among the trapeze-performers I miss the name of Charmian; but in the appendix is mentioned Cissy Loftus, who began her American career by giving marvellous imitations of Tony Pastor, Ada Rehan, and others at Koster and Bial's. Do any of my readers remember the Living Pictures at Koster and Bial's? They were the most artistic in New York. Many of the performers mentioned in this book, as the author shows, rose from trivialities to fame—George M. Cohan, for example. This is a valuable addition to theatrical, musical, and social history; and I am pleased to see that Anthony Comstock receives due credit for one important service. The Appendix is colossal in its scholarly details. As 67 per cent of all radio time is given to "music," this book is as up to date as it is historical.

Another gorgeous illustrated history of the recent past is a quarto called *Remember When—,* edited by M. Thérèse Bonney, with a Foreword by Charles Dana Gibson. It is made up of full-page photographs, and the costumes will not be believed except by those who remember them. Bicycling, bathing, tennis, etc. Immensely famous historical personages add to the value and interest of this delightful book; every one who sees it will be grateful to the editor.

Everybody's Lamb, a selection from the *Essays of Elia,* and from the letters and miscellaneous prose of the well-beloved Charles Lamb, is a whole library in itself. It fills 550 pages, is edited in scholarly fashion by A. C. Ward, and almost continuously illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. To mention it should be sufficient.

From Jane Dillworth, of Jamaica Plains, Mass., this excellent anecdote of Kipling:

A few years ago, Betty, a twelve-year-old niece of a family friend, was knocked down by a bicycle in Bermuda. She was seriously injured and was confined to a hospital room for some time. Mrs. Kipling, as I understand it, was in an adjoining room. Mr. Kipling called daily and made it a habit to drop in to see Betty. During these visits, he usually read her a story. On her birthday, Mr. Kipling came bringing with him some gifts of Chinese and Indian origin. He told her that instead of reading to her on that day, he was going to tell her a story. "How will that be?" he said.

Betty answered, "That will be fine. Do you know any good ones?"

From Antonio Alfaro, of Zaragoza, Nueva Eiya, Philippine Islands:

I always read your admirable column in SCRIBNER'S, and it was no small pleasure for me that you reviewed José Garcia Villa's "Footnote to Youth."

Besides being the foremost Filipino short story writer, Villa is also a critic. Although he confines himself to the short story, however, he once made a selection of what he considered the best poems in 1931. I want you to know that much of the writing done in the Philippines is in English.

From Miss Anne Cardwell Pearson, of Mount Vernon, N. Y.:

If you ever print a black list of words used incorrectly, include "ire" as a *verb.* The editor of our daily paper has twice (at least) so used it. I find no authority for its use except as a noun—and I ventured to tell him so, pleasantly, but apparently without result.

An interesting discussion of the vagaries of the English language, from Mrs. Clifford H. Smith, of Proctor, Vt.

I find some things that surprise and puzzle me. The vagaries of the English language are well known in both spelling and pronunciation—as, booze, bruise, lose, sues, views—five different spellings of the same vowel sound. (I've always been thankful that I learned the language as a native instead of as a foreigner.) But how, in the making of the language, did this happen? Go down through the alphabet with ard—bard, card, chard, hard, &c, but when you come to *ward,* the pronunciation is changed. It is the same with ord and, I think, every other combination. Why should the *w* change the vowel sound?

Then this seems stranger still: there are exceptions, but this seems to be the rule, that while *e* is used at the end of words as the other vowels are not, *e* is *not* used in making one-syllable words, or only rarely as compared with the other vowels. Take for instance the combination ng: there are ten angs, fifteen of ing, but not one *e*ng. With many combinations there will be one, sometimes two using the *e,* with fifteen or twenty using the other vowels.

Still another idiosyncrasy: when I go down through the alphabet with ast or ase or any syllable with an *s* in it, there is never a word *beginning* with *s.* The exceptions to this rule are very few. This applies to one-syllable words.

GADGE

I am indebted to Owen Moon, publisher of newspapers in Winston-Salem, N. C., and to Professor I. G. Greer, of Thomasville, N. C., for valuable information.

I was tremendously interested in your scouting about for some daylight on the word "gadge." And feeling that it must be of early, or vernacular, English origin and use, it occurred to me that the best source of American information would be from some authority on the mountain English of North Carolina, and I took the liberty of putting the question up to Professor I. G. Greer of Thomasville, N. C., a leading authority, if not the greatest authority, on the folk songs and ballads of the mountain areas of this state.

You doubtless know that many authorities admit that the purest of the Anglo-Saxon blood in America is to be found in the mountain regions of North Carolina, purest because of no mixture of other races or other blood.

(Professor Greer)

I have never quite been able to agree with the school of thought which holds to the theory that when you once learn a thing you never forget it. But when your letter came

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and I saw the word "gadge" my mind immediately flashed back over the years and I could see again such unique old characters as John Reece, Lewis Greer, Reverend William Wilcox, Isaiah Greer, Hannah Younse and others whom I had heard use the word gadge.

Note these expressions that come to my mind as vividly as if it were yesterday. They were killing hogs at my father's. My uncle was trying to split the hock in order to reach the leaders where he could adjust his gambling stick. John Reece became disgusted with his effort and said: "Andy, you ought to whet your knife so it will cut. I'd use a gadge before I'd try to cut with as dull a knife as that."

Lewis Greer was the shoe cobbler in the community. He always made his own lasts. In the heel of the last he always made a hole and adjusted a string so he could hang his last on a rack. Some of us asked him one day how he made the holes in the lasts. He said very bluntly: "I burn them holes with a gadge."

I can just remember how they used to bleed old people of the community for headaches. Isaiah Greer was the professional bleeder or lancer. When some one else had bled my grandmother it set up an infection and Isaiah was called on. He was rather jealous of his reputation and when he looked at the wound he said: "That gash looks like it had been made with a gadge."

The Reverend William Wilcox was a very intellectual man and a gifted speaker. He loved to draw his illustrations from ancient history. One Saturday he was preaching on the Crucifixion and was making the point that all great reformers had suffered. I remember with what eloquence and emphasis he used this expression: "When Cicero's head was severed from his body and put up in the Forum for the public gaze the wicked wife of Mark Antony pierced that most eloquent of all Roman tongues with a gadge in order to get revenge."

It might be of interest to know that I learned many of the old English ballads from these same people. I have heard them sing for an entire evening such ballads as "House Carpenter," "Black Jack Davy," "Barbara Allen," "Golden Willow Tree," "Young Charlotte," and others.

Associating the use of this word, and many others of the old English origin, with the singing of the old ballads, it is my opinion that the word "gadge" is probably an obsolete English word. While these old people might not have used the word correctly, I gather from their expressions that it evidently was used as an instrument of torture.

This was followed by another letter from Owen Moon:

I thank you for your letter, which I am passing on to Professor Greer. I was interested in receiving in the same mail a letter from him injecting a new word into my vocabulary. He writes that just a few days ago when seeking a direction from a filling station in this state, he was told to "go till you see a dirt road leading off to your left and running 'godling' with the highway."

An interesting letter from the distinguished American poet, Arthur Davison Ficke:

Will not so urbane a man and so potent a pedagogue as Professor William Lyon Phelps lend the weight of his influence to a crusade which I should like to propose? It is a simple and bloodless crusade. It is merely the effort to restore the poor tortured words "clean" and "dirty" to their proper usages.

Professor Phelps, in the January SCRIBNER'S, says that actual life is less sexually promiscuous than the novelists represent it as being. He may or may not be right about this. But I venture to call his attention to a detail in which he certainly darkens counsel—the point where he writes that "life is so much . . . cleaner than our highly touted novelists represent it."

The word "clean," used in this connection, is an unfortunate inheritance. It comes to us from the days when our ancestors—poor wretches—had inadequate means of keeping their bodies in a desirable state of immaculateness. Hence the odd idea has crept into the language that "dirty" is a suitable adjective to describe any form of conduct (except marriage) that involves the exploitation of those portions of the body that lie below the neck. A "clean" life is one that is lifted from the eyebrows up; a "dirty" life is one that is aware that the shoulder-blades are not suspended in mid-air and sustained by a wire that dangles from heaven.

"Clean" and "dirty" should be restored to the honorable position of words of definite meaning. Extremely proper and conventional marital relations may be very dirty, if the gentleman is a coal-heaver and eschews soap; and highly immoral extra-marital relations may be of the most exquisite degree of cleanliness. I recall what seems to me an amusing simile, used by a Dutch friend of mine: he says, "as clean as a whore"—and I have no doubt that this may be a piece of real poetic truth.

Hence I beg Professor Phelps, and all other writers, to say what they mean when they speak of the confusion and interesting matter of sex-customs: I beg them not to say either "clean" or "dirty" unless they intend to convey the precise ideas which those two words adequately express. Otherwise I am going to show them the folly of their ways by going them one better: I am going to write an article on George Eliot and George Lewes for the express purpose of saying that these eminent persons led a "dirty" life together.

While I am grateful to Mr. Ficke for writing so interesting a letter and for his insistence on accuracy and precision in the use of words, I must remind him that there is a "definite meaning" to *clean* apart from the absence of soap. *Create in me a clean heart, O God.*

The annual dinner of the FANO CLUB will be held at 110 Whitney Avenue, New Haven, Monday, May 7, at 7.30, daylight saving time.

THE ANTHONY ADVERSE CLUB, composed exclusively of those who have read *aloud* the entire work to some member of the family, is joined by Mrs. Frank A. Manny, of Washington, D. C., Lincoln J. Bodge, of Minneapolis (Bowdoin '89) who read it to his wife and whose description of it is "one damn liaison after another," and Mrs. Joseph W. Hamer, of Los Angeles, who read it to her husband, a school principal.

Among those prophets who see clearly into the future, we must place barbers in action; they always see a head.

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE WITH AUTHORS' AND PUBLISHERS' NAMES

Those marked with an asterisk are suitable for study by clubs

**The Unforgotten Prisoner*, by R. C. Hutchinson. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.75

**The People's Choice*, by Herbert Agar. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

**A Modern Tragedy*, by Phyllis Bentley. Macmillan. $2.50.

**Chosen Poems of Thomas Hardy.* Macmillan. $1.50.

**The Letters of Lord Byron*, selected by R. G. Howarth. Dutton. $3.

**Lord Byron in His Letters*, ed.: V. H. Collins. Scribners. $8.50.

They All Sang, by Edward B. Marks. Viking Press. $3.50.

Prayers for Services, compiled and edited by M. P. Noyes. Scribners. $2.50.

**Everybody's Lamb*, ed.: A. C. Ward. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.75.

**The Use of Poetry*, by T. S. Eliot. Harvard University Press. $2.

The Best Poems of 1933, selected by Thomas Moult. Harcourt Brace. $2.

Paul Marchand and Other Poems, by Wilson MacDonald. Pine Tree Publishing Co., Toronto. $1.50.

The Story of Beowulf, by Stafford Riggs. D. Appleton-Century. $2.50.

Remember When, ed.: M. Thérèse Bonney. Coward-McCann. $2.

**Tolstoy Centenary Edition*, 21 vols. Oxford. $65.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Continued from page 340

Mrs. Munkittrick. What was Mrs. Munkittrick doing here so out of place on a concrete walk among oak doors and spiked wrought-iron lanterns? She was going to visit that nephew of hers who had married a girl from the silk mill and never came to parties any more.

"How do you do, Mrs. Munkittrick?"

"Clara." Mrs. Munkittrick bridled, reined back grimly, and walked on. She had taken in Norah and the spider. "And to think," she would say that evening, "that when John Rand came to this town, a sole leather trunk held all he owned." She was proud to know the Rands, but couldn't help feeling bitter about her nephew and the silk-mill girl.

"Miss Clara," Levi rocked forward on the dickey, "your pa ought to buy them Billy-goat houses. Tear 'em down."

"Why, that would cost a lot."

"Yes, ma'm." Levi's glove fell firmly on the back of the seat. "No place for them boys—River Street. Them boys hollers and always will. Lady can't drive."

"But it would cost a lot. It would be better to give up the spider."

"No use to give it up, Miss Clara. We got it." He thumped the seat. "What a man got, he got. And everybody knows it. Tear down them houses. Then we can drive."

"They'll get over it, Levi. It's just a notion. You wait and see."

Levi removed his hand.

"Where we going now, Miss Clara? Can't go home. We ain't been nowhere."

"We can drive down to the covered bridge. That will take a little time."

"This little horse don't like that bridge; don't like that rumbling."

Norah walked fast and shook her head. The sun was on the fresh green leaves and on the lightly dusted roadway. The river flowed smooth and blue, and on it, reflections of small clouds were floating down like ice cakes in the winter. On the other shore, seen between islands, the country was bright and shining, but to reach it, there was only the covered bridge, a humping tunnel of a mile down whose dark cavern the farm teams rumbled dangerously while dust poured up from groaning planks and swirled in narrow blinding streaks of sunlight. The covered bridge would never do for Norah.

She heard Levi Mistletoe's subdued salutation. That was the Governor's butler again. The street from here on would be the real River Street till she reached her home. Little old houses, narrow and small compared to the broad-beamed, new brownstones, but superior in their air of uncompromising, neat and delicate decay.

Among the faces of variously painted brick, the red brick of Judge Worrall's was broken by the big plate-glass window that Mun Worrall had put in since the Judge's death. There had been talk about it. The Judge would not have liked the change and Mrs. Worrall didn't either, but she let Mun do anything. The money had come, they said, from Mun's sister Ellen, and she had gotten it from her husband, George Rand, who was doing well in John Rand and Company, Anthracite Coal. The window itself might have been acceptable; this new plate glass was remarkable. In fact, one of Judge Worrall's old political friends, calling on Mun last week, had tried to spit through it. But Mun used the window as an observatory. Not that others did not, or even hang out "busy-bodies" upstairs, those mirror boxes, like one in Miss Jane's house, which reflected all that happened on the street below. But people were supposed to sit withdrawn, or look through curtains. While Mun—look at him now. And yet she liked him, poor dear.

He stood in the plate-glass window, his thin aristocratic chinless head cocked on one side, one hand stroking his light, drooping moustache, the other in the armhole of his checked waistcoat. His suit of shepherd's plaid was cut on exaggerated lines and a little too large. His pale blue eyes lit up, he rapped on the pane, blew kisses, pressed his hands to his heart.

He was on the sidewalk as she drew up. His thin, feeble frame, overdressed, his dashing pose, hands in his pockets, feet wide apart, gave an effect common, futile, yet sensitive and alert.

"The Queen of Love and Beauty," he said, "with chariot and Numidian. Hello, Levi." His eye fixed Clara with fatuous gallantry. "You should be drawn by turtledoves."

"We have no harness for turtledoves."

With his eyes still on her, he shouted, "Fitz!"

For the fourth time, she saw him, and now she could look at him closely. As he came down the marble steps, one hand was in the pocket of his narrow dark coat, the other held a cheroot at which he gazed in melancholy satisfaction. His hair was blond except for the brown of side-burns on his delicately ruddy cheeks. His features and brown eyes were fine but a little small for his tall frame.

Now he raised his eyes and bowed shyly but with faint amusement.

"The Queen of Love," Mun Worrall said, "lacks harness for her turtledoves. What can we do for her?"

She remained silent, merely smiling with attempted easy tolerance. Unless ignored, Mun's gallantries were apt to be elaborated and always for the worse.

Fitz-Greene turned to Mun. "What a question," he said, "to ask a hardware dealer."

"But seriously, Fitz, isn't she beautiful? I ask you frankly."

Clara laughed. "What a question," she said, "to ask a hardware dealer, or anybody else."

Fitz-Greene continued to look at Mun. "It would be hard to convince Miss Rand that the answer was spontaneous."

"Not if you said no," Clara said.

Fitz-Greene grinned at her genially. "I hadn't thought of that."

Mun pinned Clara with a heavily knowing eye. "In talking to a woman, a man must think of everything."

"You oughtn't to tell him that, Mun," Clara said, "you ought to keep it as your secret."

"He's safe," Fitz-Greene said, "even if I know how he does it, I won't be able to do it, too. Like taking rabbits out of a hat."

"Oh, well," Clara said, "never mind, Mr. Rankin. Taking rabbits out of a hat never seems to lead to anything."

"Perhaps that's its advantage."

"Isn't she beautiful?" Mun said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She felt Levi's bulk rock uneasily behind her. He was looking at the upstairs windows to see if the Worrall's Irish maid, loose-tongued and blatant, was by any chance observing these high doings. The rocking of the spider started Norah. When Clara checked her, she stamped and reached for her bit. Oats and stable two blocks away. The men were saying something; better let Norah go. Mun was in hopelessly good form.

"I must go," she said.

"What! and leave us?" Mun said. "Did you hear that, Fitz?"

"Yes," Fitz-Greene said, "I feel so very sorry for her."

"You don't look it, or act it," Clara said, "so I'm going; really." Norah started.

"Why—" she said. He was seated in the spider beside her. Behind her Mun called, "Hey, Fitz!"

"Well," he said, "here we go."

"But really," he said, "I thought all that talk was pretty silly. You get started and you don't know how to stop."

"Like riding a safety bicycle."

"No," he said, "not at all."

"Oh," she said.

"But never mind," he said. "The great thing to remember is that I'm not as silly as I seem."

"I'll try to remember. I'll make a memorandum."

"I'm the one who should remember, perhaps. Look at those flatboats. They must be racing."

"Yes, they sometimes race home in the evening. The current is swift there between the islands. They go like anything."

"You can see the smoke above the trees."

"They come out under the wooden bridge."

"It must scare the horses."

"I suppose it does. I never go there with Norah. It's so long and dark."

"A long dark place is no place for you and Norah."

"Here is my house."

"I know. It was pointed out in whispers by the citizens."

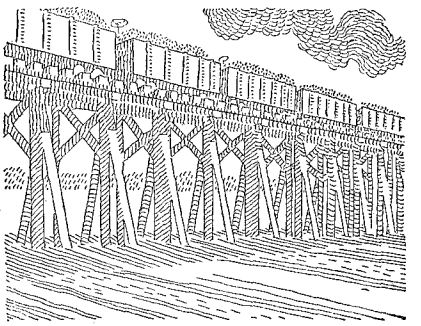
She pulled up to the curb.

"Besides," he said, "I have been there several times."

Shrouded in disapprobation, Levi went to Norah's head. Fitz-Greene Rankin was on the sidewalk holding out his hand. "Three times," she said.

As her foot touched the ground, he made a half salute and walked quickly up the street. She scanned the windows for her mother's foreboding face. They were empty.

"That will be all, Levi," she said. Levi's "Yes, Miss Clara" was a mutter. As she mounted the steps, she heard the spider drive away. At the top, she turned. Downstream, the flatboats had come out under the highest hump of the covered bridge. Steam plumed up, then their puny whistles sounded; like



chestnut roasters. That was to scare the horses. Those river boatmen.

Across the river, the sun was low enough to throw a solid copper light on the wide water. The farther shore, between this light and the bright western sky, looked dark and firm and sturdy. High overhead the sky was fathomless.

IV

She knew at once, when she woke, that it must be a perfect morning. Outside, the birds were making what could only be called a din. If they had been anything but birds, it would have been a riot, a bacchanal, a clam-bake, an excessive and disreputable festival. Robins, song sparrows and chickadees had abandoned themselves; even the English sparrows were doing all that they could with their methodical and uninspired chirping. She thrust her feet, slender enough, but long, through the black rabbit's-fur tops of her red-felt slippers. The window curtains, hanging motionless, glowed with the morning light and with the green reflections from the trees. She pulled them aside, and, kneeling on the window cushion, peered cautiously out. A flight of sparrows fled from the maple tree, below her window. Across the street, in the locust trees along the river's bank, the birds were roaring. There was no other word for it. And, if she could have heard them, no doubt there were other riots in the islands and in the woods along the farther shore.

Resting her elbows on the window sill, she leaned out. On the dark red brick sidewalk, below the maple leaves, people were already astir. She tried to make out whether they were mere casual passers-by or grocers' boys or neighbors taking an early constitutional. But the height of the mansard window foreshortened all alike to undistinguishable grotesqueness. The world of mortals, in fact, so viewed, became a somewhat ridiculous and pitiful affair. Little did those small individuals, pattering to and fro, engrossed in their trivial enterprises, guess how microscopic and absurd they appeared to her all-seeing eye. Little, indeed, did they guess, that at that very moment, their futility was being noted by Miss Clara Rand, in nothing but a muslin nightgown, with silk chain-stitching around the neck and the short sleeves. In a word, the world was a fatuous place, and she, serene, ironical, sagacious and elated, was far above it. Yet, not so far but that she could wonder whether, if young Rankin were just now to pass below her window, he too would look absurd.

Down below, Johnnie Feistner, the newspaper boy, came along the street. His sack of papers slapped against his thigh. He rolled each paper into a cone, and, without checking his stride, shot it into a vestibule. He was a mean, ingratiating little Dutchman, precocious, she suspected, in all kinds of wickedness. But just now she felt very fond of him. She wanted to holler "Hello, Johnnie!" and wave a bare arm. Just then, Johnnie looked up. She darted back and sat, squatting on the window-seat. She always knew he was a sinful little devil, yet, even so, she could not help, just now, feeling quite fond of him. The morning sunshine felt so warm and fresh and new. The shining river was so delicately, yet brightly, shaded, with the green of rushes and of reflected islands, with steely stretches and broad fields of blue, and with one point of lavender, where the brown of a sand-bar blended with the color of the sky. And here, by her window, the maple leaves, still young, translucent, seemed imperceptibly to float and tremble, in a brief unprecedented moment of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perfection, that would never come again.

Back in the room, all white and silver, still shaded, cool and misty, she looked about her, as if expecting other marvels. In the shadows, broken by the first gay lights of morning, it was less austerely virginal. It had the elements of refuge, of mystery, and of a certain grave delight. The ceiling and the gray carpet were mottled with moving flecks of gold and green. The white wooden bed was less noticed than its rosy counterpane. Above it, the eyes of the Infant Samuel, also in his nightgown, raised with saccharine piety to Heaven, were, as yet, obscure. Colors showed above the white-tiled fireplace the crimson ribbons of cotillion favors and, on the wall, the yellow background of the portrait of a nondescript peasant, smoking a nondescript pipe. It was not a good copy of an original that must have been far from meritorious. But with it she had won a prize for art at the Misses Wherry's boarding school; the art teacher had painted most of it herself.

As she crossed the room, she saw herself in the dressing-table's oval mirror, framed in white and silver curlicues. The light from the window behind, transluminating the muslin nightgown, showed her figure in silhouette. It was a disappointment. On such a morning she had hoped for something a little more opulent and radiant. But it remained high-shouldered and far too meagre. And yet she could see how a little change could accomplish wonders. The waist was slim, yet muscular, and flowed out in delicate, yet adequate, curves into the graceful base of the hips. The legs, while not all they might be perhaps, were long and perfectly straight. On the whole, the possibilities were there. She posed; an attitude of resignation, hands clasped, palms down before her. No, it did not suit her figure. Too near a suggestion of the mendicant. Niobe then, mourning for her children. But that, too, was a failure, the figure so lacking maternal proportions as to suggest that the cause of grief was simple hunger. Mercury, then. She raised a foot, a hand, and balanced on one toe. The pose was impossible to hold. She collapsed. But for an instant in the mirror there had been a flash of something almost perfect, of something lithe and tense and flying. Immensely gratified, she grew more daring. Why not the Venus Capitolinus? That was the slim one, was it not? She thought of slipping her nightgown to the floor. But on the bureau, tight-waisted and tight-haired, their hourglass figures buttoned to the neck in black, a row of the nicest girls in her year at Miss Wherry's, smiled at her with well-bred innocence. And beside them her brother George's broad and kind, but self-assured features above an Ascot tie and boutonnière, bespoke the best type of young Yale graduate.

And reinforcing these intimations of propriety, behind the bookcase's glass panes set in an intricate geometrical design of fluted woodwork, stood the body of her knowledge: the Bible, *Daily Strength for Daily Needs,* Paley's *Evidences of Christianity,* and, in the secular field, *Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates, Plutarch's Lives, Phil the Fiddler, The World by the Fireside,* the Elsie books, and the works of Mrs. Deland.

But yet this morning she felt newly risen from the sea and longed to be young Venus, desirable, provocative, disturbing. At least she could assume the pose. She raised her hands before her and trailed one foot behind. The drooping posture, compound of modesty and invitation, did become her, became her so well, indeed, that she was suddenly overwhelmed. Her hands dropped to her sides. She felt that she hid the germs of evil, that she was in her secret life an outcast from the world she knew. She looked closely at her face in the mirror for the first faint signs of depravity. But her face with its high cheek bones and large nose was at the moment that of an uneasy, slightly scowling boy, the clear complexion thrown into high relief by the heightened color of her cheeks and the sombre depths of her big eyes.

"Oh, sugar!" she thought. "What do I care? What's wrong with wanting to be Venus?"

She turned the photograph of George to face the wall. Again she was daring and mysterious. The serpent of old Nile. Turning sidewise, she took a pose, angular and tense. It was perfect. As Cleopatra, she was a complete success. And yet the morning, so perfect in its sights and sounds and in her waking feelings, had been flawed. Even here, and on such a day, something, her conscience, perhaps even God, was watching and correcting her. She could not be free. Great goodness, oh, great goodness, the breakfast gong! From the lower depths its reverberations lumbered up the stairs. She snatched for hairpins and dashed to the closet door.

She had to run back after starting down, to turn the photograph to face the room again. She wondered, as she went on down the walnut stairs to more and more stately depths and shadows, whether, if she had left the photograph, Miranda, the German maid, would have guessed the reason. Miranda had a very good figure; she might have guessed it.

Opposite the knight on the newel post, the dining-room doors were open.

Her mother, in black satin, glanced past the copper coffee-urn at her. "Clara, you're late."

"Well, well, well," said her father, giving *The Morning Citizen* a shake. "Overslept, eh?" There was a trace of impatience in his kindly tolerance. Samuel was pulling out the heavy leather-seated chair for her. Silent, she sat down before the orange on the square, gilded plate, feeling the weight of the heavy linen tablecloth across her knees. What if she were to say—why should she not say, "No, I did not oversleep. At dawn, I floated a demigoddess, in my nightgown, high above the street, and then the Venus Capitolinus, in front of my looking-glass. It is I who have been the busy one. Little you suspect, admirable Samuel, and admirable mother and dear, obtuse father, what sort of person you have with you in this elegant, well-established home." Chilled by the thought, as by the impulse to leap when on a dizzy height, she felt her face grow most demure and rigid. Hastily she raised a wedge of orange on the pointed spoon.

It was a room of grapes. Grape clusters, in stained glass, glowed above the golden-oak sideboard, and, in the upper halves of the two flanking windows, grapes were carved on the lower halves of the two oak china cupboards beside the double door into the parlor and grapes were painted on the tiles of the fireplace behind Samuel's unbacchanalian figure. Even the cast-iron fireback of the grate, kept polished and never lighted, showed leaves of the vine in low relief.

She ate fast, Samuel sympathetically assisting her in her efforts to catch up

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and regain her position in the family. At the last mouthful of orange, the hominy, cream and sugar were instantly presented. The hominy, of course, offered no great obstacle to speed. Another series of Samuel's deft flourishes and she was able to embark on the poached eggs, fried mush and maple syrup, the scrapple, sausages, corn muffins and apple jam, while her parents were still at table. Actually, they had long since finished, but, in compliance with an unwritten rule, which forbade lingering at meals, they both maintained a technical semblance of continuing. Her father, running his second finger down the list of stock quotations, still held, between his first finger and thumb, a last remaining fragment of Parker-House roll. Her mother from time to time performed microscopic operations on a piece of fried mush as she read the morning's letters wherein handsome, slanting feminine hands begged to invite, to regret, to accept, to do something about functions usually involving a philanthropic object and the consumption of rich food.

But beneath her parents' silent absorption, even beneath Samuel's sympathetic ministrations, she had a feeling that all was not well. She hurried on, not stopping to read the letter beside her plate. Not that there was any need; it was in Anna's handwriting, and was, she knew, to ask her if, on next Saturday, she would join an excursion to the cove, which Anna's father was arranging in the Canal Company's steam launch. Anna had already asked her and she had said she would go, but with Anna, it was necessary that a letter should be written and, worse still, that an answer should be received.

The front doorbell rang and Samuel slipped from the room with a caution so elaborate as to be more disturbing than any moderate amount of noise.

"George, I suppose," said Mrs. Rand.

"Yes," said John Rand, "I'll be in my office." Clara hastily folded her fringed napkin and stood up. Tapping his paper lightly against his thigh, her father steamed out into the hall, his mind on his cigar. Her mother, straight and strong and satiny, went through the double doors, into the parlor.

She picked up her letter. Beneath it lay another. She did not know the hand. It was a man's. As she looked at it, and at the postmark, she knew. Rankin. All flaws, all chill, all shackles, vanished from the world. The day was again as it had started, as it was meant to be, perfect. But he should not have written, it was a crazy thing to do. If it had not been for Samuel, blessed Samuel, absurd, adroit and helpful, the letter would have been seen, her mother would have asked. Trouble then, and everything spoiled. But what was there to spoil? It was all in fun and he was really ridiculous, and not at all the sort of man; and yet it was fun to know some one so different, some one foreign, apart, who wasn't always being known about and talked about by every one else one knew.

She heard George's voice in the parlor, a pleasant bass, fresh and young. "Oh, yes indeed, that will be all right, Mother," and with a change almost beyond detection, but one which made her thrust the letter in her pocket, "Where's Clara?"

"She's in the dining room, just finishing breakfast." Her mother's voice was cold. Did she, too, note the change? Hardly, her voice was always so.

She was still standing there, by the table, as he came through the door. First, with the light behind him, he was only a heavy-set, but agile silhouette. As he stopped behind his father's chair, the dining-room sunlight fell on him, on his smooth-shaven face, broad, kindly and assured, above an Ascot tie and boutonnière. His close-cut hair, rather sparse and silky, was like a baby's. His face, with its slight, fixed smile, was like a baby's, too. But the round head and round jaw were strongly modelled. It was the face of a baby Roman emperor. Resting one square-fingered hand on the leather chair back, hooking a thumb in waistcoat pocket, he looked at her, somewhat benign, somewhat stern and perfectly sure of himself. There never was a man, she thought, so like his photograph.

"Hello," he said, "where's Samuel?" As if in answer, a tinny fall of water sounded from the pantry sink.

"Well," he said, "it's all over town."

"What?"

He shook his head in infinitely patient, brotherly reproof.

"Your taking that Rankin for a drive."

"I didn't—we didn't—well, what of it? Anyhow, I don't care."

"I don't suppose you do, or you wouldn't do it."

"Do you have to be so solemn? What difference does it make? I gave him a ride down from Mun Worrall's. Is that important? The town must be hard up for a scandal, to try to make one out of that. It shows how hard up they must be. But I suppose they have to have their scandal; they wouldn't know what to say to each other when they met on the street. They'd just have to bow and pass by."

"There's no scandal. People are just beginning to wonder whether you're going to marry him."

She moved over to the window. The sunlight fell against her blurred eyes, on her hot cheeks and stiff lips. She would like to run out, across the startled street, and dive in the river, and swim away, away from the chatter and bustle and scandal, on the bank, away from the little rodents, paunchy and beady-eyed, who lived by gnawing and nibbling at all delight.

"There's no use getting mother and father upset over this," he said. "They don't know about it, now; at least mother doesn't, and that means that father doesn't, so if you just don't do anything more, it will all blow over."

He came up behind her and put one hand on her thin shoulder. A hand a little proprietary, perhaps, but delicate and strong, and really, she thought, terribly affectionate, in a somewhat patronizing and exasperated way.

"What is there," she asked, in a low voice, "so terrible about young Rankin?"

"Why, nothing, nothing at all; he's a first-rate young fellow, I guess. Only nobody knows him but Mun. And you know Mun's friends."

"You sound superior."

"I'm not superior. Fellows like that are just different. As a matter of fact, he probably looks down on us."

"Yes, I think he does."

"He does, does he? Why, Clara, where's your pride? You can't let a stranger be insolent to you. It would break mother's heart, if she knew, and I won't stand it, myself." He withdrew his hand and thrust it in his pocket. "That's the trouble with fellows of that kind; they're all right in their own place, but if you give them the least encouragement they make themselves objectionable."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You act as if I were going to marry him. I haven't even thought of such a thing, and he hasn't either. Can't people ever have a little fun together?"

"He hasn't, eh? I'd like to bet a thousand dollars to ten, that he has."

She felt a glow of pardonable pride, and of something more. George did say nice things, sometimes, by accident or mistake; that made them nicer.

"Think what it would mean," he went on, "to a boy like that, to marry a girl from this part of town."

"A boy like what? Why he's from Philadelphia."

"Don't let that stampede you. All kinds of people come from Philadelphia."

"Oh," she turned away from the window. "I don't know where all this talk of marrying started," her voice was small and tired, "and I wish it would stop. I wish—" He was looking at her, so kind, so interfering, so egregious; a flash of rage shot up, burst about her. Who was he, or any one, to spoil her freedom? She was stumbling from the room. She was blinded with spitting lights and the red glow of fury. "The smug——"

She was running up the stair, wiping at her furious eyes. And George, she supposed, was still standing there by the dining-room window. George! she whacked the balustrade. In his Ascot tie and boutonnière!

Upstairs, the bedroom, not yet made up, looked banal and tousled, in the full light of day. What had seemed, before she left it, merely a sweet disorder in its dress, was now frumpiness. It was always so when you returned to bedrooms not made up. She felt expatriated, the last refuge gone. If one's bedroom were uninhabitable, if one could not stay there except harassed between untidiness and the imminence of the arriving chambermaid, where else find sanctuary? The letter was in her hand; she sat down on the window-seat. This was the letter. The chambermaid must not come, not while she held the letter. And the handwriting was slanting and refined. Would the sheets be ruled? No, they were plain white.

Dear Miss Rand: The carriage ride was a mistake; a nice mistake, but a mistake. I see it now. It won't occur again, and I ask you to forgive me as freely as I forgive myself. And I hope I will soon be allowed to see you in a way which is not likely to make things uncomfortable for you. In fact, I think a letter as considerate as this, deserves that much consideration, don't you?

Yours sincerely,
FITZ-GREENE RANKIN.

What a letter! She was ready to laugh, somewhat nervously. She was pleased, amused, slightly scandalized, uncertain. She had never heard of a letter like this before. Was he silly? Was he impudent? Was he self-conscious and inferior, and trying to hide it? Was he gay, sincere and at ease, or was he,—her cheeks flamed up, burning, was he trying to slide out? She looked out across the river. Mechanically she folded the letter and put it in the envelope. The fire faded from her cheeks. Or, was he nothing in especial, merely that? Just now she had been asking George why people couldn't see each other and talk if they found it amusing. Her thin, dark eyebrows came together. Was this a case in point? Had this young Rankin asked this same question of himself? It might well be so; it probably was. There was no reason why it should not be so. No reason why young Rankin should not have a thousand other interests, more important. No reason why he should not, for all she knew, be engaged to some other girl. Her cheeks flamed up again.

"Well, what is it?" she was saying, angrily.

"Excuse it me, please, Miss Clara. I come back later, make up de bed."

"All right, Miranda. Oh, no; never mind. Come in now, it's all right."

"Nice morning to-day. Oh, so pretty you look, this morning, with those pink cheeks."

V

On Saturday morning she was in the library, waiting for George and his wife to call for her, on the way to the picnic. It was hot. Summer had definitely come. Though only ten o'clock, the blinds of the bay window were half drawn. Faintly striped linen dust covers shrouded the red-plush, stuffed chairs. As she fanned herself, glancing out the window now and then at an occasional, torpid passer-by, she felt that she would have welcomed dust covers on the red-plush panels of George and Martha Washington and on the scarlet jacket of the hussar. At the desk, beneath the bas-relief of Martha Washington, her mother's pen scratched and her mother's handsomely formed black satin back, erect and motionless, defied the heat and the new fashion of wearing lighter clothes in summer, with special emphasis on the thin, white muslin dress that Clara wore. The dress, reinforced as it was by a heavy, lace-fringed petticoat and bodice, gave only the appearance of coolness, as Clara knew. But even this appearance was, in her mother's opinion, a marked recession from standards. Indeed, the very fact that it was in appearance only, exposed it to additional contempt, as being a sacrifice of convention for no practical advantage. Unless, Clara thought, complacently, one could count it a practical advantage to look charming. She was not quite satisfied that the sash should not have been light blue instead of pink. But the filmy skirt, looped up behind in a faintly amusing suggestion of a bustle, the small, white tie, flying out from beneath the narrow, turned-down collar, the lace parasol, much smaller than the leghorn hat, all these were, she knew, summery, absurd and simply delightful.

The clock on the mantelpiece, surmounted by a bronze female allegorical figure, Ceres, perhaps, or the Spirit of the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, struck the quarter. Quarter-past ten. George and Ellen were late; or rather, George was. For, though exacting promptness of mankind, he, himself, was never on time. With Ellen, his wife, it was the reverse. She was good-natured toward lateness in others—that could be said of her. And she, herself, was never late. Perhaps that was why they married. But now, above the level of the window sill, a very stiff, broad-brimmed straw swam into view. She stood up. Ellen, in a dark-brown broadcloth and brown satin hat that made no concessions to the weather. She was small and trim, though her head was too big and too severe. But George, while retaining elegance by virtue of his stiff shirt and stand-up collar, wore a short crash coat and tremendously starched duck trousers. They were blinding and rigid. Each bending of the knees produced a structural collapse, which she imagined she could hear. She turned to the bell-pull, beside the fireplace. When he mounted the steps it would be deafening.

As she spoke to Samuel, she heard George's key click in the lock. He came quickly into the library. "Good morn-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing, Mother. Hello, Clara, are you ready? Where's Levi? Where's the picnic basket? We haven't much time to lose." He stood in the doorway, shaking the wrinkles out of his white duck trousers. Ellen's aquiline nose appeared behind his shoulder. "Good morning, Mother Rand," her voice, firm, fresh and rather large, was fluted with a sweet deference, which was not only obviously assumed, but assumed out of implied respect for Mrs. Rand's advanced and almost helpless age.

Mrs. Rand had turned and was sitting sidewise, but still very erect in her chair, her large hands resting, with latent strength, in her black satin lap. "Good morning, my dear. I hope you haven't been keeping George, to make him late."

Ellen's voice was contrite and candid, "I'm afraid I did, Mrs. Rand, I had to see about the baby's feeding."

That is not likely, thought Clara. George was never on time. She's sticking up for him. How well she does it!

"Young wives don't seem to plan ahead any more," Mrs. Rand was saying. "Now you'll have to hurry, through all this heat."

"Where's Levi?" George said. "Where's the picnic basket? Hello, Levi; Levi, where've you been? What? Well, we'll have to hurry."

Burdened by the covered picnic basket, Levi scuttled to open the front door. He had given thought to the problem of how a coachman should dress for the function of carrying a picnic basket to a canal steamer. He wore, above his dark whipcord trousers and buttoned gaiters, a blue serge coat, too tight, and customarily reserved for lodge meetings, a bat-wing collar, markedly too large, a purple tie and an imitation diamond pin. As he closed the front door behind them he placed on his hot, fat head, his new coachman's summer hat of white straw, its rolled brim and flat top in the form of a beaver.

"We'll go by Linden Street," George said, "and pick up Fitz-Greene Rankin."

"Fitz-Greene Rankin?"

"Why, yes," George said.

"Fitz-Greene Rankin?"

"Yes, yes," George said, "why not?"

"I thought you were lecturing me about letting him ride in the spider."

"Yes, of course. Great mistake. You practically admitted it yourself. But Rankin's all right. Met a fellow in my class at New Haven that went to school with him. He went to Princeton, belonged to Aurelian."

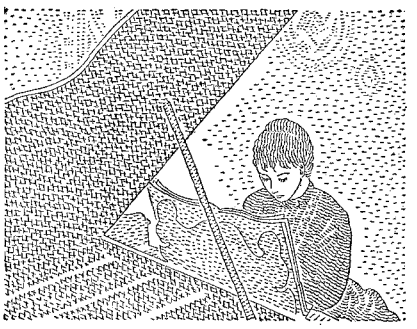
"Oh."

"Of course, those clubs there don't stand for things the way we do. But Aurelian is the best."

"But couldn't he get there by himself?" Clara said. "I hope he won't be late, too."

"We won't be very late," George said, "if you girls will just step out a little."

"I don't believe Levi can go any faster,



with that basket." Levi's fat scuffling had fallen a little behind.

"And anyway," Ellen said, "it will ruin all Clara's pretty new things."

"The cinders on the boat will do that, anyway," George said. "You girls go on ahead, I'll help Levi with the basket."

"Help Levi! In that crash coat!" Clara gave her small-boy's smile. "But, George, I want to make a good impression."

"On who?" said George, as he turned back. "Fitz-Greene?"

"On you."

"Clara," Ellen said, "you really ought not to tease George when he's upset; it really does annoy him."

"Well, I've tried not teasing him, and that annoys him, too."

"I've never seen you try."

"Well, I'll show you some time. When I'm sweet to him, he belches."

"Honestly, Clara, I think that's a very queer way for a girl to talk. And especially about her brother, honestly, I mean it."

"But why should every one let George walk over them? I think I do George a lot of good; he does so much good to others, he deserves to have some one do good to him."

"Don't you think I'm good for him, then?"

"You make him happy, but you spoil him, too. You're as bad as Mother."

The effect of this was not fortunate. Ellen's large nose swung round and pointed accusingly. "Clara!" She closed her strong, expressive mouth, her brown eyes looked up at Clara with the contempt of a terrier for a greyhound.

"Well," Clara said, uneasily, "you do. Look at how you took the blame for being late this morning."

"I wish I'd never come on this picnic." Ellen exaggerated bitterness. "I do all I can to get ready in time, and then all I do is get told that—that I spoil George and don't know how to plan and tell lies."

"Who said you don't know how to plan?"

"Your mother," Ellen's voice was tragic, "I never expected you and your mother to combine against me."

"Combine against you, with Mother? Oh, Ellen, my Lord." She turned sardonic. "It looks as if no one wanted Mother on their side."

They were turning down Linden Street, on which there were no lindens. Old maple trees almost met over the dusty road, and flecked it and the brick-house fronts with shadows and spots of luminous green. Below, their trunks shouldered through openings in the brick sidewalk, their roots heaved up the bricks into ridges and waves. Opposite the second tree, an iron fence guarded hydrangea bushes, a shallow yard, a front porch, and the reclining pongee figure of Fitz-Greene Rankin. Sitting on one of the porch seats that flanked the handsome, sickly brown front door, his trousers were thrust out easily in front of him, one hand was in the pocket of his pongee coat, the other held a cheroot, which he was studying.

He brushed a cigar ash off his coat. He stood up and shook his trousers down with an air. "Hello, hello," he said. His voice was musical and amused. He waved his hat; the purple and gold band of the Princeton Aurelian Club flashed in the sun.

"Well, well," he said, as he came out the gate. He smiled at them as though he had surprised them in some faintly ludicrous situation. But if he was amused, he was also pleased. There was no mistake that while he laughed at them, he welcomed them with almost affectionate appreciation. It was exciting to be at once on such a footing with this stranger from Philadelphia—although his warmth embraced Ellen's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

admirable but unappealing presence without, apparently, the least discrimination.

"Hello," he looked back at George. "Need any help?" He walked between them, looking down at them in turn. "It was nice of you to come by. It will give me a standing in the community."

"It was George's idea," Clara said.

"I was afraid so."

"Mun could have brought you anyway," Ellen said.

"Mun has done all he could for me," he looked at Clara. "And this morning, he's busy."

"Mun busy!" Ellen said. "Isn't he coming on the picnic?"

"Yes, but he said he had to go downtown to buy a hat."

"How do you like Mrs. Otten's?" Ellen said. "Are you comfortable?"

"Perfectly. It's Mrs. Otten that complains."

"I should think you'd be the ideal boarder," Clara said. "A handsome hardware man."

"Any one would think so. I give an air to the establishment. Just now on the porch. The effect was that of the highest-toned boarding house."

"Of the highest-toned boarding house, perhaps."

"Well, what more do you ask? A man must be appropriate. Now put me in a private house, and I'll make it seem equally high-toned."

"Higher, maybe."

Ellen turned to him. "Mother says all you do is smoke all over the house and treat her as though she were a young and beautiful princess."

He knocked the ash off his cigar. "You see," he said to Clara, "what you're missing?"

Ahead of them a horse-car bell clanged. The horse-car stopped at the corner and stood, gently swaying. From the car, descended the great black alpaca figure of Good Doggie Trimble, with a luncheon basket in each hand. He raised a big fist to help down his homely sister, but only bounced a luncheon basket off her rugged hip. While he was trying to arrange the baskets in one hand so as to help Miss Meta Betts, whom no one ever took anywhere but Good Doggie, himself, she stepped down unaided, looking very demure and pretty in her blue checked calico with a tie of green ribbon.

"Hello!" Fitz-Greene Rankin murmured, "a pretty girl."

"Oh, yes," said Ellen, "that's Meta Betts."

"Why, you've met her," Clara said, "she was at the reception. You must have."

"Oh, did I? Oh, yes, yes, yes. You introduced us."

Meanwhile Good Doggie and the girls awaited them with bright and slightly deferential expectancy. Behind them George was hurrying up.

"Hello, girls," George said, "hello, Doggie."

"Oh, hello," they said, "hello, hello." Good Doggie, bony-jointed, and large, too large for the suit he wore, wriggled his sandy eyebrows and gave a grin. His tall sister grinned beneath her beetling brows. She, too, was large, but formless and somewhat hairy around the chops. Meta Betts smoothed down a well-turned torso with a well-turned hand. "So we're all going a-picnicking," she said. "It sounds quite Bacchanalian." She looked around with a sort of obtuse gaiety.

Poor child, thought Clara, that finishes her for the day.

"Well," said George, "we must keep right on going; we're late now. Here, Doggie, I'll take one of those baskets."

"Let go," Doggie said. "Help Levi."

Meta Betts, beside the trudging sister, looked back, still brightly. "We'll wait," she said, "I'm sure you're having a most interesting conversation. I understand," she said, as they came up, "that Mr. Rankin is very clever."

"And witty, too," said Fitz-Greene Rankin. "You should have made fuller inquiries."

"There, you see," said Meta, "a joke right away."

"And a very good one," murmured Fitz-Greene Rankin, in a tone of great dejection. Big Sister beetled at Clara.

"What have you got?"

"What?"

"We've got pimento sandwiches and cold fried chicken."

"I hope what they've got," Fitz-Greene whispered, "is not contagious."

"Why," Clara whispered, "don't you like chicken?"

"Not cold chicken. It's really the skin. It is hard to love the skin of a cold chicken."

"Or of a cold anybody," said Clara.

"A law of nature."

There was now a tailor's shop and an ice-cream parlor and the Evangelical Book Store. Then they came to the corner grocery, whose tree had a wire netting around the trunk to keep the grocer's horse from eating the bark.

That was the last tree. The next block held only blackish wooden boarding houses for railroad men; and on its corner, a resplendent Bock Beer sign above two dirty swinging doors.

Then they were on cinders and crossing the railroad tracks under the eye of a very old, whiskered man, who carried a soiled white flag. Fitz-Greene Rankin saluted. "A salute to the Flag," he murmured.

"But it wasn't an American flag," observed Meta Betts; "it was just a watchman's flag."

"It is best to salute all flags; nothing happens to the man who salutes all flags."

"Don't you want anything to happen to you?" Clara asked.

"Not at a railroad crossing."

"Superstitious, hey?" said Big Sister. "Well, lots of people are."

Ahead of them, above the canal wharf, the brown stack of the launch fumed impatiently. Figures clustered around it all turned and regarded them. They hurried on. A box car, stranded, grounded on cinders, showed signs of being a bunk house. A high halloo reached them. "Ahoy! ahoy!" A figure came toward them, executing a hornpipe, with much hiking of breeches.

"It's Mun Worrall, I declare," said Big Sister. She turned to Ellen, "Where did your brother get that hat?"

"He bought it, I'm afraid," Ellen said, coldly.

"Oh, but he couldn't have," said Meta Betts, "it's just a joke."

"He would buy a hat for a joke."

George had come up behind. "Never buys them for anything else. Hey, Mun, where did you get that hat?"

Mun, immersed in his rôle, ignored him. He cocked the child's white sailor hat, which was perched high on his finely sculptured head, over one pale blue eye. With a pull or two at his soft, brown moustache and receding chin, he locked his arms in a quarterdeck pose. Making a funnel of his hands, he conned them with the glass. "The harpies of the shore," he announced, "shall pluck the eagle of the sea." He affected to thrust the glass beneath his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arm, then walked off in a nautical manner. The others burst into exasperated giggles. Clara laughed softly and more freely. Mun was the buffoon of the world, but it really was wonderful the way he could make his meagre frame and flapping crash suit give the effect of a pea-jacketed tyrant of the quarter-deck.

With helping and murmurs, the girls were climbing down into the launch.

Immaculately dressed, Anna Lisle remained on the landing, conceiving that, as hostess, she should receive on the coal-dock rather than in the launch. She wore a hussar jacket with many tabs of green braid festooned about the front and a leghorn hat with black-eyed Susans, Sweet Williams, mignonettes, and forget-me-nots swarming around the crown.

"Oh, dear, Anna, are we late? Are we late?" they asked.

Anna glanced at a watch which hung from a brooch among the hussar braid. "Oh, no," she murmured, "not very!" She gave George a swift, uncertain smile.

"Pardon me." Mun raised his sailor hat. He stepped up to Anna and turned her watch face out. He fell back and raised his imaginary telescope. He made adjustments, blew on the glass, wiped it on the meagre seat of his trousers and brought it to bear on Anna's embarrassed chest.

"Very late," he said. "Eight bells by the chronometer." He thrust the glass beneath his arm. "Tick-tock," he said. "What does baby hear?" He bent down as though to place his ear against the watch. Anna recoiled, pink and rigid.

"Damn it, Mun, have a little sense." The whisper was George's.

The smiles of the young ladies in the launch were forced and politely detached, except for a black-eyed, sturdy girl, who threw back her head and showed broad, perfect teeth. Her laughter was rich, easy and provocative.

"Mun, be quiet!" Ellen's voice was tense. She stepped down deftly, into the launch. Still murmuring greetings, the men took up positions on the forward deck. An expectant hush fell. The boat was about to start. They looked at the smokestack and listened to the clang of the fire-door in the minute engine room. Expectancy then swung to Levi, toiling up with the picnic baskets, his hat now removed from his smoking head. All watched in a foreboding trance.

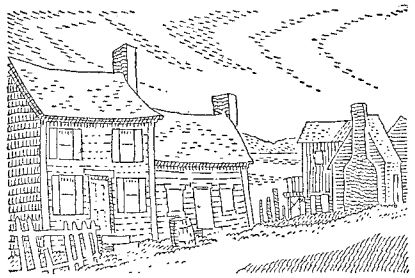
"Come on, Mun, get aboard," they urged.

Any unpredictable disaster might flow from the impending conjunction of Levi and Mun.

"Doctor!" cried Mun, in a loud voice. A broad German grin, well smudged with coal dust, emerged from the engine room. "Shall I cast off?"

"Sure." The head vanished.

While Mun busied himself with the bow and stern hawsers, Levi arrived on



the dock. He had put his hat on for the purpose of touching it in response to their cheerful condescension. "Hello, Levi!" "Levi, how do you do?" "Levi." "Levi."

"Yes, ma'm. Yes, sir. Thank you." His collar was wilted and the purple dye of his necktie had not held up under pressure. He handed the heavy basket to the gentlemen on the forward deck.

"Thank you, Levi— Come on, Mun."

The boat drifted imperceptibly, from the dock.

"Come on, Mun— Thank you, Levi."

"You're welcome, sir. I hope you all——"

The coachman's hat vanished from Levi's head, on which there perched the little sailor hat. The gale of laughter was scandalized, angry, uncontrollable. With hesitation, Levi took the little sailor hat off and held it carefully in both hands. His smile was shy and tolerant.

"Come on, Mun!" their voices cracked with rage and idiot hysteria. "Mun, come on!" But Mun, in Levi's hat, was driving a four-in-hand down the coal-dock. The launch drifted. Levi stood, holding the sailor hat, resigned to any turn of events. The shout sank to well-bred fury. "Mun!"

Then Levi's hat was on his head again and Mun was leaping wildly to the forward deck, where he was caught by Good Doggie Trimble, who instantly found himself involved in a waltz. Strong hands of dignity seized Mun, manly voices hissed, "For God's sake, man," "Damn it, Mun." The boat whistle fluted, the engine chugged. "Good-bye, Levi," they called kindly, tenderly.

Levi raised his hat, "I hope you all have a nice picnic." He mopped his head. Hey, hey, what a time! Those Worralls sure were not folks; that Mun would clown it if it was the last act. And he sure God was the biggest clown of any white man ever he knew. Not folks, though. Now she was beginning to churn. Pretty, that boat load, all full of white and colored dresses. Mr. George was lighting a cigar, up front there. Bet every other man would do it too; always followed Mr. George. That black-eyed Miss Balso was getting up from her place; going right up front, among the cigar smoke and the men. Hey, hey. "Good-bye, Levi"; that was Miss Clara. He waved his hand and bowed.

VI

For some time she had been puzzled by the squawks and metallic bleats and quavers which came from somewhere in the nether regions of the back yards and alleyways behind the house. At first, she had thought that a fishmonger was soliciting customers, but the sounds were stationary and broke out at all hours, sometimes at night, rousing the neighborhood dogs to emulation. Consecutive notes bearing a faint resemblance to French hunting calls began to emerge. It was Levi Mistletoe practising in the stable. His other life in which he wore the blue serge suit and handsome civilian appurtenances, and moved as a social being and an arbiter in the Tenth Ward across the railroad tracks had, seemingly, led him into a band. She remembered on the Fourth of July the Tenth Ward Colored Republican Club and Clam-bake and Benefit Society marching down River Street with music, frock coats and lavender sashes.

"Levi," she had called back to him, one day when she was driving the spider down the road, "were you practising for the band?"

"What band is that, Miss Clara?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Tenth Ward Republican Band."

"That band! My, no. Just riff-raff, that band. You know who the leader is?"

"No, who?"

"That Frog-eye Jones. Been in jail three times. Ought to be there now. Ain't I told you what he done out at the Good Fortune Firehouse?"

"No, you never did."

"And at the Rise Lazarus euchre party?" A history of Frog-eyed Jones led her away from her first question and held her till they had reached home.

This morning, as, in her shaded bedroom, she drove herself to compose a short and inane answer to a long and inane letter from an old schoolmate from the Misses Wherry's, there was a great creaking of floor boards in the hall. There was a light scratching knock on the door frame. Craning forward turtlewise and ready instantly to withdraw, Levi's bulk swam into view. He beamed in a deprecating way, then looked back apprehensively. In the house, he always had the air of running Samuel's blockade.

"Miss Clara, could I speak with you? Would that be all right?"

"Why, yes. I hope it's nothing wrong with Norah."

"No, ma'm, nothing wrong with that little thing. It's about my music. Don't seem to me it's right. I do what the book say, but some way it don't sound right to me."

"Is that a fact?"

"Yes, ma'm."

"Well, have you got your book?"

"Yes, ma'm." Levi slid a long, narrow book from under the bottom of his coat and tiptoed into the room. He held the book out. On the dark, flimsy cover, she read, *The Modern Coach Horn*. On the first thumbed pages were simple bars, while the last page offered "Annie Laurie" with variations.

"Well," she said, "what seems to be the trouble?"

"Don't seem to sound right."

"These first ones are easy."

"Yes, ma'm, I expect so, if a man knows how to go about it."

"Well, but you can read the notes, can't you?"

"No, ma'm, not exactly. When they go up, I go up, but don't know how far to go. I thought maybe you could let me know the tune so then I could carry it in my mind."

"Oh, yes, of course. But why didn't you come to me in the first place? I've heard you blowing away for a month."

"I was afraid Mr. George might be after me about it."

"Mr. George! Why, he wouldn't care!"

"Yes, ma'm, he would. He's mighty strict about having it a surprise."

She had a glimpse of George, in his Ascot tie and boutonnière, and Levi rendering instrumental duets, and then, of course, she guessed it. "Has my brother bought a coach?"

"Yes, ma'm, bought a brake."

"Where is it?"

"In the stable."

"When is he going to drive it?"

"Been driving it every night, Miss Clara. Got the big chestnuts in the wheel and the little browns in the lead. They're going mighty slick now. Mr. George sure can handle horses."

"Oh!" She jumped up. "I want to see the brake."

Levi looked at her. "Please don't do that, Miss Clara."

"Why not?"

"If you don't see the brake, you can say you don't know nothing about it. Then Mr. George, he'll be satisfied. He sure was mighty strict with me about the secret."

"How long is it going to be a secret?"

"Not long now. I expect he aims to take the folks out in it next week. That's why I'm studying about this music."

She sat down again.

"All right. This is the way the first one goes."

Levi nodded. "Heyo! That sounds like something now."

"All right," she said, "now you whistle."

Thursday, after a night of showers, turned out a cool and clean-washed day. It would, of course. A frown, even from nature, on an enterprise of George's was unthinkable. It was nearly ten, and Clara, in her tan, close-fitting dress and brown suede gloves, stood on the front steps to receive the coaching party. Inevitably, Good Doggie Trimble, his rugged sister and Miss Meta Betts were the first. The sister, a compact monument of gray mohair, tramped up the steps.

"Hello, Clara," Big Sister said, "what about this coaching? Pretty elegant. Dangerous, too, I guess. Does George know how to drive it?"

Meta Betts smoothed a green-checked torso. "Quite an exciting innovation for Midian."

Good Doggie grinned down at Clara and crushed her hand smoothly and easily. He wrestled with his disappearing cuffs. "I guess George is up to snuff."

Big Sister confronted Clara. "What if the thing turns over?"

"You open your parasol and jump."

Big Sister thumped her solid hips. "That's all right for you little skinny things."

Good Doggie hauled his cuffs down with a long swing. "What do the men do?" he said.

"They wait till the girls have lit, then they jump on them."

"They won't have time to wait," said Big Sister, "in one of those things."

Good Doggie's hand clamped the fat back of his sister's arm. "They won't have long to wait for you," he said.

"Ow." Big Sister said. She planted an elbow in Good Doggie's waistcoat without effect.

"Dear, dear," said Meta, "it all sounds very exciting and dangerous, and," she added, "amusing."

From up the street came the sound of a carriage.

"Is that it?" said Big Sister.

Good Doggie continued to grip his sister's arm. "Can't you hear it's just a carriage?"

"Ow," Big Sister said. "Let go."

"Yes," said Meta, "I imagine a coach sounds more impressive."

"It's Anna Lisle," said Good Doggie, "in the wagonette. Is she asked?"

"Of course she's asked," said Big Sister.

A light wagonette with a pair of cheap horses in the best of harness and a shifty, Irish coachman in the best of liveries stopped well out in the street and made a rough coarse-handed job of backing to the carriage block. Good Doggie hurried down the steps in time to receive the wagonette's final jar, which ejected Anna into his arms.

"Hello, Anna," he said. "Well, you're here."

"Yes," she said, "of course." Anna wrestled decorously to free her hand. "Oh, thank you."

"Would you mind closing that door, sir?" the coachman said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good Doggie gave the wagonette door a resounding slam. The horses jumped into their collars and the coachman's hat tilted sharply back on his head. Good Doggie retrieved his right cuff and offered Anna his arm, but she, alert for the most far-fetched of amenities, had spied Mrs. Worrall and Mun far down the street.

"I must go and speak to Mrs. Worrall." She made it sound like a noble duty.

"Mother," Clara called back into the open door, "here is Mrs. Worrall."

"And Mun, too, I suppose." Mrs. Rand's voice sounded cold. "That makes the party. I must send Samuel to tell George." Her voice took on warmth. "George mustn't be kept waiting."

"But," Clara hesitated, "Fitz-Greene Rankin hasn't come."

Mrs. Rand was comfortable. "He'll come along, I suppose. Samuel!" Her handsome black satin surged out into the sunlight.

"Good morning," she said.

"Good morning, Mrs. Rand." The response from all was prompt and dutiful. Mrs. Worrall, in a little brown cape and brown-ribboned bonnet, was moving quietly but briskly toward the steps, while from beside her Anna plunged forward.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Rand, how do you do?"

"Good morning, Anna."

Mrs. Rand inclined her head toward Mrs. Worrall. "Well, Emily, it is very good of you to chaperon these children."

Mrs. Worrall came lightly up the steps and accepted Mrs. Rand's gesture of a hand quite casually.

"I was pleased to be asked," she said. She sent a smile around among them, unforced, yet inclusive. She is tiny, thought Clara, yet she commands even in the face of Mother's grandeur. "Next to being wanted as a wife," she said, "the greatest compliment is to be wanted as a chaperon."

Mun Worrall placed his floppy panama against the breast of his checked norfolk jacket. He put his other arm around his mother.

"My girl," he said, "isn't she wonderful?" He beamed at Mrs. Rand with a sort of inspired idiocy. "Good morning, Mrs. Rand."

"Mun," said Mrs. Worrall, "you are an imbecile."

From the side street down at the corner, a wavering but thrilling blast, the quick tramp of horses, the rumble of wheels, the shining manes and brass and steel, the light clink of chains, the red spin of wheels, and, above the little boys running, the long black coach body and George in a gray top-hat and driving apron, and the dark radiance of Levi Mistletoe and Sam, the stableboy. The tossing manes and browbands swung and straightened out. On the guard's seat, Levi shot the long horn into its case, and began his precarious descent. With a light groan of brakes, they drew up to the curb. The horses sidled, stood still, reaching at their bits while Levi scuttled to their heads.

From the steps they clapped and cheered. George passed the whip and reins to his left hand and raised his hat. His smile was solemn and infatuated. Mrs. Rand waved her handkerchief and looked like crying. Her George. He was indeed a figure, strong and square, light, quick. His stock was black, the white bone buttons on his boxcloth coat were big as saucers. A red carnation shone on his lapel. His hands inside the brown cape gloves were perfect. He could do anything, and do it well. Hadn't he gone into the Princeton game on an hour's notice and played first base without an error?

"Now, all you little boys," said Levi, "here come the folks."

Young Sam had set up a black iron ladder for the box seat. Above his dark new whipcord livery, the white of his smile met the white of his high collar. "Now, all you boys," said Levi, in a strained whisper, "now, you horses."

"Anna," said George, "will you come on the box?"

"Oh, George, this is too nice," Anna said, with an air of bridling triumph.

They all moved down to the pavement. Young Sam steadied the ladder with one hand and with the other made discreet and ineffectual gestures of assistance in Anna's rear.

"Now," said George, "Meta and Sister and Doggie and Mun."

Samuel moved the ladder. Meta climbed quickly and modestly.

"Hold on," said Doggie, as his sister started forward. He tested the ladder. Big Sister heaved up manfully; young Samuel turned serious.

"All right," said George, "now Doggie."

Good Doggie squeezed ruggedly past his sister and trampled Meta under foot. He thudded on the boxcloth cushion.

"Well, well," he said, "what do you think about all this?"

"Excuse me," said Meta, "you are sitting on my skirt."

"All right, Mun," George said.

Young Sam promptly stood back from the ladder, while Mun affecting to miss his footing, swung out and came up with flying coat-tails against Big Sister's bulk.

"Mun, I could shake you," she said. "This is no time for fooling. This is dangerous," she said.

"Don't worry, Sister," said George, "I've been working these horses for two weeks."

"Two weeks!" said Sister. "Why, it takes years to teach horses to do this."

"Now," said George, "the rest of you behind. We'll change seats coming home. Oh," he said, "there is no one to help Mrs. Worrall. Go to the wheelers' heads, Sam. I'll get down."

"No, I will," said Mun.

"My dear George," said Mrs. Worrall, "you are absurd. Mun, I forbid you to get off that coach."

And then it was Fitz-Greene Rankin's voice. "Allow me."

"Oh, there you are, Fitz," George said. "Good for you."

"Yes, I stopped for Ellen, but she had gone on." Clara glanced around. Behind her was Ellen in pink tulle, pink tulle a little too childish for her nose. She had been there all the time, then, upstairs, she guessed, to be alone to watch George drive up in his glory. Now Mrs. Worrall was up and Fitz-Greene's pongee arm was steadying Ellen. Then his small, handsome features smiled at Clara with faint amusement.

"May I see your ticket, Miss? Only an outside." His hand, warm and deft as a woman's was steadying her elbow as she climbed. "Well, well, better times may come."

"I prefer the outside," she said.

He was sitting down beside her. "One meets such curious people."

"All right, everybody?" George said. "All right, Levi?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then let them go."

The brake came off with a light iron thump. With his wrist, George laid a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slow, light lash across the leaders' loins. There was a solemn crunch of wheels. The face of Levi Mistletoe came by. She turned to watch his progress. He reached up for the hand strap, he swung on the step. With the latent agility of a bear, he swayed up to the guard's seat. The little boys ran and hollered. She turned to watch the twinkling horses, the new-washed trees, the wide shining river. Behind her, there was a sepulchral hiss, an abortive bleat, and then the thin, sweet notes of the Modern Coach Horn, Exercise Number I, were flung around them.

It seemed no time at all till they were between the narrow, white walks and the shacks and tenements of Billy-goat Town. Levi Mistletoe discreetly sheathed his horn, but their tramp and clink and rumble ran before them, a herald of their gay magnificence. Faces were at dirty windows, ragamuffins, the petty enemies of Levi Mistletoe, shot from alleyways. He need not have feared them, the grandeur was too much for them. Their mouths sagged open, they watched the passing coach in stupefaction. The gauntlet run, Levi bestirred himself and sounded a blast of triumph.

Here was again the river, here were the open country and the first dilapidated fields that hung upon the edge of town. She was riding on the high shining coach to the freedom of the country beside an attractive and amusing, a slightly strange and mystifying young man. Not that he himself was still a mystery. He belonged to the Aurelian Club at Princeton. And she had overheard her mother speaking of him. Overheard? She had crept behind the curtain and pressed her ear to the door.

"Well," her father said, "what did I tell you? She has no interest in this young Rankin."

"She hasn't?"

"No. I told you before. It would have been better if I hadn't mentioned it to her."

"It certainly would. John, do you know who he is?"

"I told you."

"But who is he, really?"

"I don't know who any one is really."

"He's a nephew of the Passamores. I found out yesterday."

"Well, I guess they're all right. That bank of theirs is small but pretty sound."

"All right? Why, the Passamores about run Philadelphia. It was the Passamores who gave the reception for the Prince of Wales."

"Well, we needn't bother about it one way or the other. She's not interested."

There was no further sound, but pressed against the door, she grinned as she sensed her mother's burning exasperation. Her father remained silent. He was wise. Her mother would never accept excuses from people for her mistakes.

"I suppose you won't tell it to me?" It was Fitz-Greene Rankin.

"Tell what?"

"The joke."

"It was an epigram. I made it by accident."

"Won't you tell it?"

"I couldn't. You have to explain it first or it has no point."

"In that case, I am sorry to have to tell you, it is not an epigram."

"What is it, then?"

"It is a little hard to tell without hearing it."

"It might be harder if you did."

"What have you been doing since the steamboat party?"

"I suppose you ask every girl that."

"Yes," he said, "I do. It's because I want to know."

"Well, then," she said, "let me see. The steamboat party was on Friday, wasn't it? On Saturday morning, we had wheatcakes and maple syrup for breakfast, and oranges, of course, and coffee. I take two lumps and cream. Then I practised for an hour, scales first and then the Barcarolle, you know, tum tum tee tum teedle tee tee, and Ellen came up with the baby and I wrote a letter to a school friend and it was lunchtime. For lunch, we had creamed tomato soup and turkey croquettes. I don't remember what else, I am sorry; and after lunch, I drove up to the farm with my father. It was Saturday, so he didn't have to go to the office. We had supper with the farmer. The next day was Sunday, of course, so we had fried mush and sausage, and baked apples and liver for breakfast. Do I hold your interest?"

"Yes," he said, "but I am a little disappointed."

"I thought you'd soon get bored with the details."

"But that's the trouble," he said, "you're too sketchy. You don't tell what you said and, above all, you don't tell what you thought."

"I don't believe that would add much. What do you think when you are eating sausage and fried mush? You think, I am eating sausage and fried mush."

"I think what a silly performance to stuff myself with great bolusses on Sunday morning and then sit stupefied in church until it is time to come home and stuff myself again. Isn't that what you think, too?"

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"You see, life is never as simple as it appears."

"Sermons in mush," she said, "and God in running brooks." Ahead of them, the pole-chains jingled, thin and musical. "George wouldn't like it if he could hear us."

"What could offend him?"

"I mean, we ought to be talking about the coach. It's sacrilegious to sit here and ignore it."

"I don't know what to say. I have never been on a coach before."

"Why not risk an unprepared comment, then?"

"A mean dig and unjust," he said. "You have to do a thing a good many times before you know what it means."

"Yes," she said, "that's really so."

He nodded his head. "The best thing is just to sit still and roll along."

She sat back and looked out over the gay swaying group, at the river and the tufted islands, at the yellowing wheat fields and a neat stone barn, at the off leader's nervous ears, and the white shade-flecked road ahead.

He, too, had leaned back and crossed his legs.

"That's always the best plan," he said.

Big Sister managed to rotate slightly on the seat in front. She showed the tip of her nose and one puzzled eye.

"Say," she said, "what on earth are you two talking about back there?"

"We were talking," said Fitz-Greene Rankin, "about the best way to enjoy a coach."

Slowly, and completely unsatisfied, Big Sister rotated back again.

The rest of the day had less to recommend it. Ten miles up the river, where mountains closed in on either hand to form a gap through which the river ran, swift, deep and narrow, they turned off to the right. They heaved up and

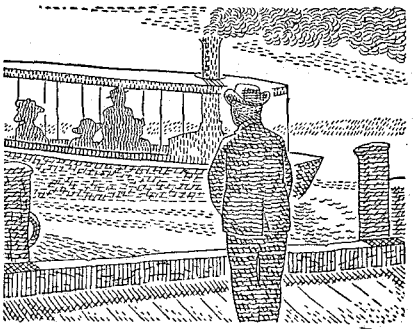
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rumbled over a canal bridge and followed a meandering, dusty road along the base of the enfolding mountain. They were on the way to her father's farm, his pet and pride, his religion, his recreation and his only luxury. It was here that her father was suspected of drinking whiskey with George Heisdick, the farmer, a suspicion not without foundation. But Mrs. Rand was wrong in thinking the whiskey an object in itself. It was merely the seal of their profound and understanding brotherhood. Together they battled with adversity and, undismayed, concocted new systems designed to include that combination of good luck, good sense and science which was the key, they agreed, of agriculture. The systems were good, perhaps as good as any, but John Rand's love of quality in all things physical, a love which showed itself in his desk, his chairs, his boots, his coats, his handkerchiefs, was here his undoing. Everything, from the locust fence-posts to the limestone spring-house must be of the best and must be so maintained. Here he was an artist and a lover and the child of many pioneers, suckled from childhood at the breast of nature. He could not bear that anything in this art, of which he was the inarticulate disciple, any roof, any gate, any wagon-bed or hame strap should be less than perfect. In consequence, he operated at a loss. To account for this, John Rand, normally hard-headed in affairs of business, had evolved a fantastic theory of economic retribution, whereby, at some future date, when all less worthy farmers were ruined, he, the perfectionist, would reap unheard-of profits from his fidelity to the ideal. At the same time, he was not indifferent to the current moment and, two years past, when droughts farther west, to which he avoided reference, had raised the price of corn to a point where even his farm showed a balance of sixty dollars at the season's end, he had given a dinner to all his friends which cost about two hundred.

Ahead, a short foothill rose up. George laid his thong out under the traces and picked the four up into a short round canter. The brake gathered speed and swayed, talk died to a pleased excited murmur. In a sweeping arc, they crested the little hill. The blinding, whitewashed fences, the sloping fields of John Rand's farm came down to meet them. The horses dropped back to their clockwork trot; with nice, swift accuracy, they swung into a lane through gnarled apple trees. The limestone farmhouse was pointed with white mortar, the parlor shades were drawn. Mr. Heisdick's tufted beard came out the kitchen door. With his hands in his pockets, he surveyed them.

"Hello, Mr. Heisdick," George said.

"Well, well, George," Mr. Heisdick said, "that's quite a rig." He spoke as one does to a child who presents a fat-



uous plaything of its own design for admiration. George was oblivious.

"We thought we would have some lunch up in the orchard by the spring-house."

"Better come in," Mr. Heisdick said, "I guess we've got enough to feed you."

"We brought our own lunch. It's in a hamper inside."

"Well, that's all right. No use to set on the grass, though—not with a good house handy."

"Well, that's the way we planned it. Much obliged just the same. I would like to get a feed for the horses, though."

"Well, that's all right, George. I'd have to charge for that, though. Your Pop's trying to show a profit again this year."

"All right," George said. "Sam, put up the ladder."

Fitz-Greene Rankin turned to Clara. "Let's jump, shall we?"

He dropped lightly off the brake and held up his hands. She soared out and ended with a little run. It was really quite a jump. Above her, Mun was sailing through the air. She heard the thud of Good Doggie on the other side and George's voice, cold and dignified with exasperation.

"Just a moment, please. Sam will bring the ladder."

"We've done the wrong thing," she murmured. George would be unfriendly. Fitz-Greene went to the front of the coach.

"Sorry, old man. I didn't think."

George was appeased. Fitz-Greene came back, looking as far from a man who had acknowledged a mistake as possible.

Mrs. Heisdick's rich, German accent boomed behind her.

"Hello, Clara. When is you and your father coming out again?" Mrs. Heisdick became conscious of the others. "Such good times we have," she explained, "drinking beer and whiskey, and the old man and my old man making jokes, and Clara and me, we get laughing, don't we?"

"Yes," said Clara, faintly.

"Why, Momma," Mr. Heisdick said, "you talk like we was regular booze h'isters."

"Ach, no," said Mrs. Heisdick, "these folks know that. Won't you come in and set down?"

"Oh, no, thank you," Clara said. "We must help now with the picnic things."

She started to follow the hamper swinging between Sam and Levi up through the orchard. Looking back, she saw Fitz-Greene talking with deference to Mr. Heisdick. That's nice of him, she thought. Mun was talking to Mrs. Heisdick. He gave his zany laugh and thrust his thin arm through her fat one. The crazy mountebank! He was going to get a drink out of that old lady.

The hamper gave a muffled clink and rattle as Levi and Sam set it down in the flecked shadow of the apple tree.

"Levi," said Clara, "that horn sounded beautiful. And Sam," she said, "you look just fine in those clothes."

They stole glances at each other. "Yes, ma'm," they said. "Yes, ma'm." They beamed off into space, staring with eyes, unseeing and crinkled by their smiling, at the rolling fields below the winding road, and at the shining streak of river far away. Slowly Levi turned professional.

"Miss Clara, do you reckon this is all right for the basket?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "I am sure it is. This is the best place. Have we got anything to sit on?"

"Sam," Levi said, "you carry up them steamer rugs." He turned to Clara. "I got to look after my horses." He was all business and regretful. "But if you want anything, just holler."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alone for a moment on the hill, she was tempted to sit on the hamper, but George, who was explaining the art of four-in-hand driving to Mr. Heisdick in front of the barn, might look up. To sit on the lunch hamper might be a breach of coaching etiquette. And here came the others, wandering up through the trees. Big Sister climbed doggedly, chewing a straw. Mrs. Worrall, neat and brown, stepped lightly through the thick grass in the orchard, resisting the assistance of Anna Lisle. In her pink tulle, Ellen Worrall walked beside her mother, observing Anna's efforts with detachment. Her mother looked at her once and smiled. They seemed like two sisters, formed in phalanx against outside interference.

Down by the barn, Good Doggie relieved Sam of the steamer rugs and started up the hill. Clara kept looking at the coach. Sam and Levi helped George out of his boxcloth coat. They folded it and put it in the boot. On top of it, they laid George's gray top-hat. Levi Mistletoe closed the door of the boot and locked it with a shiny key like a handle. He put the key in his pocket. The sacred garments were safe. George took off the coat of his checked suit and threw it over the bracket of the coach lamp. It was the signal for Levi and Sam to do the same. Apostolically solemn, the three short-sleeved figures busied themselves with traces, toggle chains, and rein buckles. One by one, the horses were led into the barn, where Mr. Heisdick, who had now disappeared was, no doubt, allowed to shake down some hay for them.

Red from spreading the steamer rugs around the hamper, Good Doggie looked up at her. "Oh," she said, "what was I thinking of? I ought to have helped you. I was watching them put up the horses."

"What are we going to have to eat?" Good Doggie said. He pointed to the rug. "Save that place for Anna. It's got a rock under it. Do her good to have a rock in her——"

"Hush," said Clara. "Here they come."

"What a delightful view, Clara," Anna said. "Just what you'd expect, though. Your family always has the nicest of everything."

"Whew!" Ellen said. "I'm out of breath. I can't keep up with Mother."

Big Sister took the straw out of her mouth. "I guess it slows you down to have babies, eh?"

Mrs. Worrall sat down on the steamer rug and laughed. "Well, I have had babies, too."

Ellen sat down beside her. "And what babies, Mun and me."

Good Doggie's hands swung out and tilted Ellen's hat over her eyes. "Mun's all right," he said.

Ellen's face came up, laughing, but angry. "Don't do that. It ruins my hair. No girl likes that. You never will learn."

Good Doggie looked at the ground, smiling and slightly red. No girl did like that, but how was it possible to stop? That was the problem, especially if they were nice, and you liked them. "How about lunch?" he said. "Anna, sit there. I saved that place for you."

"Why, Doggie," said Anna, "how sweet of you. You are always doing the kindest things."

"How about starting?" Good Doggie said. "Where is Meta?"

"She'll be along," Big Sister said.

"Well, I know, but she'd better hurry. Where is she?"

"Go ahead, Doggie, and open the hamper," Clara said.

The lid of the hamper creaked. Its under side showed ranks of plates and knives and forks, fitted snugly into little straps. Inside the hamper, nickel boxes lay in a green baize compartment. A tea-kettle sat in its padded hollow. The other end of the hamper was packed with varying tissue-paper bundles.

"What a simply divine hamper!" Anna said. "Do let me help."

"Stay where you are, Anna," Good Doggie said. "Clara and I can do it."

"No," Clara said, "I think Ellen and I should set the lunch out." She grinned at Doggie. "You go over there and talk to Anna."

The white enamelled plates and cups, the nickelled knives and forks and spoons were set out on the plaid steamer rugs. They chatted while the covers of the long nickelled boxes were opened, to show packed rows of sandwiches, lettuce and bacon, chicken and ham, apple butter, cottage cheese, toasted brown bread and marmalade. Plates reverently swathed in napkins, held fried chicken, cold salmon, lobster salad, blanc mange. Fitz-Greene came up the hill, his hands in his trouser pockets, his hat under an elbow. As he walked, the lights and shadows moved over his pongee suit and his tawny hair. Clara looked up.

"Am I safe?" His teeth were uneven, but white and strong.

"Yes," Good Doggie called. "Clara and Ellen are doing all the work. Where is Meta?"

"Oh, hush up, Dog," Big Sister said.

"Well, I know," Doggie said, "but she won't get anything to eat."

"Do you think we ought to start?" Big Sister said. She let out an abrupt roar. "George! Mun!"

Good Doggie roused himself. "Meta!"

Big Sister placed her hands on her hips and studied her brother with resignation. Abruptly, Ellen got the giggles and buried her big nose in a piece of tissue-paper.

"Oh, well, anyway," Good Doggie said, "let's start." He noticed that Anna was trying to shift her seat and lay down beside her, to block her off. "Chicken," he said, "for me. Lots of chicken."

"Here comes George," Clara said, "and Sam has the water. Now we can make tea."

"Tea?" said Good Doggie. "Good. Three lumps for me."

"Hello, George," they said. "Come on, George. George, that was certainly a lovely drive."

George beamed down on them, as though still on the box. He turned judicial. "Yes," he said, "I thought they went pretty well." He fixed a thoughtful eye on the lobster salad. "Pretty well," he said. "I don't like the way that off leader bears out on the hills, though."

"Oh, George," said Anna, "I thought they were perfect."

George looked at her, gratified but able, professionally, to shake his head. "Where is Mun?" he said. "We don't want to be too long. I don't like to drive these city streets at night." Weighted by responsibility, he sat down by Mrs. Worrall. "Did you like it?"

"I did, indeed, George. I am so glad I was the one to be asked to go with all of you."

George's face lit up. He did have a smile, Clara thought, broad and soft, yet warm and strong. "Who else would we ask?" he said.

They fell to the luncheon, making sure that George was served. Clara stood

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by the hamper, watching the alcohol flame under the tea-kettle.

"Why don't you let me do that?" Fitz-Greene said. "You've done everything else."

"Oh, no," she said. "You must sit down."

"You're making a great mistake; there never was a better man at watching a flame. Sit down," he said, "and when something happens, tell me what to do."

"When it boils," she said, "bring the kettle to me."

"Oh, there you are." It was Meta's voice. "Am I late?"

"You are just in time," Clara said. "Sit down."

"I was out in the garden," Meta said, "looking at Mrs. Heisdick's flowers."

Good Doggie strove to catch his sister's eye.

"Clara," Good Doggie said, "how about a little more chicken?"

"Thank you, Doggie. I have plenty."

"For me, I mean," Good Doggie said. He inspected the platter. Nothing but wings and drumsticks. He took a wing. "Well, it looks like no lunch for Mun."

"Mun!" they shouted. "Oh, Mun! Doggie is eating all the chicken."

"Save a wing for him," Clara said. "Don't be piggy."

"Not at all, Doggie," Mrs. Worrall said. "He deserves nothing. He's such an idiot."

"Mun! Oh, Mun!" they shouted. "Your mother is giving Doggie all your chicken."

There was a stir in the depths of the farmhouse kitchen doorway. Mr. and Mrs. Heisdick squeezed through with Mun between them, linking arms. Mun's battered Panama was perched back on his head. He clung to them, talking and peering up at their mild, red faces. In the sunshine, they came to a halt. Leaning forward at an angle, Mun tried to drag them on.

"George, do go down," Mrs. Worrall said, "and make Mun come. He's trying to get them to come up to lunch."

"I guess they won't come," George said. "They'd rather eat in the house."

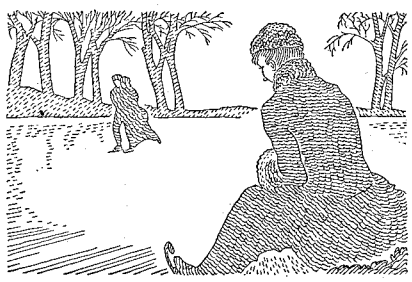
Clara leaned forward and watched the group by the kitchen. "I wish they would come," she said. "They're awfully nice."

She heard Fitz-Greene's voice behind her. "I think so too. Here's the tea."

"I am sure they are nice," said Mrs. Worrall, "but Mun shouldn't ask them up."

"Well," said George, "he's not bothering about that any more."

Clara set the teapot down and looked back at the farmhouse. Abandoning his hospitable intentions, Mun was using Mr. and Mrs. Heisdick as a gymnast uses parallel bars. Gripping their arms to his meagre bosom, he kicked wild feet up in front and then behind. They stood firm and red and grinned at him. He let go of them and launched out with a swooping, skating motion. With



a short turn he came back, hugged Mrs. Heisdick, squared off and boxed at Mr. Heisdick. They shook with silent laughter. Mrs. Heisdick wiped an eye with a corner of an apron. She shook her apron at him. He broke into a lope, head on one side, arms flapping, like the flight of an idiotic bird. As always with him, his clothes, his checked jacket and wide duck trousers were badly cut, ultra-fashionable and a little too large. He looked as always like a vaudeville performer, shrunken and fragile, but nervous and alive. He flew up to the picnic among the uneasy hush of all the girls. Which one of them would he unpredictably, yet certainly, select for his embarrassing attentions. Mrs. Worrall waited calmly, ready to interpose. Instead, he snapped his fingers under their noses.

"That for you," he said. He turned and blew a kiss with both hands at Mrs. Heisdick in the kitchen door.

"Come on, Mun," George said. "We have got to get along."

"Here's your place, Mun," Clara said. "Have some chicken."

With a deep sigh, Mun sat down on the steamer rug.

. . . . . .

They were eating their blanc mange. "There's a rig coming up the road," George said.

"Why, that's quite a nice-looking turn-out," Ellen said. "Could it be your father, George?"

George smiled at her with forbearance. "That horse," he said, "is from Simpson's livery."

"Well, who's that driving?"

"I don't know," George said.

Big Sister licked the blanc mange off her spoon. "My land, what a loud blue dress!"

"Why," Meta said, "it's Jeanne Balso."

"Mun," Mrs. Worrall said, "come back. Mun."

With a drumstick in each hand, Mun loped down the orchard. He leaned over the white fence. With flourishes, he stopped the buggy. Good Doggie raised up on his elbow. George shifted his position. Even Fitz-Greene, beside Clara, looked at the road. It was disappointing, she thought, to find a man of his calibre unworthily distracted. Jeanne Balso, of all people! Fitz-Greene Rankin was somewhat less than the person she had taken him to be.

Behind the men's backs the women exchanged glances. "I wonder," Ellen said, "who Jeanne has with her."

"It might be anybody." Anna Lisle's voice was cold and righteous.

"Like the livery stable rig," Fitz-Greene suggested. Clara did not smile. The hypocrite; he still kept looking with interest at the buggy.

"Oh, I know who it is," said Meta, brightly informative, "it's that little engineer, Thompson or Johnson. You know, when they put in the new kind of mill."

"Mun will undoubtedly break his neck," said Mrs. Worrall, "climbing the fence with a drumstick in each hand."

"Will you look at that now," said Big Sister. "He's trying to feed the drumstick to the horse."

"Do you know what he is going to do?" Ellen said.

"Yes," Clara said, "I do."

"He's going to ask them up here to the picnic," Ellen said.

"Of course he is," Clara said.

"Oh, but I am sure they won't come." Meta was reluctant to surrender her position of authority. "She knows we have our own party, and no one knows the man she has with her."

Mrs. Worrall smiled. "On the other hand, she does know the men we have with us. On the whole, I don't blame her."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Shucks," Big Sister said, "she's got Mun already. Look at him climbing in the back of the buggy. Isn't that enough?"

Mrs. Worrall laughed. "I wish I could feel that it was. I hate the thought of losing George."

The buggy turned in the lane, then came through the gate into the orchard. It climbed, the wheels so muffled by the grass that they could hear the light straining of the harness. Miss Balso, her black hair brushed back, was radiant. She smiled at them, at the sandy little man in eye-glasses who drove, and throwing back her head, and showing her rather short, but fine, full throat, she smiled up at Mun, who stood behind the seat, and waved a benediction with a drumstick.

The buggy stopped, the gentlemen stood up and raised their hats. Mun leaped to the ground and held out his arms. "Hello," she called out. "Hello." Her voice was deep and strong.

"Mun, I'm much too heavy. You'd be flat as a pancake." She put a hand on the wheel and jumped down by herself. She was shortbacked and sturdy. She was quick and vivid and tough and warm. "Mun said we must come up. We were on our way to lunch at Hickstown. They say the beer there is awfully good. Johnny is working at night at the mill now, so he's off till six o'clock. You know Johnny? Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Worrall. How do you do, Mrs. Worrall? Miss Betts, Miss Rand, Mrs. Rand, Miss Lisle, and Miss—and Big Sister. Hello, George. You know Johnny, don't you? Doggie, how do you do? Mr. Rankin, I believe. Hello, Fitz. Don't anybody move. We are just on our way. Johnny, tie up the horse. Mun, where is that chicken you promised me?" She turned to Mrs. Worrall. "He'll promise a girl anything." Mun came up thumping his chest. He cocked his hat over one eye and shook down his trouser legs.

"Isn't she gorgeous, my friends? I ask you frankly."

She was unmoved. "No, Mun. It's no use. Where is that chicken?"

"I am afraid," Clara said, "that there is not much chicken left. But we have plenty of sandwiches."

Standing square, but lightly, in her blue dress, Jeanne Balso gave her a quick glance from her dark eyes, a look impudent, but frank and genial. "That'll be fine," she said. She sat down by George. "George, how is the new brake? It certainly looks elegant. Doggie, how about some of those sandwiches before Johnny gets here?"

Clara looked at the others. The girls sat silent with small, fixed smiles, eyeing each other. It was against morality that this girl should come into their party and carry off things unrebuked.

Jeanne Balso looked up from her plate. Her big mouth was full of sandwiches. "George," she said, "I hear the brake is elegant. Are you going to ask me for a ride?"

Looking about, casual and indifferent, the girls held their breaths, cocked their ears. She had asked for a snub.

"You bet," George's tone was unbelievable, sickening. "We'll be going out on Saturday, how's that?"

"That's fine," she said, "I'll be there." She sank her voice. "And look here, George. Do you think you could take Johnny? He's a great little fellow. It would just kill him to ride on a brake."

VII

Life went on without much change, pleasant, if slightly negative, and offering, if not the potential radiance Clara thought that she had once expected, at most, mild daily entertainment underlaid by fundamental tranquillity. The life of their crowd now centred around George's brake. There were moonlight drives and supper parties. At times her father joined them in his roadster. She loved that. Her father would start an hour after they did; then at supper-time, they would see him coming, in his square-top derby and light driving coat. As impassive, as latently alert as Buddha. Between the four tall, spinning wheels, he sat on the narrow, fragile seat, his arms extended, while Lou Belle, 2.18, and Planet, 2.21, stretched their necks and flew together in a maze of blinkers, breechings, spreaders and interfering boots. She had wanted him to let her go with him, but he had said, "No, when there is a young people's party, it wouldn't do. It would damage your reputation, my dear. You would be thought queer, and that wouldn't do. Young men are very shy of a young woman who is queer." He added, "I don't know why they should be. All women are queer."

They had taken a four-day coaching trip to the Indian Warm Springs. Mun had gotten a little tipsy and sworn at the waiters and kissed the girls. Poor Mrs. Worrall! As always, she had pretended not to notice; only, next day, driving home, she had said to Clara, "He is the best son to me that a mother could have. I suppose you find that hard to believe."

In the fall, they drove out to the mountains, chestnuting. They sat on rugs among the rustling leaves, opened the little hedgehog burrs and roasted the bright chestnuts in a fire.

The river froze, black and still. They adopted for themselves a sheltered place between two islands; the men adjusted skates to the girls' preposterous high heels, the black ice cracked, the steel rang, thin and delicate. Jeanne Balso, brilliant in dark red trimmed with white fur, skated with each man in turn, and then cut free to swing off down the shining corridor between the islands, swooping and soaring, almost without movement, light, quick and strong, deep-bosomed, daring and alone. The little engineer, bereft, consoled himself with backward leaps, toe-pointing spins, eye-glasses perched on his impassive face. Big Sister scuffled and bore heavily on her laboring partners, and then deciding with exact justice when each had served his term, slid about alone on curling ankles, with a moist nose and earnest, puckered brows. Meta and Anna, adequate and undistinguished, toiled decently along, resisting the menacing rushes of Good Doggie.

Clara made the last strap fast, stood up drawing on her mittens, thrust out from the bank; it was a moment of bright fantastic glory; the gay yet bitter sky, the flying figures, the laughs, the speed, the ringing steel, and beneath her own swift blades, the ice, burnished and taut, faintly resilient like a living thing which gave to her speed and sped her on. The wind of her flying nipped her face and pressed against her suit of silver gray. Her chin was in her otter collar, her hands swung together in her small otter muff. The ice, the snowy island bank, the black, stark trees flowed past. Glory of speed and flight and freedom; no wonder that Jeanne Balso would leave all men for this.

When Fitz-Greene found her, as he always did, it was always something of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a blow. No one could help being warmed by his figure in fur cap and tight, frogged jacket above tight trousers. But it was a warmth of other things, of pleasure in a handsome man and in his attendance, a pleasure of vanity, of reality, of earth, not the delight of pure, thin, intense, and otherworldly solitude and flying.

Then, as they swung together up the river, where space was wide, and other skaters few, she seemed with him to enter a new solitude. Their rhythm, broken at first, became attuned and true, it stirred and grew in strength. This thing which they had created had now a life and purpose of its own, a power to lead them, change them, bind them, almost as if it were their child. Fantastic thought, and none too creditable for a young girl, well raised and skating with a young man of family, before the public gaze. And yet the notion held her. With their arms crossed, they held each other's fur-gloved hands, surely no very compromising attitude. The ice was bare and cold, the wind was cutting, the distant banks were grim with snow and blackened trees, the distant hills were rigid steely blue, and long rigid shadows grew across the river. A scene to fortify propriety of thought. Yet, as they flew together, she was aware, not only of his strong, light-moving hands, but through the rhythm which bound them, of every fiber of his body, of every fiber of her own. It was as though the rhythm had caught them up, and blended them into a pure and lovely, yet profound and passionate embrace. Touching together only their mittened hands, they were caught up in speed and flying, and made one.

It was incredible when they returned that the others did not read her glory and her shame. Covertly, she glanced at him. He smiled at her, inscrutable.

But at other times, when he came to dinner, when they went coasting or on sleighing parties, lightly sardonic, cordial but detached, he was, for her, as were all other men, a man of wood, a good companion and a charming figure. She hardly knew whether she wished to skate with him again. What were those moments on the grim river? At worst, perhaps a sort of degradation, at most a dream.

Then there were slush and rain and time for self-improvement and good works. The musicales took on new life and the girls' sewing club, until real spring should come.

They saw a good deal again of Anna Lisle, thin and fragile and graceful, with a thin and fragile voice. And at the girls' sewing club, Big Sister, despair and terror of the skating world, came into her own. She tramped and boomed. She bullied the girls of the lower classes who were being taught to sew, and was tireless in exchanging banalities with them. For them, she was the perfect blend of overlord and boon companion; they adored her.

In the spring, Mun Worrall, who during the winter was given, except for balls and dinner parties, to the strictest hibernation, emerged once more. The little engineer dropped out of sight. And Miss Balso, whose effervescence was less to be trusted, the elder ladies decided, in warm weather, was included only in the larger parties.

Yet under it all, as under the pleasant and impassive house fronts along the river, something more vital stirred and sometimes even broke the surface. There were not the murders, robberies and public affrays, by which the lower orders managed to enliven the daily papers and their otherwise, no doubt, not too interesting lives; but it was known that Mun Worrall had been to see a doctor in Baltimore and that the doctor, having tapped his chest, had told him he had best devote himself to his mother, to his late father's legal practice and to the preservation of his lungs, and give up whatever idea of marriage he might have. To devote himself to his mother was easy enough for Mun, but as for the legal practice, it became increasingly harder to pretend that he was keeping even the fragments of the Judge's clientele. He sat in the little gray frame office, reading Paul de Koch, propped up behind the Revised Statutes, until he felt that his lack of business would be observed. Then he hurried to the court house and around to the other lawyers' offices until it seemed safe to go back to his own again. In the evenings, he played the buffoon and drank a little more.

And what of Anna Lisle and that young man from Richmond, with the face of a wistful, ruined poet, so kind, so clever, and so understanding? He was shut up now in some place where they give salt rubs and well-planned exercises, and the look in Anna Lisle's brown eyes told whether she thought salt rubs would cure what was the matter with him.

Once, in the corridor that led to her father's office, Clara heard an old man's voice. Why, it was nice old Mr. Newson, the head clerk in the counting room. Sharply it rose. "Mr. Rand, Mr. Rand! Give me a chance!" She froze. Her father's voice was charged with the judgment of the ages.

"Get up, sir. You are a scoundrel. You must go."

Meanwhile, Fitz-Greene Rankin was proving a most comfortable companion. He never worried about himself or others. The world was, after all, a slightly ludicrous affair. Once that was understood, it made life easily manageable. And while he was never either earnest or profound, he was amusing and responsive, even to the need for silence, rare gift for an entertaining mind.

It was comfortable, too, to know that he was so acceptable. No man could have possessed a combination of merits better calculated to appeal to the various members of the family. As a member of the Aurelians, he was the object of the critical George's admiration; as a member of the Rankin family of Philadelphia, he was approved by her mother and her father. Her mother knew, as who in the civilized world did not, that the Rankins of Philadelphia were connected with the Passamores; and her father knew that six generations of Quaker integrity had made the name of Rankin stand for all that was most solidly meritorious in the wholesale hardware business. To him, the name of Rankin on a man was as good as the treasury stamp on a bar of metal. And while this young Rankin lacked the self-evident earnestness of purpose which he himself liked to see young men exhibit, he was bound to admit that most other young men also lacked it these days, and that young Rankin was pleasanter company than most.

Ellen Rand, who, after her second baby, was beginning to feel entitled to a little innocent attention from the other sex, was warmed to find a man who did not share the local theory that marriage automatically retired a woman from social intercourse. And among the other in-laws, though their opinions need hardly be considered, Mrs. Worrall seemed to like his jokes and his habit,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unusual enough in provincial America, of listening to what was said to him and answering it; while to Mun, Fitz-Greene Rankin was, to put it simply and imperishably, the man who had gotten him into the Union League in Philadelphia.

In a word, he was a young man who, from any possible point of view, including that of Levi Mistletoe, could be asked to drive with her in the spider. As spring turned into summer, the drive became a fixture.

But, though pleasantly enlivened by a certain nebulous glow, an unparticularized light thrill, it was still only an amusing interlude, despite the knowing glances of the rest. Indeed, those knowing glances, naïve and slightly vulgar, with which society in Midian greeted all particular relationships, had some adverse effect on the affair. They did not change her attitude, but they hardened it, stiffened it, left it less warmly vague, less natural and spontaneously charming. There were, no doubt, advantages to a town as provincial and a group as narrow as this. There were loyalty, protection, and assistance. But the price that one must pay for them was far too high: constant surveillance, constant gossip, constant intrusion and advice, the inevitable pressure to penetrate one's individual spirit, and having done so, to re-arrange it on the common plan; and having done so, what then? Why then, to turn from it indifferently and seek other spirits to re-arrange.

She kept on asking Fitz-Greene Rankin to go driving with her, and her asking him meant no more to her, or to him as far as she could tell, than at the first. But it was a matter soon of some self-consciousness, some stiffness of determination. The question no longer lay where it belonged, between the two of them. Perhaps the difference was slight, but it was enough to have arrested their relationship.

This morning, when she came down to breakfast, she recognized, beside her plate, his large slanting hand, a hand that had asked her to be his partner at the Mid-winter German and had begged to send her once a copy of *Travels with a Donkey*. The broad white paper bore an unobtrusive crest.

My dear Clara: Don't you think it my turn to take you for a drive? If you do, I will call for you with a genuine horse and buggy at four o'clock this afternoon; and if you don't, I will do it just the same. I am assuming that you can obtain the approval of your parents and Levi Mistletoe.

F.-G. R.

Her father, in his golden-oak armchair, was well settled in the financial columns of the morning paper, but as she started on her sliced orange and powdered sugar, she was conscious that her mother was making an effort to appear oblivious.

"It's from Fitz-Greene Rankin," she said. "He wants me to take a drive with him this afternoon."

"That's very kind of him, I am sure." Mrs. Rand affected to busy herself with apricot jam and a Parker House roll. "Naturally, he wants to repay you for asking him to drive with you."

"He says that he hopes I can obtain the consent of you and Father and Levi Mistletoe."

"Levi Mistletoe! Well, really!" Mrs. Rand debated whether this might be an attempted impertinence or an accepted and legitimate style of humor among the Philadelphia elect. He was an estimable and eligible young man, but let him not presume to treat the Rands of Midian in a manner different from that current among the circles of his home.

There was a rustle of the paper and John Rand emerged like a great sea animal breaking the surface of the water.

"What's that?" he said. "Young Rankin? What's he going to drive?"

"He didn't say, Father. He just said he'd call."

"He has no rig of his own."

"Perhaps he's going to hire one, John." Mrs. Rand's voice was kind and slightly anxious. "He wants to repay Clara for the drives she's taken him."

"Repay her! You can't repay anybody for anything with one of those hired rigs. Dirty, creaky things, iron-mouthed, broken-kneed horses. If he wants a rig, why doesn't he borrow Norah, why doesn't he borrow one of ours?"

"Why, John, that's not the idea."

"And can he drive?"

"Yes," said Clara, "yes, Father. Of course, he can."

"How do you know?"

"He told me so."

"Of course, he did. Did you ever see a man yet that didn't say he knew how to drive?"

"But, John, everybody drives those livery horses."

"Yes, and they get run away with, and upset, too."

"But I am sure Mr. Rankin wouldn't take Clara out with a horse that wasn't gentle."

John Rand gave a deep abdominal snort. He retired behind his paper. As Clara and her mother looked at each other, he emerged for a parting shot over the breastworks.

"Who's spoiling Clara? At least, I try to keep her from breaking her neck."

"Why, John," said Mrs. Rand.

But he had retired behind his paper. They ate in silence. John Rand's consent had not been actually withheld.

He folded his paper with a shake, he heaved on the arms of his chair and rose up steadily. They avoided catching his eye.

"Samuel," he said, "tell Levi to step down the street and tell Mr. Riser I want to see him."

He tramped out of the room. They could hear his steady footfall on the way to the office.

. . . . . .

She sat in the library at four o'clock, not quite satisfied in her mind. Outside, while it was still bright enough, the brilliance of midday was past and the trees, the river and the distant hills were softened by a light, still radiant, yet now a little tender. The view was charming, simple, and inexhaustible; and it was nice of Fitz-Greene to want to take her driving. There was something absurd and a little touching in his insisting on his hired rig, and she could not help feeling a little proud. Frankly, it was hard to conceive of his asking any other girl in town. If only she felt satisfied about her sea-green dress. She looked down at the skirt, brilliant and billowing in a bar of sunlight. It was a dress one could not be sure of, too gay and daring for any element of safety. She stirred one foot. Should she go to the glass again? It would be useless; really, she could not tell. With a dress like that, there could be no half-measures. It would be either a dashing success or patently ridiculous. Which of the two it was, she should be able to tell at a glance, one would suppose; and at the first glance this afternoon, it now seemed hours ago, the picture in the mirror had seemed a triumph; but then as she kept on looking, turning and posing, misgivings arose. It was too bold, too

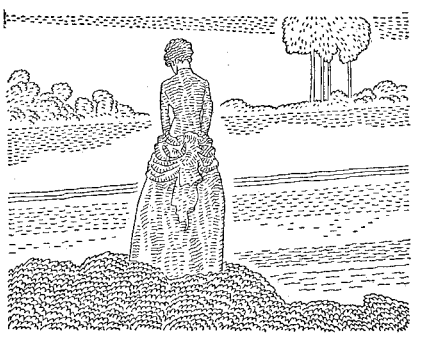
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bizarre; she had only to think what her mother would say about this dress to know the truth. Its pattern was simple enough, a tight smooth-fitting waist with a row of tiny green buttons up to the narrow collar and a flowing skirt caught up in a little bustle behind. No one could cavil at the design, least of all her mother, who had selected it for her from the *Ladies' Book*. But after selecting the pattern, her mother, reposing confidence in the unassuming browns and grays of other years, had left the selection of the material to her. And she had commanded little Mrs. Weinstock, the dressmaker, to send to New York for newer and more dashing samples; and of those samples, this was the most dashing of all. Sea-green, it was called. That might have warned her, but the sample had not prepared her for an expanse so brilliant yet profound. The fittings had been secret and today was the first chance to wear it without her mother's knowledge. Mrs. Rand had gone out to the County Poor House with the board of lady visitors, and would stay for a specially prepared supper in order to learn how the poor were being fed. So she need not worry on that score; if she only knew whether the dress was a touch of genius or obviously absurd. But it was not easy—the sublime to the ridiculous, great minds are oft to madness near allied and all that. Should she run up and change? It would not take ten minutes; last year's tan habit or the new white chiffon, both pretty and both safe. It would be the sensible thing to do. It was easy enough to appear ridiculous to Fitz-Greene Rankin.

No, she would not change; the dress was lovely. If she could not carry it off, that was not its fault, but hers. How could one become distinguished except by daring? And here was Fitz-Greene. What a desolate old horse, and buggy, too; they must have been foaled together; and startling, in the sordid rig, Fitz-Greene's white linen suit; nothing could look more ridiculous than that, or more beautiful. There were other suits of the sort in Midian, but a curse had always lain on them. However starched and ironed, they were shapeless things. But in his white suit, Fitz-Greene looked almost as graceful as a girl. Those blinding suits of his brought out the tint of his slightly ruddy skin, of the latent golden light in his hair. They brought out his fine, small, mocking features and even, she remembered, the microscopic gold hairs on his small-boned wrists and hands.

Nevertheless, she thought, as she went down the steps, in that rig the suit looks absurd. The flash of her sea-green skirt caught her eye. Why, it was blinding. To have the man look ridiculous was small compensation for looking ridiculous oneself. She was on the sidewalk now. She must be erect and bold, yet casual. She waved her hand.

"Hello," he said, "we are both prompt, aren't we?"



"Yes," she said, "I suppose that is due to George's training."

He turned the wheel. She raised the front of her skirt with both hands; and balancing easily, stepped up on the rusty iron step and into the buggy.

"George's function," he said, "is to teach others not to keep each other waiting. Have you any suggestions as to how to start this horse?"

"If we had a piano," she said, "I could play the Barcarolle."

"You are not practical," he said. "If we had a piano, he could not move the buggy." He flourished the whip. "Hold your hat," he said. "Avante! Huzzah, my brave boy! St. George for Merrie England!" He brought the whip down on the horse's rump. "Never mind the moths," he said. "This is the life." He whacked the horse again. "You can hardly see him for dust. It comes from his coat."

The horse arched his Roman neck with patient dignity and walked up the street. Fitz-Greene Rankin put the whip in the socket, and sat back. "No need for further agitation," he explained. "This is his only gait."

"Oh, well," she said, "we're not trying to get anywhere."

"But that's the point. If you have an objective, speed is no object. Merely getting there is your reward. But if you have no place to go, you must travel fast."

"Why do people take the steam trains, then?"

"There is no other way to travel any more. But does any one imagine they have as much fun as the Canterbury Pilgrims?"

"But the Canterbury Pilgrims would have had as much fun whether they got to Canterbury or not. Anyhow," she said, "I am glad to go slowly and watch the river."

"After all," he said, "that is only fair; because your father is responsible for this horse."

"He is?"

"Yes. You know his confidential man of business, Mr. Riser? I felt very sorry for Mr. Riser, today. I suppose I ought not to tell this, but he came to my office. Your father had sent him to interview me on the subject of horses. After all, he is a lawyer and a confidential man of business. And then he is one of these peculiar men who find it painful to discuss something that he does not understand."

"And," she said, "what was this all about? Don't let Father sell you a horse."

"No. This was to find out what horse I had hired to take you driving with. I just happened to be able to remember the name." He pointed at the dusty, fur-tufted rump. "It's Alexander."

"I don't believe that," she said.

"Why should I deceive you? It would be useless, once you have seen him."

"All right, then," she said, "go on."

"That's all," he said, "except that I suspect that Mr. Riser was then bound for the livery stable to find out all about Alexander for your father's information. I wish I could have been there with Alexander and Mr. Riser in the livery stable."

"It all sounds silly. Why couldn't Father have trusted you? I told him you know all about horses."

"But he is more astute than you."

"Well, then, why couldn't he have sent to the livery stable? The man would have told him what horse you had hired."

"But that would have been an affront to my honor, to spy on Alexander behind my back." He took up the whip and whacked the unresponsive rump.

"No relation is more sacred," he said, "than that between a man and his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

horse. Your father showed great delicacy of feeling."

. . . . . .

Far up the river, where the road abandoned formality and ran through scattered elm trees along the bank, there was a well-worn hitching rail, and beside it, an old stone watering-trough. Alexander veered sedately off the road and plunged his head into the narrow pool.

"Suppose we take a rest," he said. "It is very exhausting to drive so slowly." He handed her the reins and got out of the buggy with a frayed hitching rope in his hand. "Any advice," he said, "will be welcome."

"Do you really mean it?" she said. "I can't believe it. Well, then the end with the snap-hook goes round his neck. You know that, I suppose."

"No," he said, "it is all news."

"Now snap the hook on the ring. Now, if you want to be very safe, run the other end through the bit-ring. Then you tie it to the hitching rail."

"A wonderful woman," he said. "Thinks just like a man. How's that? Wait. I'll help you."

But she was out of the buggy. "It's all right." She glanced at Alexander's hitching rope. "It's a little long, but it will do."

"I tried to lift his head to make it shorter, but he rolled his eye and made submarine noises."

She laughed. They walked across the road to the park-like grove of trees above the river. Up here, there were no islands, and the water was still deep and swift from the narrow gap in the mountains. There was a dark, tense sheen on it that spoke of power. It had not yet squandered itself in genial expansiveness and many ripples. The hills on the other side were sharper, darker, the bank on this side higher and overhanging.

"Do you know," he said, "you really did something worth while when you bought that dress?"

"Oh, do you like it really?"

"Yes, of course, don't you?"

"I don't know, I want to, but it takes a good deal of conceit to do it."

"Yes," he said. "I suppose you were worried about it."

"You really do understand some things, don't you?"

"I understand everything."

"It sounds a little self-confident."

"I should have said everything except Alexander and myself. Our simplicity is unscrutable."

"Are you trying to tell me that you are a simple person?"

"It's the only fair thing to do."

"I suppose that under all your wit and worldliness beats a heart of gold?"

"Well, not a heart of gold, but something equally simple; just a desire to get what I want."

She looked at him seriously. "Yes, nothing could be simpler than that, if you always know what you want."

"I always do."

"And do you always get it?"

"To get what you want is easy."

"I suppose you wouldn't tell me your great secret?"

"The system is to have great consideration for others."

"That doesn't sound original to me."

"I didn't finish. To have great consideration for others, without any sympathy for them."

"I should think the trouble with your system might be," she said, "that after a while other people would begin to notice it."

"What if they do? Why should they object? They are getting what they want from me. What they want, like everybody else, is consideration, not sympathy. Most sympathetic persons are a nuisance. But show me the considerate man who is not welcome everywhere."

"But how can you be considerate if you are not sympathetic? You will have no way of knowing how people wish to be treated or what they want."

"Why, that information," he said, "people are only too glad to give you themselves."

"Have I told you how I want to be treated?"

"No, you are a different customer. I have had to do a great deal of guesswork. Have I made many mistakes?"

"I don't know. I have never thought about it that way."

"Neither have I. If I had, it would have been the greatest mistake of all." He thrust his hands in his pockets and walked off a few steps under the trees, slightly frowning, his eyes on the ground. "With you," he spoke as if he were talking to himself, "I have learned how enormous and exciting selfishness can be." He turned and looked up at her with a quick smile, then looked down again. "I have just wanted to be with you." He started back toward her, still looking at the ground. "Wanting that was all I needed to make me do my best." He arrived in front of her, looked up again, and smiled. "A system was not needed. Give me your hand." Through her glove she felt his warm, slim fingers. She saw his other hand close over hers. Her hand, suddenly enclosed in warmth and strength, almost trembled. He gave it a quick, short shake and let it fall. "Do you believe that?"

"Yes," she said.

He walked away again. "No system whatever," he said. He leaned against a tree. The western sun was on his small, alert, good-looking face. "Now would be the time for the world to stand still, just as it is, the sun, the river, Alexander, you and I."

"But Alexander," she said, in a low voice, "might get hungry."

"His appetite would stand still like everything else."

"But suppose he's hungry now."

He walked straight back to her. His arm went around her neck, a light deft kiss was left on her astonished cheek.

"You are perfectly ridiculous," he said. "Are we going to love each other?"

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know. It's hard to tell."

The second part of "The Dark Shore" will appear next month, and the whole novel will be completed in four numbers, ending in the August SCRIBNER'S.

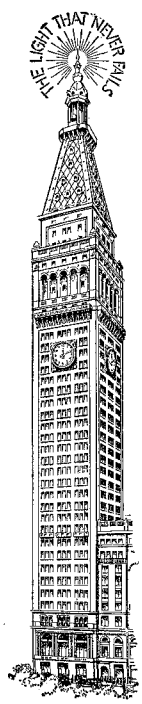
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Before the Stork Arrives

MOTHERHOOD richly deserves the most skillful medical care to be had. But, far too often, safeguards which can be provided are neglected. As a rule, when proper preparations for childbirth are made, prospective mothers have little cause for anxiety.

Having the right physician is a great comfort. It means as much to the husband as to his wife to be entirely satisfied with the experience and skill of the doctor who may be called in attendance

Long before the stork arrives, the doctor will advise about diet, proper rest and exercise, and will make periodic examinations. At regular intervals the doctor studies and records blood pressure, urinalyses, temperature, weight, heart and lung action, and possibly makes tests of the blood. Suggestions about mental attitude may also be given.



When there are no abnormal or disturbing conditions, Nature's processes should not be interfered with. But without hurrying Nature, expert obstetricians can often smooth the way for the modern mother by methods unavailable to her grandmother's physician

With vigilant and unremitting care on the part of her physician and with her own complete cooperation, the period of waiting should be one of happiness and serenity for the expectant mother.

In many localities clinics give free service to those who cannot afford to employ the regular attendance of a doctor. Maternity Centers and other Health Centers give valuable advice and information without charge. The Metropolitan will send on request its free booklet, "Information for Expectant Mothers." Address Booklet Department 534-S.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

©1934 M. L. I. CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

... that nothing can touch the National Parks of the West for a real vacation with spectacular scenery, invigorating climate and thrilling outdoor sports. Visit one or more of these famous vacation wonderlands via Union Pacific:

Zion-Bryce-Grand Canyon
Yellowstone-Grand Teton
Rocky Mountain National Parks
Colorado
California and Hawaii
Pacific Northwest and Alaska
Western Dude Ranches
Boulder Dam

And here's Good News ... *Western travel costs are lower than ever.* Rail fares are greatly reduced, Pullman charges off one-third, hotel and sightseeing costs are down.

Write for information. Also ask about our all-expense tours—the economical, satisfactory way to see the West.

Enjoy air-conditioned dining and observation cars on Union Pacific trains this summer.

UNION PACIFIC

Mr. W. S. Basinger, Pass'r Traffic Mgr.
Room 50, Union Pacific Railroad
Omaha, Nebr.
Please send me information about Vacations in _____
Name _____
Address _____
☐ Also tell me about all-expense tours.

BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

James Boyd is famous for his ability to recreate periods of history. His book *Drums* has been called the best novel ever written on the time of the American Revolution, and *Marching On* is among the finest of all Civil War novels. Now, in "The Dark Shore," the first instalment of which appears in this issue, Mr. Boyd writes the story of the '80's. He modestly attributes his ability to revive the past to the fact that he lives in North Carolina, which has changed in character and local speech least of any State since the Revolution. This is partly because it is almost entirely Anglo-Saxon—98½ per cent American born—and in the back districts has an almost pure Colonial dialect. It was doctor's orders that first sent James Boyd south to live on his grandfather's plantation and transformed him into an author. He'd never thought he could write before—had been in the publishing business. He had to do something when he got down there and decided to try writing. Now Mr. Boyd is the author of three distinguished novels and is a permanent resident of Southern Pines.

Lothrop Stoddard, author of many well-known books and articles on world affairs, among them *Rising Tide of Color Against White World Supremacy,* believes in getting his knowledge first hand. During the past year he has moved himself and his family from Brookline, Mass., to Washington, D. C., in order to be in the centre of things during what he calls this "hectic transition period." He was convinced that Washington was going to be the focus of about everything (in this country) which would normally interest a student of and writer about world affairs. So he got a charming old house in Georgetown with a pretty garden, and finds Washington social life "congenial, interesting, and stimulating." From there he keeps in close touch with political developments, national and international, on which he bases his article "How to Keep Out of the Next War."

The article "Why America Will Go to War" is written by **C. Hartley Grattan.** Mr. Grattan writes about both politics and literature from, he says, a socio-economic point of view and has

Pre-Victorian

TWO YEARS after "The Great Queen" was crowned at Westminster, the House of Sandeman celebrated its 50th anniversary. And more than likely, in those splendid years that followed, the genius of Victorian England often received the warming stimulus of Sandeman Wines.

For in England (where they really *know* their Sherry and Port) Sandeman has been traditional since 1790 ... the finest Sherries and Ports obtainable anywhere ... and *genuine* because Sandeman Wines come from the authentic Sherry and Port grape-districts of Spain and Portugal. Today Sandeman is found in most of the best Mayfair homes.

And, Sandeman Sherries and Ports are so extremely reasonable, there is no need to deny oneself the pleasure of their company.

SANDEMAN

SHERRY
PORT
MADEIRA

CANADA DRY

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

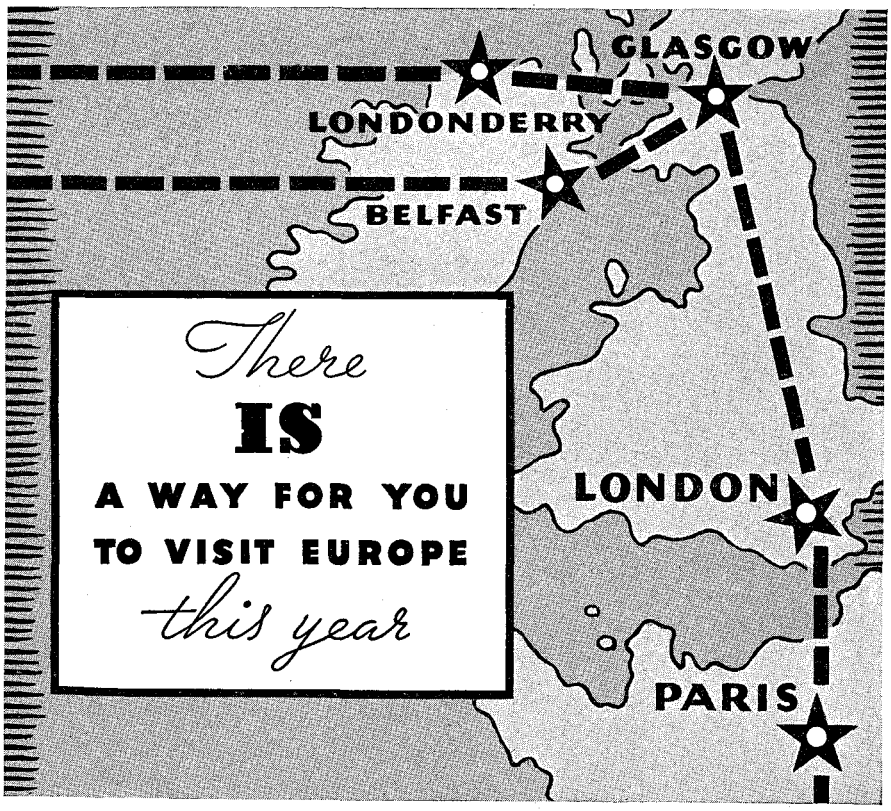
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

done so for the last ten years. This he attributes to his educational background. He was in high school during the years immediately after the war and reacting negatively to the Red hysteria, he became a socialist sympathizer, refused to join the R. O. T. C. and was dropped from the school paper for submitting an editorial in defense of the I. W. W., and then trying to engineer a strike in the local mills. At college he worked under Harry Elmer Barnes. His first published article was in *The American Mercury* in 1924 and since then he has contributed to ten different newspapers and twenty magazines, some of them many times. He has made a trip around the world, has written three books and is now at work on two more. His present article is consistent in thought with his other writings.

Langston Hughes, well-known Negro poet, was born in Joplin, Mo., and grew up in Kansas, Colorado, Mexico, Illinois, and Ohio. He studied at Columbia and Lincoln University. For three years he worked as a seaman and saw Africa, Italy, Cuba, Holland, and Spain. He acted as a doorman in a Montmartre night club for a while. He was a beachcomber at Genoa, a bus boy in Washington, and a scenario writer in Moscow. He has just returned now from a year in the Soviet Union and is writing a book about the darker races under the Soviets in middle Asia and the East. Besides his several books of poems, he has written a novel, *Not Without Laughter,* and a book of recitations, *The Negro Mother and Other Poems.* He is now living in Carmel, Calif., where, with Ella Winter, Lincoln Steffens and others, he is helping to raise Scottsboro defense funds. Occasionally, he says, he does a short story, all of which will make up a series treating nuances of various interracial situations that he feels have not been much touched upon in American fiction. "The Blues I'm Playing" is one of these.

Ben Ray Redman is of English descent on both sides, though on both sides the family has been in America over three hundred years. He was a single-seater scout pilot on the Ypres front during the War with the Royal Flying Corps. He started writing for various periodicals immediately after

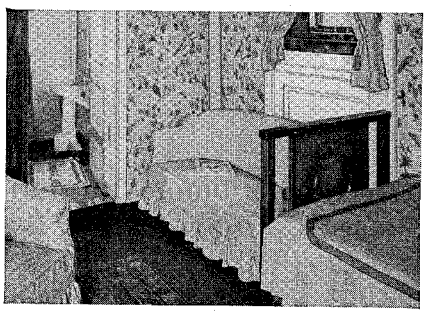


Smart, courteous and yet friendly service . . . real hospitality.

This is the way . . . three-fold economy! You save first by 8 days of luxurious, generously served ocean travel that cost in First Class only $147 up, Cabin $139 up, Tourist $107 up. You save on land travel, too . . . Anchor Line starts you at the top, places all the wonders of the British Isles before you on a one-way, time-saving itinerary that leads directly to London and the Continent. You land in northern Ireland or at Glasgow, where the Firth of Clyde gives you the most beautiful entrance to Great Britain.

AND TRAVEL IN BRITAIN SAVES YOU STILL MORE!

Your dollar stands practically at par. Living and transportation, cheap ever since the war, have been even further reduced. 50% off on railway fares. Hotel rates down, too. Make this your vacation . . . Anchor Line to Great Britain and thence to the Continent, if you wish.



Here is modernity without stiffness, luxury with good taste. These staterooms are the pride of the Line.

Lounges that often frame brilliant social gatherings . . . yet have cozy corners for quiet hours with a book.

13-DAY SUMMER CRUISES
Canadian North Capes and Bermuda

By Anchor Liners from New York and Boston every Saturday and Sunday in the summer . . . St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers, Capes Trinity and Eternity, Quebec, Murray Bay . . . *plus two days in Bermuda!*

First Class Rate $115 up. *Auspices of* **THE NATIONAL TOURS**
561 Fifth Ave., New York

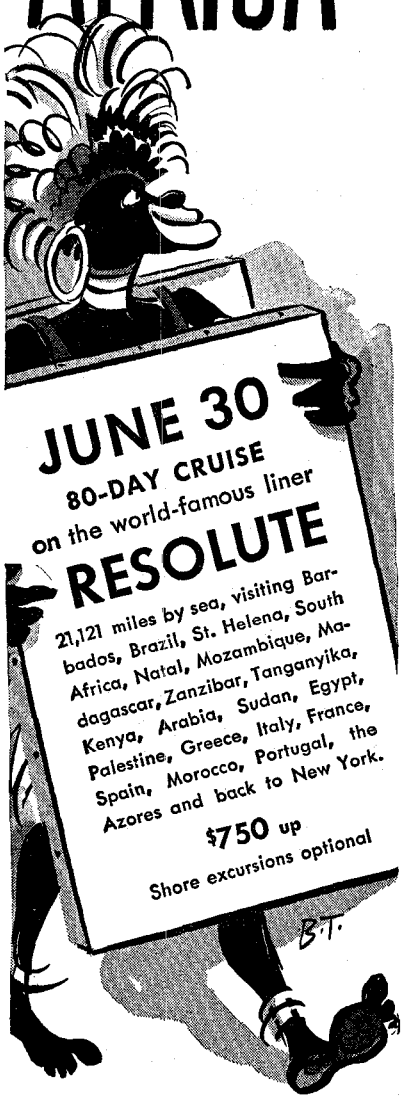
ANCHOR LINE

FIRST CLASS · CABIN · TOURIST

Send for details regarding low European travel costs in 1934 to your Local Agent or 25 Broadway, New York.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AROUND AFRICA


JUNE 30
80-DAY CRUISE
on the world-famous liner
RESOLUTE
21,121 miles by sea, visiting Barbados, Brazil, St. Helena, South Africa, Natal, Mozambique, Madagascar, Zanzibar, Tanganyika, Kenya, Arabia, Sudan, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Italy, France, Spain, Morocco, Portugal, the Azores and back to New York.
$750 up
Shore excursions optional
B.T.

Any authorized Hamburg-American or Lloyd agent in your locality will furnish you with valuable travel information and illustrated folders featuring this cruise.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
57 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

the War and has kept it up. He is the author of several books, among them *Marriage for Three* and *Down in Flames*, and has translated many French books. His wife is Frieda Inescourt, the well-known actress. At one time when Mrs. Redman was touring the country as Portia with George Arliss in *Merchant of Venice*, Mr. Redman packed his typewriter and went along. We are told that he himself ended up behind the footlights and in the five months' tour played six Venetians in one pair of tights. His favorite city is London. His favorite summer spot St. Jean de Luz, and his favorite sports include any and all games outdoor and indoor. He has been many times an editor and is thoroughly familiar with the difficulties which he explains in his "Obscenity and Censorship."

Thomas Wolfe, author of "The Sun and the Rain," has now nearly finished a novel which is to be one of a series of three to which he proposes to give the title *Time and the River*. This first book, which will appear in the fall, he originally planned to call *The October Fair*. The second book is called *The Hills Beyond Pentland* and consists at present of a first draft and about 400,000 words in typed manuscript. The third book is as yet unnamed. All three books, of course, are complete and separate in themselves and occur in different times but really are links in a chain. Mr. Wolfe started work on the present novel in February, 1930, and estimates that he has written considerably more than a million words on it since that time. In the meantime he has found time to write occasional short stories which have appeared in SCRIBNER'S.

The author of "Eliminating Parents," **Louise Maunsell Field,** was born in New York of parents also born in New York. She is one of the few to have the unusual experience of selling not only her first article but her first short story and first novel as well. She is a book reviewer who frankly enjoys reviewing and does it for many well-known papers and periodicals. She has also done numerous articles, a little fiction, and a couple of novels. She has never married, even temporarily, she writes, but lives with her mother in a New York apartment.

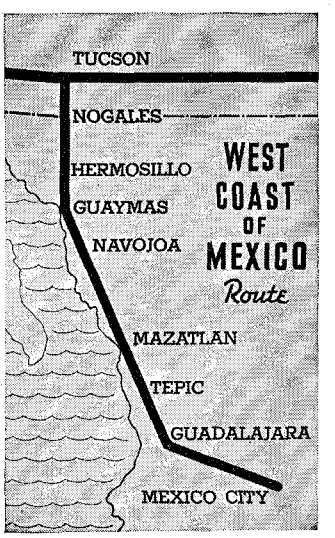
"Twenty minutes at Navojoa"

MEXICO

The train stops. "Twenty minutes at Navojoa." You leave the car. Indians crowd around you, holding up beautiful *sarapes*. You see one you want. "How much?" you ask. "Twenty pesos", he says. You offer fifteen. He shrugs his shoulders. You walk away. He calls you back. The *sarape* is yours. "*Gracias*", he says. "*Gracias*", you reply.

You'll never tire of the colorful crowds that meet your train at every stop on the West Coast Route to Mexico City. You start at Tucson or Los Angeles. A modern Pullman takes you straight through to Mexico City. Or you can use the West Coast Route to return. For details, see your railroad agent or write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. S 5,310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago.

THE COST? *Rail and Pullman fares have been cut. (For example, $94.80 rail roundtrip from Chicago to Mexico City.) Your dollars are worth three times as much in Mexico.*



Southern Pacific

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U.S.S.R.

A NEW VACATION LAND

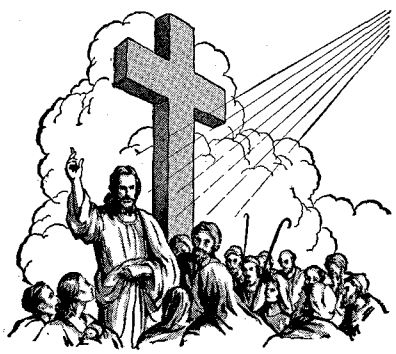
Vacationers abroad are looking to the Soviet Union to supply the thrills of travel lacking in the beaten-track countries. The inducement to visit the U. S. S. R. is enhanced by the fact that travel dollars have undergone no deflation there. Intourist rates existing before the dollar went off gold have been retained *in dollars* for 1934. All-inclusive travel service is offered at $15 per day First Class; $8 per day Tourist Class and $5 per day Special Class. These include: Soviet visas, meals, hotels, guide-interpreters, sightseeing, boat, train and motor transportation on tour in the U. S. S. R. Over a hundred special groups are planned if you want to join . . . or go it alone. All travel agents have rates, schedules and itineraries.

Write for booklet **SM5**

. . . A swing around a sixth of the globe.

INTOURIST INC.

U. S. Representative of the Travel Company of the U. S. S. R.
545 Fifth Avenue, New York
Offices in Chicago and Boston, Or See Your Own Travel Agent.



OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY

1934—a new year, a new era with history in the making. But this year, too, in the tiny Bavarian village of Oberammergau, history will repeat itself! There will be enacted a scene which first took place 300 years ago, a scene ever great, ever moving, ever dramatically beautiful. And the call to travelers this year will be "Come to Oberammergau, to the Passion Play!"

Apply to your own Agent, or

AMEROP TRAVEL SERVICE, INC.
400 Madison Ave., New York City
AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY
65 Broadway, New York City
THOS. COOK & SON
587 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Official Agents by Appointment

BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

Waino Nyland was born of Swedish parents in Esse, Finland. He was only five when he left there and so remembers little of the 7000-mile trip to Butte, Mont. A few things stand out in his mind: the clatter and crashing of beer bottles as they rolled under the long rows of bunks in the steerage of his ship in a storm on the North Sea. Of New York he remembers only two things; one, the tremendous sidewalk up Ellis Island which seemed to him broad enough to accommodate all the people of Europe; and, two, the magnificent tufts of hair (fetlocks) on the legs of the drayhorses as they clanked up the cobbled streets of Manhattan. He went to the public schools of Butte and the University of Montana, and in his senior year discovered that he wasn't a citizen, though English was the only tongue he knew. Had he been deported he would have made, he says, the worst of "furreigners" in his native land. He took out his papers and is now an instructor in English in the University of Colorado. One summer he decided to follow the footsteps of his father and become a miner, but four hours down in the "hole" ended his mining days. "Western Mining Town" is his first published article.

V. F. Calverton has just returned from a long lecture tour through Canada and up and down the Pacific Coast, and then from Vancouver down through Los Angeles, lecturing at such places as the University of Washington, the University of Oregon, and before any number of forums and clubs in those territories. After his speech in San Francisco, in which "economic forces and class philosophies rather than the individual's emotional and eccentric complexes were stressed as the principal factors in American literature, and hence, American culture," *The Wasp,* one of the most influential Pacific Coast magazines, writes of him: "Mr. Calverton's *Liberation of American Literature* is likely to overturn all our preconceived ideas concerning the free will of the artistic temperament. This reduction of qualitative standards to quantitative ones is the very spirit of the age, as the applause of his audience testified." Mr. Calverton's latest book, *The Passing of the Gods,* will appear late in April or early in May.

(Continued on page 17)

NORTH CAPE

LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN AND RUSSIA

JUNE 30
41-DAY CRUISE
on the world-famous liner
RELIANCE
41-day cruise and 12,500 miles, visiting Arctic and Northern Wonderlands, and Russia. Stopover privileges to Dec. 31, and First Class return to New York from Germany, England, France, included in the cruise rates.
$435 up
Shore excursions optional
B.T.

Any authorized Hamburg-American or Lloyd agent in your locality will furnish you with valuable travel information and illustrated folders featuring this cruise.

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
57 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcement

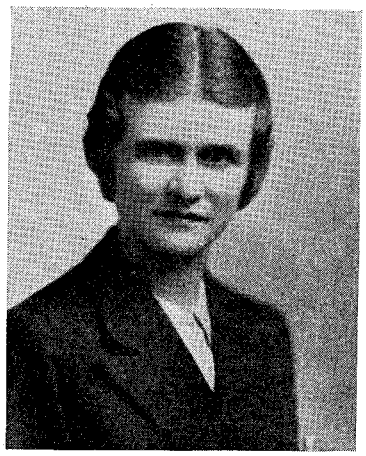
We are happy to announce the new Scribner Educational Advisement Service under the direction of M. Mercer Kendig, B.A. Vassar, M.A. Columbia.

Few persons have had Miss Kendig's opportunity to observe at first hand so many private schools and summer camps in all sections of the United States. Her knowledge of current educational theory and practice is combined with a wide experience in dealing with individual educational problems.

Parents will find Miss Kendig very helpful in assisting them to make a discriminating choice of camp, boarding school, or college which offers the best environment for the development of a boy or girl in the light of their individual differences, educational requirements, and objectives.

Miss Kendig has a rare talent for interpreting her knowledge of schools and education in personal terms. Her insight and understanding of boys and girls and their needs and her long experience in educational guidance assure the value of the service now available to our readers.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, *Publishers.*



M. MERCER KENDIG
B.A. Vassar, M.A. Columbia
Educational Consultant

Information available through personal interview or correspondence. Miss Kendig's office hours are Wednesday, two to five, fourth floor of Scribner Building. Letters should describe child in personal intimate way, and give all pertinent data. A form for requesting information will be supplied if desired. Address M. Mercer Kendig, Educational Information Service, Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE
Half a century of accomplishment
ACCREDITED. Small classes. Sixth grade through college preparatory. Graduates in 40 colleges. Business course. Summer session. Near Trenton. Athletics. Riding. *Catalog.*
Bvt. Brig. Gen. T. D. Landon, Box 25, Bordentown, N. J.

CLARK SCHOOL
Certifies to Dartmouth and other colleges
Junior College Business Course
Address: Frank B. Morgan, Ph. D., Hanover, N. H.

ROXBURY
Thorough College Preparation. Flexible Curriculum. Individual Attention. Large Campus. Junior Department.
A. L. Sheriff, Headmaster **Cheshire, Connecticut**

STONY BROOK CHARACTER BEFORE CAREER
Aims to develop the whole boy—mentally, morally, physically. Excellent record of graduates. Modern equipment. Athletics and school activities. Address **Frank E. Gaebelein, Litt. D.**
Box D, Stony Brook, Long Island, N. Y.

SCHOOL AND CAMP DIRECTORY

Chevy Chase
Accredited Junior College and Senior High School, Art, Interior Decoration, Music, Secretarial, Dramatics, Home Economics. Washington advantages. Outdoor life and sports. *Write*
Mrs. F. E. Farrington, Chevy Chase School, Box S, Washington, D. C.

GRAND VERGER SCHOOL
Signal—Lausanne—Switzerland
In this most up-to-date Finishing School, American and European girls of best social standing are enrolled. All opportunities offered are of the highest standard. FRENCH. Moderate fees. High American references. Catalogues from
Dr. O. Touchstone Magnolia Building **Dallas, Texas**
P. 614-3 L.

PINE TREE For Girls. On beautiful Naomi Lake, 2000 feet above sea in pine-laden air of Pocono Mts. Four hours from New York and Philadelphia. Experienced counselors. All field and lake sports. *Horseback riding featured,* 23d year. PINE TREE CLUB FOR OLDER GIRLS
MISS BLANCHE D. PRICE, 404 W. School Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.

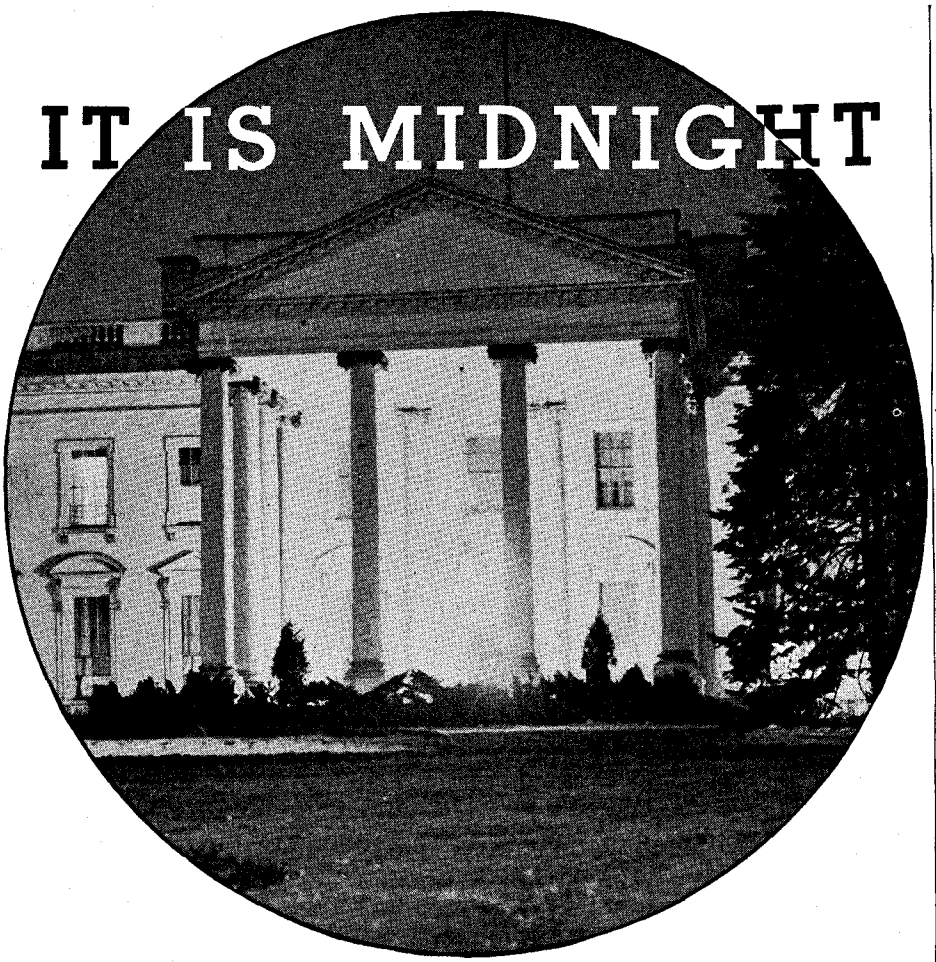
EDUCATIONAL RECREATION
CULVER NAVAL AND CAVALRY BOYS 14-19
SUMMER SCHOOLS ON LAKE MAXINKUCKEE
WOODCRAFT CAMP BOYS 9-14
518 Lake Shore Walk, Culver, Ind.

KAATERSKILL
Pownal, Vermont. For Christian Boys, 6-19. 40 miles from Albany. Varied program of activity. Trips. Riding. Trained Staff. Physician. Complete equipment. $13.50 a week. Est. 1921. Catalog.
Herbert C. Lorenz, Director, P. O. Box 424. Bennington, Vermont. *Affiliated with Camp Woodland, Londonderry, Vt., for girls.*

MARANACOOK
Camp for Boys 7-17. Readfield, Me. 25th year. Mature counselors. Cabins. Elective daily program. Riding. Trips. All sports. Band Instructions.
WM. H. MORGAN, Director **566 White St., Springfield, Mass.**

UNAUTHORIZED DUPLICATION
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT IS MIDNIGHT



Nine men and one woman walk, tired but smiling, from the lighted portico of the White House. Accord is obvious.

Or —

Nine men and one woman walk tired and gloomy with shoulders sagging from the lighted portico of the White House. Failure is written on their grim faces.

A few hours later the presses of the world churn out the news, reassuring or portentous, of treaty, tariff, trade, a new monetary standard. What are the facts leading up to this midnight session? In NEWS-WEEK, America's fastest printed news-magazine, you will find not merely a compact reckoning, profusely illustrated summation of the world's important news, but clear, calmly analyzed background facts to the events — facts that help you understand the meaning of the news.

20 issues for $1

Saves you $1.00

The coupon below entitles new subscribers to 20 issues of NEWS-WEEK for $1, a clear saving of a dollar on the regular single issue price. Mail it today.

TEAR OFF COUPON - - -

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT AND TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

Established 1906

FEATURED EVERY MONTH IN SEVEN PUBLICATIONS

OUR GROUP OF QUALITY MAGAZINES

Atlantic Monthly, Current History, The Forum, Harpers Magazine, Review of Reviews-World's Work, Scribner's Magazine and The Golden Book

For space and rates in our departments write to
THE WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Inc., 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

TRAVEL

SUMMER TOUR Southern India

$18 A DAY

• Two weeks in Summer . . . breeze-cooled temperature little above New York midsummer. Ceylon, temples, sea-bathing . . . Ootacamund, polo, smart social season. Pilgrims, ruby markets, sculptured Ajanta Caves. 1868 miles first-class railway travel and motor side-trips. Full itinerary from W. T. Biscoe, Delhi House, 38 E. 57th St., New York . . . or the better travel agents.

INDIA STATE RAILWAYS

India

TOUR THE

WORLD

FARES SURPRISINGLY LOW

Plan your own route . . . no set schedule. 215 itineraries. Go eastward or westward. Tickets good for two years . . . stop-overs where and when you wish them. 179 Canadian Pacific agencies to help you. Complete information from your travel agent or any Canadian Pacific office.

Canadian Pacific

Consult your phone book for offices in principal cities.

LABRADOR CRUISES

• See the alluring North—stern and naked cliffs. Eskimos in kayaks, distant icebergs, imposing fjords, etc. You experience a mysterious sense of vastness. The people are as different and interesting as the country in which they live. Ask your travel agent for booklet or write

CLARKE STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LTD.
19X Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

TRAVEL

Quebec

Good Roads Magic Scenery Old World Charm

Four hundred years ago the galleons of Jacques Cartier sailed the historic St. Lawrence River—scenically the finest in the world. . . . Follow its storied course this summer. The glamour of the Past lies on Norman farms and ancient manors, on church-crowned towns and hamlets, on "habitant" cottages and wayside shrines. Enjoy the continental gayety of modern Montreal. Explore Old World Quebec city. Tour the unspoiled Gaspe Peninsula; bracing sea air, scenic grandeur, hunting, fishing, etc.

A "different" holiday in a lovely land

Excellent roads—Economical inns—French Canadian cuisine—Mail coupon for beautifully illustrated booklets—road maps, etc.

Quebec Provincial Tourist Bureau
Quebec City, Canada

Please send free descriptive booklet to:

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

AUSTRALIA

South Sea glamor removes the last remnant of remoteness, replaces it with the glowing beauty of Eden-like isles—Hawaii, Tahiti, Samoa, Raratonga, Fiji and New Zealand—spread like stepping-stones across the silken Pacific. Each day is a gorgeous preparation for the infinite delights of Australia—brilliant cities, blue-swathed mountains, temperate and tropic glories. Three romantic gateways—San Francisco, Los Angeles, Vancouver, enhance the new accessibility. For information write Room 607-D.

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION
114 SANSOME STREET • SAN FRANCISCO

TRAVEL

SWITZERLAND

. . . a reality on this year's income

Plan that *perfect vacation* now while rates are down. As much as 55% reduction in railroad fares . . . hotels have followed suit . . . a trip to fit your 1934 budget that will remain a golden memory throughout your lifetime. See your travel agent or write us for packet WG.

SWISS FEDERAL RAILROADS
475 Fifth Ave., New York

SWEDEN . . . today

WHEN the people of Sweden began the upbuilding of their country, the Egyptians were toiling at the pyramids.

Sweden now awaits your visit to charm you with her natural beauty, enriched by fifty centuries of well chosen developments in architecture, engineering and the art of genial living.

Only eight delightful days from New York in the Swedish American Liners—quick service from England by water and air, fast trains and air liners from London, Paris and Berlin.

Sweden is loved by those who have been there. Enjoy this summer in Sweden where the dollar has not depreciated in value.

To serve the increasing American interest in Sweden, we have prepared delightful journeys, complete in travel detail, including all Scandinavian countries.

We will be glad to send you our new
"Lands of Sunlit Nights"

SWEDISH TRAVEL INFORMATION BUREAU, Inc.

551 FIFTH AVENUE Dept. U NEW YORK

Where-To-Go for June closes April 25

WASHINGTON D. C.

WORLD FAMOUS
The WILLARD HOTEL
$3.00 s $4.00 d Minimum
WASHINGTON D. C.

TRAVEL

MEDITERRANEAN NORWAY CRUISE

54 Days . . . $525. up

including all expense aship and ashore visiting

25 Cities, 12 Countries

on the Trans-Atlantic Liner

VOLENDAM

from New York **JULY 4**

First class throughout

Full details from your local agents

HOLLAND - AMERICA LINE
29 B'way, N. Y. & offices in principal cities

FRANK TOURIST CO.
542 Fifth Avenue, New York

EUROPE—OBERAMMERGAU

TEMPLE TOURS, Inc.
248A Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

MEXICO 13 DAYS $175

20 Days and longer $200 up—Booklet W
WM. L. STRAUSS & SON, 660 MAD. AVE., N.Y.C.

TWO PACK TRIPS—BANFF, Alta. to GLACIER PARK, Mont. and return. **SUMMER OF 1934.** Take the scenic round trip or either half trip. CAROLINE HINMAN, 80 Prospect St., Summit, N. J.

The Where-To-Go system influences the people comprising the cream of all Travel prospects. —U. S. income taxpayers on $5,000 and over.

VERMONT

Discover the

Green Mountains

Spend *this* summer in New England's vacation-land, the unique Green Mountains of Vermont. Tour scenic, uncrowded motorways; explore the winding upland byways; discover the charm of every Vermont land-and-waterscape, the hospitality and happiness awaiting you wherever you tour or tarry. SEND NOW for "Unspoiled Vermont," a handsomely illustrated vacation pre-view with listing of other free official publications.

In this FREE Book

VERMONT
BUREAU OF PUBLICITY
47 State House
Montpelier, Vt.

Vermont

UNSPOILED - UNCROWDED

LAKE CHAMPLAIN BASIN HARBOR Lodge and Cottages
Golf, tennis, sailing, riding. Rates $4-6, Am. Plan. May 30-Oct. 1. Folder. A. E. BEACH, Vergennes, Vt.

MAINE

YORK CAMPS
LOON LAKE, MAINE
Private cabins with open fireplaces and bath. Trout & salmon fishing. Tennis. Golf. Garage. B'klet.

ADIRONDACK MTS. N. Y.

CRATER CLUB
Essex-on-Lake Champlain, N. Y. Modern cottages, no housekeeping cares. Exclusive clientele. Moderate rates. References required. Send for circulars.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL-RESORT & TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

CONCLUDED

TRAVEL | TRAVEL | TRAVEL

EUROPE

All expense tours at protected rates. Small select groups. Luxurious hotels. Cultured and experienced leaders. Mediterranean Cruise frequently included. By motor through scenic "high spots." Independent travel arranged. Steamship bookings all lines. Wide selection itineraries from 25 days, one class ships, $225, to 74 days Tourist class, $1055. Most tours include Passion Play. Request booklet "W."

CARLETON TOURS, 522 5th Ave., N.Y.

EXPLORE the world

Join our thousands of travel-minded members. Meet interesting people, be entertained through letters, booklets, big monthly magazine. Send $1. for year's membership ($1.50 outside U. S. A.) to 25 Broadway, New York.

CUNARD TRAVEL CLUB

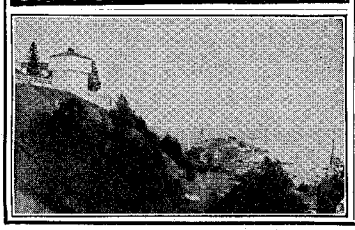
Going to California?

Send for Book with complete descriptions on Where-to-go and What-to-see. No obligation.

P. G. B. MORRISS
CLARK TRAVEL SERVICE
HOTEL CLARK, Los Angeles, Calif.

FREE

STOPS SEA SICKNESS



TO FAMOUS SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND VACATION LANDS . . . by fast comfortable train!

What kind of vacation do you like best? You'll find it in Southern New England — vast holiday region where every possible type of vacation pleasure is waiting to be enjoyed. Get there easily, quickly and economically . . . by train!

BERKSHIRE HILLS
LITCHFIELD HILLS
CONNECTICUT SHORES
RHODE ISLAND SHORES
CAPE COD

Steamer connections to
MARTHAS VINEYARD
NANTUCKET

For illustrated booklet on famous resorts write to The New Haven R. R. Vacation Bureau, Room 118 C., New Haven, Conn.

THE NEW HAVEN R. R.

When writing to these advertisers will you please mention The Where-to-go Bureau?

AN ALLURING VACATION LAND . . . PICTURESQUE, UNSPOILED

NEWFOUNDLAND

COME to Newfoundland this summer ... you'll be thrilled by the rugged magnificence of its scenery — delighted with the diversified vacation pleasures it offers. A friendly welcome awaits you in quaint old fishing villages. Inland, there's ideal fishing and camping country. Fine motor roads, up-to-the-minute hotels and camps, golf, tennis, etc.

Write for "Come to Newfoundland," a booklet sent free from the Newfoundland Inf. Bureau, 53 Journal Bldg., Boston, Mass., or Newfoundland Tourist and Publicity Commission, St. Johns, Newfoundland, or any travel agency.

HONOLULU

in 5 luxurious days

● Five short days to Honolulu by *Empress of Japan* and *Empress of Canada*. Or, more leisurely, by the *Aorangi* and *Niagara* of the Canadian Australasian Line. 14-day "Empress" excursions to Honolulu and return, May 5 and June 2. First Class, $150 up. From Vancouver and Victoria. Get details from your travel agent, or any Canadian Pacific office.

Canadian Pacific

Consult your phone book for offices in principal cities.

In the Berkshire Hills at Lenox, Mass.

THE CURTIS HOTEL

Altitude 1,300 feet. Recreation! Rest. Send for booklet. Lester W. Roberts, *Mgr.*

EUROPE Oberammergau Passion Play, North Cape, Russia, Palestine. Escorted Tours. Choice Cabins by all Lines.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

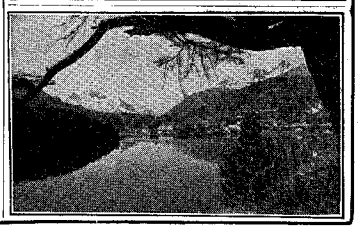
GATEWAY TOURS

CONDUCTED EUROPE .. Oberammergau

AT LESS THAN $10.00 DAILY

Choice of 36 inclusive itineraries to Europe, Russia, North Cape and the Mediterranean. Special trips to the Passion Play.

Write for descriptive booklet
GATEWAY TOURS
1350 B Broadway, New York City



BEHIND THE SCENES

WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

Continued from page 13

We have received a number of comments both pro and con the Briffault article "Madness in Middle Europe and World Peace" in the March issue, which we are glad to publish:

NOT BARBARIANS

Sirs: If no one else voices his opinion of Robert Briffault's propagandistic article, "Madness in Middle Europe," in the March issue of your magazine, you shall hear from at least one disgusted reader who can go back to the '70s of the last century to record himself a reader of SCRIBNER'S.

To attack a friendly nation by charging it with violence recorded of the migration of nations by Roman historians, their enemies; and with the dark deeds of the Middle Ages, is going far afield. If we must go into that, we shall have to indict the Gauls under Brennus no less than the Goths and Vandals. To quote unnamed young Nazis and *Backfisch* maidens (flappers) on Hitler's views and policies is hardly legitimate evidence, but decidedly propaganda, designed to poison American opinion. We went through all that during the war and have Sir Philip Gibbs' and Lord Ponsonby's testimony that the web and woof of the atrocity stories then current and generally believed were barefaced lies.

Briffault (be he a Frenchman or parading

"As Necessary as Electric Illumination"

●

Mr. Saltzman, of the Café Loyale, is a very original and spontaneous person, as his letter shows.

CAFÉ LOYALE

521 Fifth Avenue
New York

January 12, 1934.

MR. JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, JR.
Fifth Avenue Bus Advertising,
425 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My dear Mr. Livingston:

To you I humbly bow.

You have put the finishing touches to our huge success.

To know you is a privilege in itself.

The Fifth Avenue business man whose doors your coaches pass, and who does not advertise in them, to my mind simply draws the shades down on his show windows on the world's greatest thoroughfare.

I am more than extremely grateful to you and hope to be able to reciprocate when the opportunity should present itself.

Very sincerely yours,

L. H. SALTZMAN.

P.S. As long as we are in business on Fifth Avenue or thereabouts, we shall advertise in your coaches, in our mind as necessary as electric illumination.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN these confused and unsettled days ideals and traditions which past generations have taken for granted are being ruthlessly tested for their right to survive.

MOST *fateful of all is the test of the democratic ideal. Can great populations govern themselves with the intelligence which complex industrialism demands?*

THE *issues which veer in and out of the newspapers are incredibly disordered; currency, labor, tariff, agriculture, public works, taxation, and a hundred others appear and disappear and reappear dizzily.*

NEVER *before has the weekly journal, which alone can keep abreast of the news and yet stand apart to clarify, discriminate and interpret, been so essential for the proper working of the democratic idea. Each week* THE NEW REPUBLIC *performs this needed service for thousands of American men and women. In New York, Michigan, Kansas, Texas, California, and in hundreds of key places in Washington it brings an ordered interpretation of vital issues, based on fact and informed with a progressive point of view.*

Guns or Ideas?

A PARANOIAC with a revolver makes a fine dictator for a while. Give him an army with rifles and tanks and some field artillery and he becomes a Leader with a way of life that will solve all difficulties.

He can "catch people by the scruffs of their silly necks and just sling them into the way they should go with as many kicks as may be needed to make a thorough job of it"—in the words of the hero of Mr. Shaw's new play.

Suppressing the opposition is truly a wonderful method for simplifying problems. Our Cro-Magnon ancestors used it exclusively, splendidly careless of the fact that one suppression leads invariably to another. In many parts of the world, their descendants have turned to it today as a way out of their perplexities. With modern weapons at hand, the method is even more simple—and its results are more appalling.

"Yet the fact remains that the final argument against cannon is ideas. The thoughts of men which seem so feeble are the only weapons they have against overwhelming force."

That was the principle upon which The New Republic was founded. That is the ground on which it invites your support today.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION.
FOUNDED IN 1914.

13 weeks' trial subscription $1.00

THE NEW REPUBLIC
421 West 21st St., New York City

For the enclosed $1.00 (check or money order if possible) please send me The New Republic for the next 13 weeks.

Name.....

Address.....

in full.....

SC-5-34

BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

in disguise of one) should read Tacitus on the ancient Germans and Count Gobineau on the racial problems, nor forget the early Christian Fathers, before he condemns the Teutonic races of the Gothic period, since in doing so he condemns the Anglo-Saxons, the Normans and the Vikings also. They were all Teutons.

Incidentally, *Urmenschen* cannot be translated into "barbarians." The Germans employ it to denote men of prehistoric times.

It is easier to write that "Germany is today the cradle of the barbaric forces which defy and threaten the civilization of Europe" than to offer any credible evidence in support of such wild statements, which are based upon nothing more substantial than the one hundred casualties which, according to the testimony of American investigators and eyewitnesses, attended the Hitler revolution, or upon the vaunting boasts of some talkative Hitler super-patriots. I infer that he regards the Bolsheviks, with a recorded list of several million victims, including the crime of regicide, as the anointed agents of civilization, along with the French.

I challenge him to cite an authenticated case of German barbarism comparable to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the French Reign of Terror, the continued persecution of the Huguenots, the satanically-inspired destruction of the Rhinelands by Louis XIV or the fiendish Commune of 1871. When we come to the discussion of refined acts of barbarism we can find the choicest examples in France.

You should at least be fair enough to invite a response from a qualified spokesman for the other side, and so escape the suspicion that you have enlisted in a partisan cause and aligned yourself with the Boycott Bund.

Yours truly,
FREDERICK FRANKLIN SCHRADER.
New York City.

MR. WALTER'S mention of Doctor Briffault's pro-French sentiments leads us to call attention to his article which appeared in the May, 1933, SCRIBNER'S called "France—The Reactionary Republic." Doctor Briffault is an Englishman.

In contrast to these two letters we have:

Sirs: I want to congratulate you on your courage, if it took courage, in publishing "Madness in Middle Europe" by Mr. Robert Briffault. Not only is it an interesting, well-written article but, more important, it is true. Of course, Hitler and Mussolini are scoundrels and why other magazines are afraid to say so puzzles me.

Yours very truly,
GRENVILLE T. CHAPMAN.
El Paso, Texas.

Mrs. Chester Arthur Stine of Columbus, Ohio, writes:

"The article 'Madness in Middle Europe and World Peace' by Robert Briffault seems to me the best feature in the March issue."

M. H. Bowers of Caldwell, Kan., says:

"'Madness in Europe' is an exceptional article, but Mr. Briffault knows his economics."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books for your Library

(*Continued from page 4*)

The frightening prodigy of both decadents and genuine artists, the boy grew up under a regimen endurable only by genius, into fame, and into the favor of that greatest of all impresarios, Sergei Diaghileff.

The friendship of Diaghileff and Nijinsky; Mme. Nijinsky's campaign to seduce Nijinsky's love toward herself; the tours of the Russian Ballet over the face of the world, the universal outpouring of adulation, the artistic triumphs; the tragedy of his insanity (related with a dramatic skill that is overwhelmingly affecting)—compose a story that is irresistible. As though the excitement which always attends descriptions of sheer genius were not enough, this biography is also necessarily concerned with the moods, personalities, and movements of the other great ones of the Ballet—Bakst, Fokine, Pavlova, Karsavina—and of interesting or bizarre people in all parts of the world.

HENRY HART.

WAR COMES TO GETTYSBURG

LONG REMEMBER. By MacKinlay Kantor. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

Gettysburg was a quiet town, drowsing into the summer of 1863. Mr. Dan Bale, a conscientious objector, was returning from the West, and on the steam cars with him, Captain Tyler Fanning, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, proceeded home on leave of absence. A one-legged veteran, invalided after Fredericksburg, drilled the home guard, and young Elijah Huddlestone, his martial ardor superior to the rupture which barred him from enlistment, studied military manuals and thirsted for warlike glory. Doctor Duffey, a physician and surgeon of more than local reputation, made his rounds. Mr. Fanning, local magnate, was occupied with his tannery and his shoe factory; and Mr. Quagga, neighborhood copperhead, received dark looks from loyal citizens as he pursued his dubious affairs. The Wade girl made her biscuits and kept her house.

The month waned towards July, and it was hot, and the farmers thereabouts began to worry about the crops. Captain Tyler Fanning was recalled from leave to the Army of the Potomac (army still sore from Chancellorsville, lying somewhere down to the southeast). The captain ought to have been classed unfit for front-line duty: wounded at Sharpsburg by the Antietam, last September, he had not yet recovered the complete man: his wife, Irene, Philadelphia girl who had her intimate things sent from Paris, wondered, in the six days and nights of his leave, if he ever would. He departed; and Mr. Dan Bale proceeded rapidly with the facile seduction of the captain's wife, meeting her in the field under McPherson Ridge, to the left of the Chambersburg Pike; and again in the hidden vale off the Emittsburg Road, that lies between Round Top and Little Round Top—place known to fame presently as the Devil's Den.

The war was a rumor and a muttering, reported confusingly in the newspapers. The quiet town of Gettysburg followed the drudg-

On dining well

O NOBLE gastronomic muse, descend . . . and inspire this discourse . . . !

The joys of eating beautifully prepared food are perhaps more immediate, complex and compelling than those derived from any daily experience. For what other art calls at once upon the four senses of taste, touch, sight and smell? Such a complicated variety of stimuli is reserved for devotees of the culinary cult.

Aboard a French Line ship there is proper reverence for the pleasures of the table. The cuisine is acknowledged, by *gourmets*, to be a triumph of French talent. (Which is natural enough, since a French chef is at his best in his native setting.) Throughout the ship, with each repast, good table wines are served. In addition, the wine steward will suggest, if you wish, an accompaniment of the finest old vintages . . . at surprisingly moderate prices.

Dinner conversation on France-Afloat is likely to be seasoned with wit. (A congenial group travels French Line.) The service is perfect (English-speaking). The appointments modern, comfortable. And Breton seamanship, deep-bred, assures a carefree crossing.

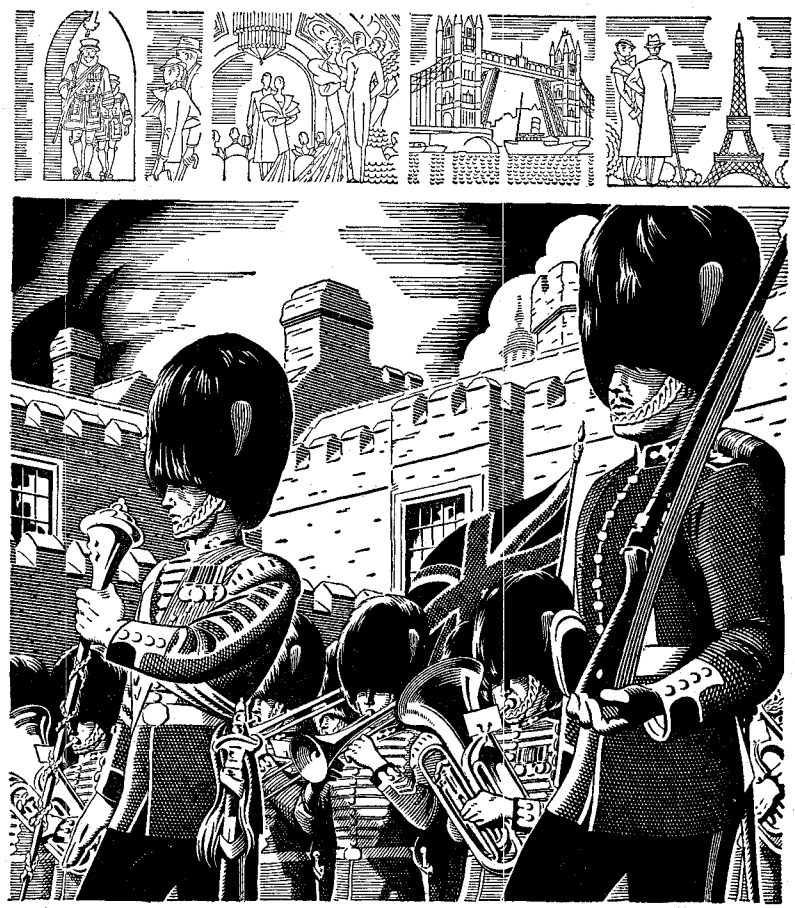
A voyage to Europe via French Line is, in fact, a study in pleasant living. Yet it costs no more. *And shipboard expenses have been adjusted to the value of the dollar.* . . . Consult your travel agent. No charge for his services. French Line, 19 State Street, New York City.

French Line

PARIS (*Enlarged, Redecorated Tourist Accommodations*), May 19, June 9 and 30 • ILE DE FRANCE, May 5 and 26, June 16

LAFAYETTE, May 16, June 13, July 3 • CHAMPLAIN, May 12, June 2 and 23

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GREAT BRITAIN
the mighty pageant

Visit Britain and enjoy the mighty pageant of history, romance and modern gaiety all delightfully combined. On one hand a pageant of abbeys and cathedrals such as York, Durham, and Canterbury...a pageant of fashionable events—Ascot, Epsom, Doncaster, Wimbledon, Ranalagh, Cowes...a pageant of historic shrines—of Shakespeare, Burns, Scott, Milton...a pageant of beauty, in Britain's unmatched countryside. On the other hand, a pageant of gaiety and revelry, night clubs, new hotels, theatres, dance bands that syncopate all Europe. ✲ If the Continent beckons, the British Railways offer a choice of 15 Steamship Routes from England, giving access to all parts of Europe—Paris by the favourite "Golden Arrow" service—Berlin by the famous Harwich routes. ✲ To make it easy for you to choose, we have prepared some interesting holiday suggestions for combined trips in Great Britain, including Steamship, Rail, Hotel accommodations, meals and sightseeing—*everything*. Here's a sample:

For free illustrated literature, with maps and full details write Dept. 25.
T. R. DESTER
General Traffic Manager
ASSOCIATED BRITISH RAILWAYS *Inc.*
551 Fifth Avenue, New York

30-DAY TOUR—ALL EXPENSES—$420
New York, Liverpool, Lake District, Glasgow, Trossachs, Edinburgh, Oban, Caledonian Canal, Inverness, Aberdeen, Braemar, Balmoral, Melrose, Abbotsford, Durham, York, Lincoln, Peterborough, Ely, Cambridge, London, Southampton, New York.

Books for your Library

eries and urgencies and local excitements of ordinary living and dying.

Then the war came to Gettysburg incredibly, as a bad dream comes. Jubal Early's division; and the home guards mustered, hernias and all, in unaccustomed harness. John Buford's dragoons and Henry Heth's people; lines of battle and bright flags on McPherson's Ridge. Artillery in battery among the tombstones and the wilted flowers of the cemetery. Confederate sharpshooters dead in the kitchen garden, and amputations done on dining-room tables. Gettysburg received the education that a hundred other quiet towns, down under the Southern border, had already taken.

The tale is told with unrelenting and insistent realism. Here the civilian reader may vibrate to all the thrills and furies of battle without the dangers and short rations that characterize combat. The pages are informed with ardor, and noise, and stench, and misery. The bewilderment of simple, peaceful folk, caught up in the sweep and surge of war, is excellently rendered. The invariable dustiness, and untidiness, and bawdiness of armies are conveyed with incisive touches. Not conveyed is: that over Gettysburg met the armed and incarnate intentions of two divergent conceptions of government, so that the thunders of that meeting echo around Gettysburg to this day; but such long thoughts do not come to people at the flaming point of contact, and Mr. Kantor is writing of people in their habit as they lived.

The author lists an imposing bibliography, but it is not necessary. His work bears all the tool marks of studious examination and judicious choice.

JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

CONTRADICTORY AND SENSITIVE MAN

I WAS A GERMAN. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ERNST TOLLER. Morrow. $2.75.

There is some worm at the core of this fine book, secret and asleep, enfolded by the poetic contours and tragic tissues of Ernst Toller's remarkable life. There is some psychological quirk, undisclosed, that must account for the antitheses of belief and of action which render his writing and his life exasperatingly less than first rate. Differentiated from his fellow creatures by being a poet as well as a Jew, made pacifist by experiences in the war and socialist by experiences in Germany after the war, Ernst Toller seems always to have been two things at a time—physically cautious and morally courageous, well-to-do and an exponent of the proletariat, pacifist and revolutionist, poet and direct actionist. His life, which he has oversimplified in this adroitly written autobiography, has been unflinchingly devoted to ideals and filled with the most harrowing experiences. It seems incredible that so many major experiences could, without obliteration, fall upon a nature sensitive to their profoundest implications. That Ernst Toller survived is due to the psychological secret which steals like a ghost through these dramatic pages.

HENRY HART.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fine · fast · cool

The Santa Fe Limiteds to California and Texas

AIR-CONDITIONED ON ITS

for the coming summer season

There will be *new comfort*, as well as unparalleled economy, in Santa Fe summer travel to the playgrounds of Colorado, the Southwest, and California.

Air-conditioning—assuring clean, cool, even-temperatured car air regardless of the weather outside—is to be applied to certain equipment on each of these fine Santa Fe limited trains:

- THE CHIEF—fastest and most exclusive train, Chicago to California
- CALIFORNIA LIMITED—only all-Pullman, *no-extra-fare* train to California
- GRAND CANYON LIMITED—with daily through Grand Canyon Pullman
- THE RANGER—new fast train to Texas

MAIL THIS

W. J. BLACK, P. T. M., Santa Fe System Lines
1244 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois
Send Picture Folders and new low Santa Fe Fares.

Name_____

Address_____

Books for your Library

KERENSKY'S PLEA

THE CRUCIFIXION OF LIBERTY. By Alexander Kerensky. John Day. $2.75.

Kerensky, who tried to sustain democracy in Russia in 1917, writes neither history nor memoirs in this volume. Rather, it is "an attempt to influence the minds and the wills of my contemporaries to take up the fight for freedom." Liberty has been crucified, in Russia and Germany, and he is none too optimistic about its resurrection.

Drawing on his own Russian experience and on the facts behind the rise of Hitler to power, Kerensky has written a guide book to the rise of dictatorships. It is political embryology. Dictatorships he detests; "liberty" and "democracy" are for him ideals. But he faces the dilemma of every political idealist, and he has no answer, other than to call loudly for a crusade for democracy.

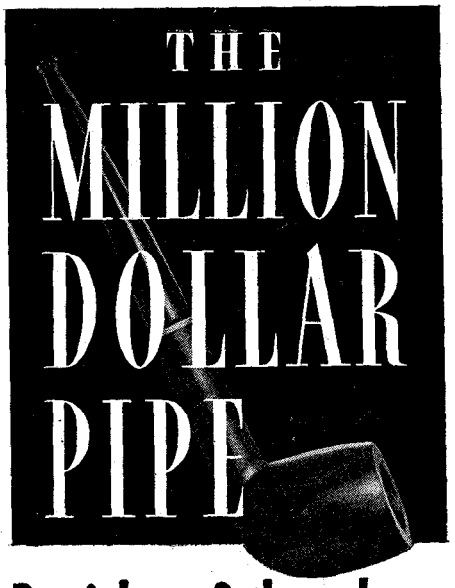
He insists that he believes in the necessity for economic public planning, but he says nothing of the way to carry on such public planning without dictatorship. Political idealists today agree on such a necessity, yet they would hold on to democracy; one of the two, it would seem, must have to go. For it is the forces within a democracy that destroy democracy itself, the forces which lead to the rise of any one clever propaganda group, appealing usually to the economic interests of the masses. Such a group takes advantage of the one great fact about a democracy, that any and all groups may exist, to use its right to existence to destroy democracy. When such a group finds a strong economic platform to hold the masses, then not even a Kerensky can save democracy. People may like liberty as much as Kerensky insists; but even more they like to eat.

WILLIAM C. WHITE.

ABOUT LEVY, BY ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL. *Scribners*. $2.—Doctor Claude Levy, on trial for his life, is made a vivid figure to the reader, though the man never appears in person in the pages of this unusual novel. From all angles and through all sorts of minds and personalities the reader sees Levy and watches the progress of his trial step by step until the verdict. For those who are interested in "experimental fiction" as well as those who appreciate a good, if tragic yarn.

BREAKFAST IN BED, BY SYLVIA THOMPSON. *Little, Brown*. $2.50.—Entertaining and well-co-ordinated novel of one day in the life of a London household. From the superficial, cotton-wool existence of the Lord and Lady to the struggles of the maid who comes to apply for a job, we get in on the thoughts and actions of each character. Reminiscent of "Dinner at Eight" in more ways than the technique alone.

KALEIDOSCOPE, BY STEFAN ZWEIG. *Viking*. $3.—Thirteen long stories translated from the German, nine appearing for the first time in English. Unvarying in dramatic suspense and excellence of atmosphere and character. Two stories, "The Burning Secret" and "The Governess," are told from the standpoint of children, with rare comprehension and tenderness. "Fear" is an absorbing novelette, with a fine surprise ending.



Banishes 3 bugaboos of pipe smoking....

❶ *messy cleaning!*
❷ *heat!* ❸ *juice!*

It took over $1,000,000 and 72 years of experimenting to produce a pipe totally free from the 3 drawbacks to perfect pipe comfort. No wonder Demuth takes pride in announcing its new achievement...*Snap*-Kleen.

Snap-Kleen ends daily messing with pipe cleaners ...*this pipe cleans itself at the snap of the wrist!* Gravity condensation principle collects all impurities in a moisture trap. A quick shake and it's clean! U. S. Pat. No. 1,888,462.

Next—*Snap*-Kleen is c-o-o-l--noticeably so—because it is *air-cooled!* And finally, it is juiceless; truly dry... certified so by the U.S. Testing Laboratories.

Snap-Kleen has no gadgets. Its priceless advantages are built *inside* the pipe. Get a *Snap*-Kleen. Discover what a million dollars has done to give you greater smoking pleasure!

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
230 Fifth Ave., New York

Snap it—its clean!
No more daily nuisance with messy pipe cleaners. A jiffy shake of the bit does the trick! So easy! So clean!
Air cooled
Ingenious ventilator draws cool air from the outside and mixes it with the smoke.
Moisture proof
A positive check against "juice"; built inside the pipe... out of sight!

THE MILLION DOLLAR PIPE

WDC AIR COOLED *Snap*-KLEEN $2.50

● *Because SNAP-KLEEN is new, not all stores are supplied yet. If your dealer can't supply you, order by mail. Use the coupon.*

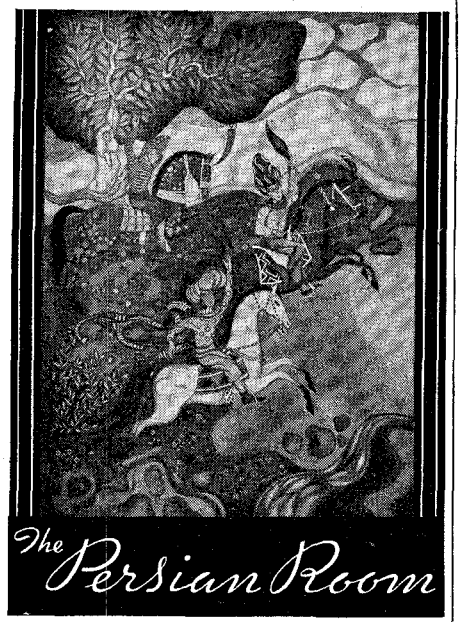
Wm. Demuth & Co., 230 Fifth Ave., N.Y.
Send me the new WDC air-cooled *Snap*-Kleen Pipe. I'll deposit with postman $2.50 plus charges when it arrives. If not satisfactory, my money will be refunded in full.

☐ Straight stem ☐ Large ☐ Dark Briar
☐ Curved stem ☐ Medium ☐ Medium Briar
☐ Semi-curved ☐ Small ☐ Light Briar

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____ 65

JOBBERS and DEALERS:
***SNAP*-KLEEN**, because of its superiority, is destined to be America's favorite quality pipe. *Wire or write for full details.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Designed by the Joseph Urban Associates.
The murals are by Lillian Gaertner Palmedo.

THE DE MARCOS
in colorful, dramatic costume dances

EMIL COLEMAN
and his Famous Orchestra

THE NEW PERSIAN ROOM OPEN FOR COCKTAIL HOUR, DINNER AND SUPPER
Special Dinner, $3.00, and a la Carte
Supper Weekdays, $1.50; Saturdays, $2.50
Sunday Cocktail Hour Dansant
No Couvert Charge

The PLAZA New York
FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET

DISTINGUISHED
. . . in name, location, service

The DELMONICO carries on the famed tradition of its past . . . meeting every demand of a most discriminating clientele.

NEW CAFE AND BAR NOW OPEN ON THE LOBBY FLOOR

SINGLE ROOMS *from* $4.00
DOUBLE ROOMS *from* $6.00
SUITES *from* $8.00

HOTEL
DELMONICO
Park Avenue at 59th Street
New York
UNDER RELIANCE DIRECTION

WE GIVE YOU THE HOTELS

The Efficient Maid Is Mistress of Many Trades

●Did you ever think, when you threw aside your home-bred inhibitions and put your feet up on the silk spread of the hotel bed, just exactly what toil and trouble you were setting in motion for the management? Or how many extra steps you were adding to the daily miles which the hotel chambermaid covers? Or did it ever occur to you that when you take a notion to oversleep and hang out the Do Not Disturb sign, you upset a system as scheduled as the U. S. mail?

The well-run housekeeping department of the modern hotel is as efficient an institution as I think exists. The duties of the housekeeper are legion and the most important of these is the first:

Keep all rooms in suitable condition for rental, care for all occupied rooms with the least possible inconvenience or annoyance to patrons, and render every personal service possible to patrons.

This I quote from Mr. Lucius Boomer's book on Hotel Management. And just here the hotel maids come in.

●Being a hotel maid, I find, doesn't mean just being able to take care of twelve or more rooms a day with efficiency and dispatch. It means being a Jane-of-all-trades, a diplomat, and the very soul of honor. For instance. The housekeeper at the Plaza had just notified one of her girls that she might have an eight-day vacation. In almost no time the girl was in her office, wide-eyed and nearly hysterical. "But I can't possibly go! Not possibly." It seems that she had promised one of the guests, at that moment in Florida, that she and she alone would wind, regularly each week, a much prized and highly valuable clock belonging to the lady then in Florida. In vain the housekeeper promised that she, with her own hands, just as faithfully, would see that the clock was wound. It would not do. The girl had promised to relinquish the key to no one and relinquish it she would not. Instead she stayed over two days of her precious vacation till the day came on which the clock had to be wound. That's what a promise meant to her.

●That, of course, is the more personal type of service required of a maid in a residential hotel where the guests have their own apartments furnished with their own belongings. In the transient hotel, the service, if just as exacting, is more standardized, more a matter of routine. When the guest is here today, gone tomorrow, the maid does not have to learn, for example, whether the guest likes his papers straightened or left untouched, his slippers by his bed or by his chair, his night light on or off. But the routine is military, precise, and demanding. The Ahrens Publishing Co. gets out a leaflet which gives the routine as it is carried out generally in the hotels. Each hotel, of course, makes some variation but the idea is the same. This is called "On Change" and takes the expert maid just twenty-five minutes. Try it sometime.

1. Open windows to air bed.
2. Strip bed. Shake sheets to make sure no guests' belongings were left.
3. Allow mattress, pad, pillows and blankets to air while you straighten room.
4. Pick up. Put loose papers, magazines, etc., in waste basket. Empty and wash and replace ash trays. Empty waste basket in your waste-paper bag. Wipe bottom with a damp cloth.
5. Turn mattress.
6. Make bed.
7. With stiff brush or whisk broom, brush upholstered chairs and chair seats.
8. Dust all drawers inside and out. When you replace stationery on desk, put in necessary supplies. Put fresh paper lining in all drawers where needed.
9. Dust furniture carefully. Take everything off dressers, bureaus, desks, etc. Dust each article before you put it back. Rub wood to remove fingerprints and spots. As each lamp is replaced, dust both base and shade.
10. Wash glass tops, mirrors and pictures. Dust frames.
11. Dust closet shelves, hangers and rods. Wash closet floor. Supply new laundry bag and missing hangers. Wash inside of servidor. Wash any full-length mirrors. Dust both sides of all room doors, base-moldings, window sills, bottom and centre sash rails, and top of radiator.
12. Close windows and adjust shades. Wipe off window ledge with damp cloth.
13. Bathroom procedure: *a.* Pick up

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hotel Dennis,
ATLANTIC CITY

Maytime is Holidaytime on the Boardwalk

And this most famous of hostelries provides a perfect background for the enjoyment of the season's many fine features. Unobstructed view of Garden Terrace, Boardwalk, beach and sea from capacious sun decks, solaria and guest rooms. Famed wholesome cuisine. Musical entertainment, games and interest for the entire family—with special features for children.

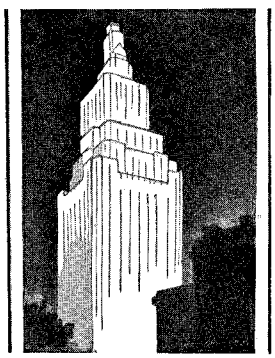
Interesting Spring Rates
American and European Plans

Golf. Horseback Riding. Roller Chairs. Piers and Theatres.

Annual Atlantic City Horse Show
May 16—17—18—19

WALTER J. BUZBY, INC.

APARTMENTS
with old fashioned virtues



★

Spaciousness, sunlight, charm and beauty...in a modern setting. Every present-day convenience combined with an old fashioned ideal of livability.

One, two and three rooms. Several with all around terraces. Furnished or unfurnished. Serving pantries. Full hotel service . . . optional. Inspect today.

$900 to $6000 per year.

Transient accomodations ★ at moderate rates.

One
FIFTH AVENUE

soiled towels, curtains and mat, and replace with clean.

b. Supply soap, toilet paper, razor and wash cloth if required.

c. Scour, wash and polish lavatory bowl, faucets, fixtures and piping.

d. Clean bath tub in same way.

e. Dust shower rod and top edge of tile wainscot.

f. Scrub inside of toilet with special brush or mop. Wash outside.

g. Empty cuspidors; wash inside and out; polish outside.

f. Scrub floor.

14. Last of all, run vacuum sweeper or carpet sweeper over floor, moving chairs and reaching under bed from all sides. Pick up all lint. If you use broom clean floor before dusting furniture.

15. Report to housekeeper any repairs, replacements or special cleaning necessary. Send to her office any articles left by departing guests.

Multiply that by twelve or more and you will have some idea what the little girls you meet up and down the hotel corridors are so busy about. And even that doesn't tell the whole story. A magazine article takes four pages explaining just how to go about item 6—"Make bed"—and concludes the entire article by saying that it should take just four minutes. It's not just throwing the covers on. It's a science. And yet, as the housekeeper at the Biltmore told me, people—and particularly men—seem to do all the things in hotels that they are never allowed to do at home. To prove her point she brought out for my inspection a green silk spread, span clean except for a large round oily stain on the part that covered the pillow. "That spread," she said ruefully, "I put on with my own hands fresh yesterday to have the room letter-perfect for an important guest." The important guest had acted like a small boy and taken his nap on top of the silk spread, thinking not at all of the ointment he had just put on his hair. It meant the expense of laundering and wear for the hotel. For the maid it meant a trip to the housekeeper's office to show and report the damage; the digging out of a fresh spread, being sure it fitted the color scheme of the room; carrying it back to the room and only then going on about her business. Your sleeping over is another interruption in her rounds.

Discerning Eyes

● It makes no difference what you do to a room. When the maid leaves it after her daily round it must be absolutely up to the hotel standard. That sounds simple too, but when you consider that for a single room and bath the ordinary equipment is

BATH	ROOM
4 face towels	2 pen holders
2 bath towels	2 pen points
1 face cloth	matches and ash trays
1 piece bath soap	inkwell and ink
1 piece face soap	waste basket
2 water glasses	telephone directories
1 tooth-brush holder	house directory
bath rug	memorandum pad
towel rack	pencil laundry list
medicine cabinet	Do Not Disturb sign
shower sheet	
rubber bath mat	
soiled towel basket	
1 shoe mit	
1 face tissue	
1 toilet tissue	

then you know the little girls have something to think about.

Needles and Pins

● With the care of your room, however, the duties of the chamber maid are supposed to cease. Have you mending to be done? It should go to the valet. Pressing? The same. But almost everywhere exceptions are made to this rule in the case of emergency, and every maid can sew a fine seam, press a dress, or button-up-the-back when need arises. At

Fairfax

WILL OPEN IN MAY
AN AIR CONDITIONED
RESTAURANT
WITH STANDING BAR

For the Summer months single rooms with pantries will start at $4. daily or $90. monthly

Hotel Fairfax
116 East 56th Street
New York

A Favored Hotel
In an exclusive locality
OPPOSITE WALDORF-ASTORIA

One to five room suites - Furnished or unfurnished - with generous closets and perfectly equipped serving pantries

featuring two room suites at seven dollars daily
Excellent Restaurant with Cocktail Lounge

The Beverly
A RESIDENTIAL HOTEL
125 EAST 50TH STREET - NEW YORK
WALLACE K. SEELEY --- MANAGER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Along with thousands of others, you may be planning to go to Hawaii some day. It would be only natural. This island paradise has won a permanent place in the affections of the world. Somehow it sums up rest, recreation, rejuvenation.

What may at first have seemed extravagant overstatement concerning these islands of eternal May has proved a matter of statistics. Even the most prose-minded visitors to Hawaii have grown lyrical in singing its praises and started others planning to go.

But now you can stop "*just planning*", for the time of going and the cost of getting there are down to practical figures. Besides, no exchange, customs, or passports to worry about for travelers from the United States.

A visit to Hawaii may now be included easily in the usual vacation period. Fast steamer and train schedules make it possible. It's less than five days to Honolulu from Los Angeles, San Francisco, or Vancouver! *The cost as low as $110 First Class! . . . $75 Cabin Class! one way from the Pacific Coast.* Furthermore, rail fares are reduced and Pullman surcharges abolished . . . a combination of inducements that urge "go now".

No more beautiful, more popular season than summer to enjoy Hawaii. Gentle trade breezes to cool you, a mingling of ginger lily and hundreds of other sweet-scented blossoms to delight your senses.

Remember, too, "Hawaii" is, *not just one,* but a cluster of islands of unsurpassed beauty... Oahu, Hawaii, Maui, and Kauai, linked by modern airplane and steamer facilities. Hotel accommodations are of the best, both from the standpoint of service and reasonable rates. To be sure, bring your golf clubs, for Hawaii's velvet fairways are magnificent.

Almost next door to you there is a competent travel agent. Ask for a free new booklet, whose cold facts tell glowingly of Hawaii. Or kindly write to*

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU

213 Market St., San Francisco · 247 Pet. Sec. Bldg., Los Angeles

A community organization with headquarters in Honolulu, for the dissemination of free, authoritative information about the entire Territory of Hawaii, U. S. A.

•

**For a larger book, copiously colored, with maps and pictures . . . send 10¢ to cover mailing costs.*

the Biltmore a special staff of ladies' maids supplements the others. The report of one of these for a typical week reads cryptically:

"Called on 60 guests. Gave the following service:
Darn socks
Needle and thread
Straight pins
Curled hair for two ladies
Needle and thread
Needle and thread
Made out laundry list for guest (French)
Pack fur coat and dress
Sew dress and take to valet to be pressed
Packing for guest
Curled hair."

P.S. The guest and not the laundry list was French. The maid understood both.

Trouble Begins

● It is the maids in the residential hotels, however, who know best both the sunny and the seamy sides of guests, for, beside the prescribed routine, they are occupied with the regular habits of individuals. May the gods deliver us from our regular habits! One lady must have a Do Not Disturb sign hung on her door when she's to be *out* of her room all day. Some theory about keeping marauders out while she's away. At the Park Lane, Mrs. Jones doesn't like night service because she doesn't like the maid coming in and out. Mr. Robinson wants night service plus a pitcher of ice-water by his bed. Mrs. Smith wants her quilts taken down from the closet shelf and put at the foot of the bed, and the light put *out*. There is no end, there is no end.

Tact and Service

● A famous Arctic explorer came to stay at the Sherry Netherlands. With what she considered admirable foresight, the housekeeper told me, she collected all the roughest and out-dooriest blankets the hotel afforded (it was winter) and put them in his room. He hadn't been there more than five minutes when all the bells in the place started to ring. In a tone as cold as his frozen north, the famous explorer explained to the maid that he could sleep under nothing but silk comforters.

One housekeeper told me of the lady who left town for a week and asked the hotel chambermaid, Mary, to see that her husband, the Judge, got his medicine every day. On her return her first question was whether or not the Judge had taken his dose. "I had no choice!" he groaned. "Every morning Mary woke me with the spoon and bottle in her hand and I *had* to take it—and like it."

If flowers have been in a room for nearly a week and have been badly faded for more than three days of the time, should the maid throw them out? Once at the Plaza, she did. It was in a gentleman's room and when he returned the management was called in. "But sir, the flowers were completely gone!" "I tell you it wasn't the flowers! It was the sentiment attached!" And he reached for his hat. Now to one who hoards certain bouquets till they seem to others more stark and dreary than December in last summer's garden, that makes sense. But to a maid who only the day before had been reprimanded for leaving in a room flowers but two days old, it spelled just another human idiosyncrasy to be noted.

Routine

● For the most part, maid's hours are from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. six days a week, one day off. For the night shift, 4 P.M. to 12 M. with one day off a week. In the older hotels such as the Biltmore, the Plaza, the Ambassador, the maids live in. In most of the newer hotels such as the Waldorf-Astoria, the maids live out. Their uniforms are furnished and laundered by the hotel. Their work is appreciated. Many the guest who does her own work on Mary's day off rather than have a new girl come in, and many the client who comes back to a hotel on the sole condition that Rose will take care of her.

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED